THE WORKS OF PETER PINDAR, Esq.^R

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME IV.

CONTAINING

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MDCCXCVI



THE

LOUSIAD.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

NOW with the ſweeteſt lips that love inſpire,
The PRINCESS ROYAL thus addreſs'd her Sire:
"O Sir, for once attend a daughter's pray'r—
"Reſtrain your fury from your people's hair:
"A thouſand bleſſings will their mouths beſtow,
"And ev'ry heart with gratitude o'erflow:
"For *ſuch* a vict'ry, who would give a fig?
"Pray, Sir, don't make them wear a naſty wig."
Such ſounds, ſo ſweet, that moſt divinely broke,
As might have mollified the ſturdy oak,
Were fruitleſs doom'd on royal ears to fall!
Yet *Muſic* drove the Devil out of *Saul!*
To HER the KING, with moſt aſtoniſh'd eyes,
And ſurly wrinkled brows ſo ſtern, replies:

"What, what? not *shave* 'em, *shave* 'em, now they're
caught?
"What! have this pretty hubbub all for *nought?*
"No, no, girl; no, girl; no, girl; no, girl---no---
"Beg on till doomſday, girl---it ſhan't be ſo.
"How, how, pray, would it look, how, how, pray,
"look?
"People would ſwear I could not ſhave a Cook.
"*You* call wigs *naſty*, Miſs? Fine ſpeech, indeed!
"Don't, don't you ſee I've one upon my head?
"Go back, go back, MISS PERT," he bluntly cried;
Then with his elbow puſh'd the nymph aſide:
Although the Monarch did not box her ears,
He drown'd the radiance of her eye with tears.

Far from the wrathful King the MAID withdrew,
And veil'd her modeſt beauties from his view.
Thus when the virgin MORN her bluſhes ſpreads,
And paints with pureſt ray the mountain heads;
Behold, thoſe bluſhes ſo divine to ſhroud,
The ſurly BOREAS gathers ev'ry cloud;
Bids the huge phalanx ſeek the ſmiling Eaſt,
And blot the luſtre of her crimſon veſt:
From pole to pole extends the black'ning band;
Cloud preſſing cloud, obeys his rude command:

In

In tears ſhe moves away, the heav'nly MAID,
And leaves him Monarch of the mighty ſhade.

Now o'er the *Sov'reign's* ſhoulder, with a ſigh,
The fair AUGUSTA caſt a pitying eye;
And whiſper'd to her Sire a tender pray'r,
To ſave from razor-rage the heads of hair;
When lo, the King!
"What, *you* too, Miſs, petition for each knave?
"You, you, too, Miſs, an enemy to *ſhave?*"

Mute was the Maid; when ſoft from King and Cooks,
Concern'd, ſhe ſhrunk away, with ſweeteſt looks:
Thus, o'er a murky cloud the MOON ſo bright,
Oft' gives a peep of momentary light;
Much as to ſay, "I wiſh my ſmiles to grant,
"To cheer you darkling mortals, but I can't."
Sing, heav'nly GODDESS, how the Cooks behav'd,
Who ſwore they'd all be d—n'd ere they'd be ſhav'd;
Who penn'd to MAJESTY the bold petition,
And daring ſum'd with rebel oppoſition!

Cow'd, cow'd, alas! the Lords of ſaucepans feel—
Each heart ſo val'rous ſunk into the heel:

'And lo, each threat'ning Amazonian Dame,
Her ſpirit drooping, and extinct her flame—
For lo, of Majeſty the pow'rful blaze,
His coat's bright gold, and eyeball's rolling gaze,
Juſt like the light that cover'd ſad SAINT PAUL,
Flaſh'd on their viſages, and ſmote them all!
Who could have thought that things would thus have ended?
FATE ſeemingly a dreadful craſh intended!
Such ſtately reſolution in the Cooks,
Such fierce demeanour in their ſpouſes looks!
But thus in Weſtern India Jove ordains
At times an aſpect wild of hurricanes:
Dark grows the ſky, with glooms of threat'ning red;
All nature dumb, the tender zephyr dead—
Bird, beaſt, and mortal, trembling, pauſing, ſtill.
Expectant of the tempeſt's mighty will.
Tremendous pauſe! when lo, by ſmall degrees,
Light melts the maſs; with life returns the breeze;
And DANGER, on his cloud, who ſcowl'd diſmay,
Moves ſullen with his congregated glooms away.
How ſtrange that Kings, with borrow'd plumes who ſoar,
Should make the very *wing-makers* adore!

Strange

Strange that the realm, by which a Monarch lives,
Should tremble at the Majefty it *gives!*
Strange that an Empire fo much reafon wants,
When *bounteous* Majefty a penfion grants,
As not to underftand, the ftupid ftone,
He granteth not a fixpence of *his own!*
What's ftranger ftill, indeed, to people's eyes,
That Monarchs and their wives fhould feem fo *wife!*
But fo it is indeed!—and yet I hear
That Majefty is falling from its fphere;
WAR's mighty *firft rate* dwindling to a *fkiff*;
The knees of ADORATION waxing ftiff,
That bent fo pliantly to *folk* of State—
Cock-turkey GRANDEUR verging to his fate.
But TIME difcovers truth—in folly far,
Folk deem'd a beam from bogs a falling ftar,
And fancied thunder, all fo dread, ador'd,
The voice tremendous of an anger'd Lord;
The lightning his fwift vengeance—never dreaming
That mortals, ever poring, ever fcheming,
Should find that in a phial they fhould lock it,
And bear heav'n's vengeance in their breeches pocket.
In France, lo! HOMAGE much has loft her awe,
And *blufhes* now to kifs the LION's paw:

Nay, dares to fancy (an old rebel jade),
Kings and their thrones of *like* materials made;
Nay, fancy too (on bold rebellion's brink,)
That ſubjects have a right to *ſpeak* and *think*;
Reviteth kings, for praiſe and wonder born,
Calleth crowns *fool caps*, that their heads adorn;
And ſacred ſceptres, which we *here adore*,
Mean picklocks for the houſes of the *Poor*.—
Thus CURIOSITY no longer ſprings,
And wide-mouth'd WONDER gapes no more at Kings.
Heavens! if EQUALITY all ranks confounds,
No more ſhall we be whiſtled to like hounds;
FREEDOM will talk to Kings in dauntleſs tone,
And female MAJESTY be juſt *plain* JOAN!

Now taking courage to his honeſt breaſt,
His hand the MAJOR energetic preſs'd;
Cloth'd with humility's mild beam his eye,
He thus addreſs'd the SOVEREIGN with a ſigh:—
"O King, you've call'd me an old fool to whine;
"But I'm not *old*—ſtill many a year is mine;
"Tho' white, as tho' from *Time*, my temples grow,
"INGRATITUDE's cold hand hath form'd their ſnow—
"Grief dims theſe eyes, and whitens every hair;
"And, lo, my wrinkles are the tracks of *care!*

"To

" To tread LIFE's wild, unwounded by a thorn,
" Was ne'er the lucky lot of woman-born.
" Man ſhould be kind to man, O beſt of Kings,
" And try to blunt the ills that *Nature* brings;
" Not bid the cup of bitterneſs o'erflow,
" And to her thouſands add *another woe*.—
" Ah! if a *trifle* can a ſmile employ,
" How cruel, Sir, to *kill* the infant joy!
" How faint of Happineſs the ſcatter'd ray,
" That cheers of life, alas! the little day;
" While CARE and SORROW's imp-like hoſt invade,
" And fill a ſighing univerſe with ſhade!
" Then bid your royal indignation ceaſe,
" And ſuffer our poor locks to reſt in peace."—
He ended.—Now with ſcorn ſo keen inſpir'd,
And anger, uninvited, undeſir'd,
Did MADAM SCHWELLENBERG, devoid of grace,
O'er the QUEEN's ſhoulder poke her cat-like face;—
And thus—" Mine Gote den—vat a ſaucy vretch!
" How cleberly dis poor old fella preach!
" Bring him de polepit—dat he ſal be pote in—
" JAN beat de Mettodiſſes all as notin."—
Now ſpoke the SPOUSE of our moſt *glorious King*,
Who deem'd a louſe a very naſty thing;

For *folk* of Strelitz are ſo neat and clean,
They think on vermin with abhorrent mien !—
For cleanlineſs ſo much in Strelitz thrives,
Folks never ſaw a louſe in all their lives.
" Mine Gote ! 'mong men an women, an de boys,
" Dis ſhave indeed make very pretty noiſe !
' Goote Gote ! make rout about a lectel hair !
" Wig be de faſhion—Dixon, take de ſhair—
" Sheet down, and don't make hubbub ſhuſt like pig :
" Dere's noting terrible about a wig.
" Mine Gote ! de tremblin fellow ſeem afred,
" As if we put a tiger 'pon his head—
" De *Ladies* now wear wig upon der crown ;
" So ſheet you down, Jan Dixon, ſheet you down.—
" Cook tell his King and Queen he von't be ſhave !
" Egote ! de Englis don't know how behave !—
" Let Cook ſay ſo in Strelitz, ah ! mine Gote !
" Dere would be ſoldiers dat would cut der troat.
" You know dat King an Queen, you rebel, Jan,
" Can cut your head off in a moment, man—
" Lord ! den, you may be tankfull dat we *ſpare*,
" An only cut off good-for-notin hair.
" You know dat in our hiſtory you read,
" How King of Englond cut off ſubjects head !—

" Yes,

" Yes, pleaſe your Majeſty," the Cook reply'd,
" And ſomething, if I don't miſtake, *beſide*---
" How *ſubjects* alſo cut off heads of Kings!
" But theſe undoubtedly are horrid things---
" Wide from the truth then does the proverb wander,
" Sauce for the gooſe, is ſauce too for the gander."---
At this dire irony, with ſable look,
The anger'd Queen of England ſmote the Cook.
Thus can the ſweeteſt diſpoſitions feel,
And, when excited, ring a glorious peal.
Whene'er it happens, (but it happens rare)
Look ſharp, my Maſters---let the world beware.
Thus water, all ſo ſimple, cool, and mild,
So ſoft, it would not injure e'en a child,
Yet, goaded by the fire, how warm it grows,
Diſplaying ſymptoms of diſturb'd repoſe!
Sudden it ſwells, and, o'er the cauldron's ſide,
Foams the fierce cataract's tumultuous tide;
And, in a twinkling, ſee the fooliſh fire,
Whelm'd by the water, with a whiz expire.
Now ſilence broke the King---" Sit down, ſit down!
" Come, come, let every barber take his crown;
" I'll ſhow ſome mercy, t'ye, ye naſty pigs;
" For mind, mind, mind, I'll *pay* for all the wigs!"

At theſe laſt words, forth crawl'd an ANCIENT DAME,
Sharp-nos'd, half ſtarv'd, and AVARICE her name;
With wrinkl'd neck, and parchment-like to view,
That e'en the coarſeſt kerchief ſeldom knew;
With hawk-like eyes that gliſten'd o'er her gold,
And, raptur'd, ev'ry hour her treaſure told;
Who of her fingers form'd a comb ſo fair,
And with a garter filletted her hair;
Who fiercely ſnatch'd, with wild devouring eyes,
An atom of brown ſugar from the flies;
Made a ſad candle from a dab of fat,
And ſtole a ſtinking fiſh-head from a cat;
Sav'd of the muſtieſt bread the crumbs, and ſees
A dinner in the *ſcrapings* of a cheeſe:
Whiffing a ſtump of pipe, a frequent treat,
That gives the ſtomach ſmoke, poor thing! for meat:—
Forth hobbled this old Dame, with ſhaking head,
Like, in her crooked form, the letter *zed*—
The Palace-watch, and guardian moſt ſevere
Of drops of dying and of dead ſmall beer:
A Dame who hated idle dogs and cats,
And trembled at a rompus of the rats;
Nay liſten'd, jealous ſcratching of a mouſe,
Afraid the imp might ſwallow the whole houſe:

The

The careful province hers, to ſell old ſhoes,
Old hats, old coats, and breeches, to the Jews;
And drive, with dog-like fury, from the door,
The plaintive murmurs of the famiſh'd Poor:—
The Dame who bade the great SIR FRANCIS ſell
The ſacred Pulpit, and the good old Bell! *
Forth hobbl'd SHE, and, in a quick ſhrill tone,
Thus to the King of Nations ſpoke the Crone:—
" God bleſs us, Sir, why give me leave to ſay,
" Your Majeſty is throwing things away!
" What! give the fellows wigs for every head!
" A piece of rare extravagance indeed!
" Let them *buy* wigs *themſelves*, a dirty crew!
" An't pleaſe your Majeſty, what's that to you?
" *You* buy the raſcals wigs, indeed, ſo nice!
" It only gives encouragement to lice.
" Marry come up, indeed, I ſay—new wigs!
" No—let them *ſuffer* for't, the naſty pigs!
" Lord! they can well afford it—Sir, their hair,
" Coſts (Heav'n protect us!) what would make you
" ſtare,

* Sir FRANCIS DRAKE. Verily this is a fact. The Baronet lately diſpoſed of the Pulpit and Bell of the old Chapel at Nutwell, in Devonſhire, built by his immortal anceſtor. The annual intereſt of four ſhillings was too faſcinating to be withſtood.

" Hours

" Hours in the barber's hands, forfooth, they fit,
" Reading the newfpapers, and books of wit!
" Juft like our men of quality, forfooth,
" Each full-ag'd gentleman, and dapper youth!
" *Newmarket* now, and now the *Nation* ftudying,
" In clouds of flour fufficient for a pudding.
" Lord! what extravagance I fee and hear!
" Unlike your Majefty and Madam there,
" Our GREAT confume and fquander, fling away—
" 'Tis rout and hubbub—fpend, fpend, night and
" day!
" Such racketting that people's peace deftroys,
" As if the world was only made for noife.—
" Would ev'ry Duchefs copy our good Queen,
" More money in their purfes would be feen;
" Her Majefty to *things* can condefcend,
" Which our fine quality, with nofe an end,
" Behold with *fuch* contempt, and *fuch* a grin,
" As though a little faving was a fin!
" Her Majefty, God blefs her! does not fcorn
" To fee a ftocking and a fhoe *well worn*;
" To mend, or darn, or clean a luteftring gown,
" So mock'd, indeed, by all the Great in town.

" Her

" Her Majesty at Frogmore,* day and night,
" Can to their labour keep her pupils tight;
" See that to Milliners no trifle goes,*
" That may be done beneath her own great nose.
" Her Majesty can buy a hat, or cloak,
" In shops, indeed, as cheap as *common folk*:
" She will not be impos'd upon, she says—
" O what a good example for *our* days!
" When PRUDENCE dictates, lo, no pride she feels:
" Could order shoes to come with *copper* heels.
" Yes, Majesty could nobly pride renounce,
" And make a handsome *jacket* of a *flounce*;
" 'Stead of *lawn gauze*, descend, Great Queen! to
" *crape*,
" And, 'stead of *ribbon*, draw a gown with *tape*;
" Turn hats to bonnets, by her prudence led,
" And clean a tarnish'd spangl'd shoe with bread;
" A gown's worn sleeve from *long* to *short* devote,
" And into pockets cut an upper coat;
" Cut shifts to night-caps, satin cloaks to muffs,
" And calmly frill groat ribbons into ruffs:

* A Farm near Windsor, where a parcel of young women, the *Protégées* of Majesty, are constantly employed in working Beds, and very well know the meaning of the phrase—" Working one's fingers " to the stumps."

"Bleſt with the rareſt economic wits,
"Transform an old ſilk ſtocking into *Mits*:
"Transform too (ſo convertible are things!)
"E'en flannel petticoats to caps for Kings.—
"And then your Majeſty, whom God long keep!
"How fond, indeed, of every thing that's cheap!
"'Beſt is beſt cheap'—you very wiſely cry;
"And ſo, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, ſay I.
"Lord bleſs us! why ſhould people ſpend and riot?
"When people can *ſo ſave* by living quiet?
"Give to the *Poor*, forſooth! a rare exploit!
"Catch what you can, and never *give* a doit.
"To SAVING, every one ſhould go to ſchool—
"To my mind, GENEROSITY'S a fool.—
"Look at the Prince of Wales now, Sir, your ſon—
"Poor youth! by Generoſity undone—
"When was he ever known diſtreſs to ſcout,
"And to a one-legg'd beggar ſay—"Get out!"
"Inſtead of proper words, as, "Varlet! Slave!
"Go to your pariſh, to your workhouſe, knave!"
"In goes his hand, and out his purſe he draws,
"Relieves the rogue, and violates the laws:
"With puling PITY'S tears, his eyes o'erflow—
"Plague on his lips that never can ſay—"No."

"He

"He values money juſt as ſo much dirt;
"And to a beggar's pray'r would give his ſhirt:
"His open heart was made for ruin—rot it!
"I wonder where the dev'l it was he got it.—
"A pretty diſpoſition his, in troth:
"People ſhould cut their garments to the cloth!
"Beſides, Sir, there's another ugly thing,
"He is not *proud enough* to be a king:
"No diſtant carriage his, no lofty mind,
"But all civility to all mankind:
"All ſpeak their thoughts—his friends don't matters
"mince,
"For nobody is *frighten'd* at the PRINCE:
"He bids them all *ſpeak out*, without controul,
"And ſcorns the ſycophant who hides his ſoul.
"What ſort of king he'll make, I cannot tell,
"With ſuch a heart—and yet I wiſh him well.
"But kings ſhould be cloſe-fiſted, proud, highflyers;
"Nay *Authors* ſay, too, *Hypocrites* and *Liars*.
"But, Sir, I beg your pardon—to return
"To thoſe ſame dirty Cooks that you ſhould ſpurn—
"*Give* them no wigs, the Beaſts! for, as I ſay,
"'Tis kindneſs and good money flung away."
Thus ended AVARICE, at laſt, her ſpeech,
With praiſe of King and Queen, and ſaving, rich.

Such

Such words, deliver'd with a ſolemn air,
Made the great Ruler of three kingdoms ſtare.
" Right, right, 'tis very right," the Monarch cries,
And on his millions rolls his mental eyes—
" Right, MISTRESS AVARICE, right, right, indeed!
" I won't buy wigs for every naſty head;
" No, no, they'll ſave it, ſave it, as you ſay—
" I won't, I won't, I won't, fling pence away!"

Here let us pauſe again, and think how hard,
That good intentions ſhould be quickly marr'd!
Ah! GENEROSITY's a tender plant,
Its root ſo weakly, and its bearings ſcant!
SELF-LOVE, too near it, robs it of each ray,
And thirſty, ſucks the rills of life away.
Vile weed! (like docks in coarſeſt ſoil which ſtart)
That thriveth in the cold and flinty heart—
" Come, come, ſit down," the Monarch deign'd to rave;
" Cooks, cooks, ſit down—Come, Barbers, ſhave, ſhave, ſhave.
" Yes, yes, I think 'tis right, 'tis right and juſt—
" Indeed you muſt be ſhav'd—you muſt, you muſt.
" Cooks muſt not over *Kings* and *Princes* tow'r—
" Muſt ſhow the world that we have got ſome pow'r."

Thus

Thus, by Ambition fir'd, the Monarch ended
A ſpeech to be tranſcended, but not mended.
What diff'rent roads to FAME, AMBITION takes!
What hubbub in this under-world ſhe makes!
AMBITION, the Queen-paſſion of the ſoul—
Ev'n LOVE, ſweet LOVE, indeed, has leſs controul.
AMBITION makes the *wiſe* a *fool* at Court;
AMBITION drowns an Alderman in port:
AMBITION ſpurs our GREAT in plays to ſpout—
Spurr'd SIR JOHN DICK to gain a ſtar by *Croute*;
Bade LADY MARY for a eunuch ſigh,
And RICHMOND unto battles turn his eye,
To beam the cynoſure of Bagſhot wars,
And give POSTERITY a Britiſh Mars.
AMBITION bade ſour JOHNSON lick the throne,
And blink at ev'ry merit but his own;
BOSWELL with praiſe a Hottentot beſmear,
And give his country up to lead a Bear.
AMBITION bade SIR WILL make new, old jugs,
And bake his immortality in mugs:
Bade round the world the fam'd SIR JOSEPH float,
To kiſs QUEEN OBEREA in the boat;
And ſpurs him now his blood's laſt drop to ſhed,
In queſt of butterflies without a head,

Ambition nobly ſpurr'd the King of Men
To walk through Herschell's tube and back agen;
A deed whoſe luſtre, Envy muſt allow,
Deep plann'd at Windſor, and perform'd at Slough!*
Ambition ſpurr'd the Man of royal birth,
To humble Madam Schwellenberg to earth;
Thus to the gardens of Imperial Kew,
When Madam Schwellenberg, for health, with-
drew,
And round the alleys of that fam'd abode,
Sublimely ambling, on a Jack-aſs rode;
Lo, Majesty ſo ſly, with ſtick and pin,
Drove the ſharp miſchief through Jack's frighten'd
ſkin!
When, lo, the beaſt, with ſudden ſtart and bound,
Wild plunging, hurl'd the Lady to the ground;
Where, lo, *ſuch things* appear'd (her legs I mean)
As never ought by mortals to be ſeen;
Legs that ne'er ſaw, ye Gods! the ſun before!
Such legs! as ſet Great Cæſar in a *roar.*
Ambition bids the man of ropes, or figs,
Or fiſh, or braſs, or foolſcap, peas, or pigs,
Sigh for the golden chain, and coach ſo fair;
In ſhort, to ſhine the City's ſun—Lord May'r!

* A village near Windſor, the reſidence of Dr. Herſchell.

Bleſt man! in pomp to viſit at St. James,
And pour his gilded barges on the Thames;
Devour with Nobles, in th' Egyptian hall,
And trip it with a Ducheſs at the ball!
Rich honours! but what pity my Lord May'r
Should loſe, at length, his chain and coach ſo fair,
And gorgeous gown, and wig, and bright attire,
And converſe ſweet of Lord, and Knight, and 'Squire;
Sheriffs, and Councilmen, and Common Hunt,
To ſweat with candles, or with hogs to grunt;
Bid *wax*, for *greaſy mutton-lights*, adieu;
Drop wigs for night-caps, robes for apron blue;
And quit of Justice the celeſtial ſcales,
To weigh cheeſe, ſugar, tallow, or hobnails!
Inſtead of queſtions from the beſt of Kings,
On *ſolid* matters, conſequential things,
To hear a raggamuffin in his ſhop—
"Soap, Maſter Guttle, quick, a pound of ſoap!"
With ſuch a careleſs, broad, irrev'rent ſtare,
As though the Chandler ne'er had been Lord May'r!—
But ſo it is—poor Merit oft complains!
Bleſt is the mortal born with *Gooſe's* brains!
What ſignifies the wiſdom of the ſchools,
If Fortune only will make love to *Fools*?—

Now to the Cooks, O wand'ring Mufe, return;
For, lo, our readers with impatience burn!
Aw'd by the voice of King, and Queen, and Page,
And MADAM SCHWELLENBERG's relentlefs rage;
Down fat the Cooks, amid a wond'ring hoft;
The Barbers labour'd and the locks were loft!
Thus when BURGOYNE, oppofing all the fates,
Defied, at Saratoga, GENERAL GATES;
Sudden the HERO dropp'd his threat'ning fift,
And wifely deem'd it folly to refift;
Dropp'd in the VICTOR's arms (unlucky lot!)
And faw his legions fink without a fhot!—
Speak, heav'nly Goddefs! was there then no fray,
No drops of blood effus'd to mark the day?
No fifty-cuffs, no eyes as black as night,
No cat-like fcratches, no revengeful bite?—
Nor fifty-cuffs, nor eyes as black as night,
Nor cat-like fcratches, nor revengeful bite,
The Palace witnefs'd.—Thus the Mufe divine
Muft clofe, without one drop of blood, the line;
And readers, baulk'd of deeds of high renown,
Perhaps fhall, grumbling for their money, frown.
What can we do, if FATE produc'd *no* fray?
The Poet dares not *make* a murd'rous day—

Should FALSEHOOD's tale the Epic Bard defile,
Which damneth half th' hiſtorians of our Iſle;
How could he hold aloft his tuneful head,
Or proudly hope at Doomſday to be read;
The glowing wiſh of every Son of Rhime,
To ſink into Eternity with *Time?*
Yet nought were eaſier than to form a fray,
And bring a dozen Gods to aid the day—
Yet nought were eaſier than to raiſe a battle—
Make iron head-piece againſt head-piece rattle;
Nails nails oppoſe, and grinders grinders greet,
Noſe poke at noſe, and ſtomachs ſtomachs meet;
Wild-rolling eye-balls againſt eye-balls glare,
The duſty floor be ſtrew'd with teeth and hair;
Caps, petticoats, and kerchiefs load the ground,
The trembling roofs with mingled cries reſound;
Legs of joint-ſtools, and chairs, their vengeance pour;
And blocks, and mopſticks fly, a wooden ſhow'r;
Raiſe clamours equal to an Indian yell,
Tranſcended only by the houſe of hell;
Nay, bid old EREBUS, in ſulphur ſtrong,
Diſplay his flaming cauldron in our ſong.
Proud of the *Shave*, the King of Nations ſmil'd;
Nay, laugh'd triumphant, with his glory wild:

But ſtill, to ſhew his *juſtice*, thus he ſaid—
" Mind, mind me, Gentry with the ſhaven head;
" Know, know the Louſe belongs to ſome of *you*—
" It is a Louſe—it is—'tis very true:
" Yes, yes, belongs to ſome one of your houſe—
" I've read Bouffon—yes, yes, I know a Louſe."
A pill-box then he ope'd, with eager look,
And ſhew'd the Crawler, to convince each Cook.
The long-ear'd beaſt of BALAAM, lo, we find,
Sharp to the beaſt that rode him, ſpoke his mind:
The mournful Xanthus* (ſays the Bard of old)
Of PELEUS' warlike ſon the fortune told:—
Thus to the captive Louſe was language giv'n,
Which proves what int'reſt JUSTICE holds in heav'n.
The Vermin, riſing on his little rump,
Like Ladies' lap-dogs, that for muffin mump,
Thus, ſolemn as our Biſhops, when they preach,
Made, to the beſt of Kings, his *maiden* ſpeech:—
" Know, mighty Monarch, I was born and bred,
" Deep in the burroughs of a Page's head;
" There took I ſweet LOUSILLA unto wife,
" My ſoul's delight—the comfort of my life:
" But, on a day, your Page, Sir, dar'd invade
" COWSLIP's ſweet lips, your faithful dairy-maid;

* The horſe of Achilles.

" Great

" Great was the ſtruggle for the ſhort-liv'd bliſs;
" At length he won the long-conteſted kiſs!—
" Lo! mid the ſtruggle, thus it came to paſs;
" Down dropp'd my wife and I upon the laſs;
" From whence we crawl'd (and who's without am-
" bition?
" Who does not wiſh to better his condition?)
" To *You*, dread Sir, where lo, we lov'd and fed;
" Charm'd with the fortune of a royal head;
" Where, ſafe from nail and comb, and bluſt'ring
" wind,
" We neſtled in your little lock behind;
" Where many a beauteous baby plainly proves,
" Heav'n, like a King's, can bleſs a Louſe's loves;
" Where many a time, at court, I've join'd your
" Grace,
" And with you gallop'd in the glorious chace;
" Lousilla, too, my children, and my nits,
" Juſt frighten'd, ſometimes, out of all their wits.
" It happen'd, Sir, ah! luckleſs, luckleſs day!
" I fooliſh took it in my head to ſtray—
" How many a father, mother, daughter, ſon,
" Are oft by curioſity undone!
" Dire wiſh! for 'midſt my travels, urg'd by Fate,
" From you, O King, I fell upon your plate!

"Sad was the precipice!—and now I'm here,
"Far from LOUSILLA, and my children dear!
"Who now, poor fouls! in deepeft mourning all,
"Groan for my prefence, and lament my fall,
"NITTILLA now, my eldeft girl, with fighs
"Bewails her father loft, with ftreaming eyes:
"And GRUBBINETTA, with the lovelieft mien,
"In ftate, in temper, and in form a queen;
"And fturdy SNAP, my fon, a child of grace,
"His father's image both in form and face;
"And DIGGORY, poor lad, and hopeful SCRATCH,
"Boys that LOUSILLA's foul was proud to hatch;
"And little NIBBLE, too, my youngeft fon,
"Will afk his mother where his father's gone;
"Who (poor LOUSILLA!) only will reply,
"With turtle moan, and tears in either eye.—
"Thus, SIR, are you miftaken all this while,
"And Queen and Pages, that our race revile,
"As though our fpecies could not life adorn,
"And that th' ALMIGHTY made a Loufe in *fcorn.*
"Yet if to Genealogy we go,
"The LOUSE is of the *elder houfe,* I trow.

" E'er God (ſo Moſes ſays) did man create,
" Lo, our firſt parents walk'd the world in ſtate.
" Such is the hiſt'ry of your loyal LOUSE,
" Whoſe preſence breeds ſuch tumult in the houſe;
" Thus, Sir, you ſee no blame to Cooks belong;
" Thus *Majeſty*, for *once*, is in the wrong!"
Thus, in the manly tones of FOX and PITT,
To GEORGE, intrepid, ſpoke the SON OF NIT:
Firm in his language to the King of Wrath,
As little DAVID to the MAN OF GATH;
Ordain'd, in oratory, to ſurpaſs
The ſpeech — th' immortal ſpeech of BALAAM's aſs.
" Lies! lies! lies! lies! reply'd the furious King,
" 'Tis no ſuch thing! no, no, 'tis no ſuch thing!"
Then quick he aim'd, of red-hot anger full,
His nails of vengeance at the LOUSE's ſcull;
But ZEPHYR, anxious for his life, drew near,
And ſudden bore him to a diſtant ſphere;
In triumph rais'd the animal on high,
Where BERENICE's locks adorn the ſky;
But now he wiſh'd him nobler fame to ſhare,
And crawl for ever on BELINDA's hair.

Yet

Yet to the Louſe was *greater* glory giv'n ;
To roll a *planet* on the ſplendid heav'n,
And draw of deep aſtronomers the ken ;
The Georgium Sidus of the ſons of men ! ! !

END OF CANTO V.

HAIR POWDER;

A

PLAINTIVE EPISTLE

TO

Mr. PITT.

Yet if resolv'd to worry *Wigs* and *Hair*,
And, Herod-like, not *little Children* spare;
Say, (for methinks the Land has much to dread)
How long in safety may we wear the *Head?*

THE ARGUMENT.

A ſublime exordium, containing a great Compliment to Mr. Pitt—The Poet ſagely adviſeth the Minister—Obſerveth to him the effect of Time on the Heads of Beaux and Old Maids—The hard fate of poor carroty-polled Phillis—Lubin's and Hodge's diſappointment, by means of this cruel Tax—A great and economical Judge's mortification; and exultation of his fur-clad Brother at the tax on hair-powder—A melancholy picture of the Hair-dressers and Barbers—The Poet's eye (as Shakeſpeare ſayeth) " in a fine frenzy rolling," beholdeth the chaſe of a powdered Poll; the capture; the redemption; and puniſhment of the Informers in London—Alſo Poll-chaſes in the country, illuſtrated by an apt *ſimile*—Peter exclaimeth at the Minister, and compareth him to a hard-hearted Fellow that lived upon executions—Peter praiſeth Mr. Pitt's powers of oratory—He attacketh the pride of the Minister; wiſhing him to take a little retroſpect of humble days—A Kite and beautiful Bat-compariſon—Another charming compariſon of the Boy and his Trunk—Peter telleth ſtrange and *unbelievable* things, and giveth two moſt gracious ſpeeches—Peter praiſeth the two ſpeeches, and giveth alarming advice—He exhibiteth a part of his political creed—Peter ſheweth his profound knowledge of Emperors and Kings and Queens, &c. and maketh ſhrewd obſervations *thereon*; concluding with a compliment to Mr. Fox—Peter prayeth fervently for the Royal Family—The Poet ſuſpecteth the effect of the Minister's eloquence—Peter prayeth to Mr. Pitt—England wittily and properly chriſtened an *old Cow*; alſo America—The Poet aſketh a pertinent queſtion relative to *royal exemption* from the tax, and adminiſtereth laudable counſel—Peter gravely and ingeniouſly pointeth out a tax on Christian Skins; alſo *ſome* (not *all* indeed) of the great advantages of human hides in the way of trade—The convertible uſe of Mr. Justice Buller's tender hide; of the Duke of Gloucester's; of the Duchess of Cumberland's; of Lord Brudenell's (the Lord help him!); of the Duke of Richmond's, &c. &c.—The Poet aſketh where the

Powder-

POWDER-TAX was born, and, like a certain GREAT MAN, anſwereth the queſtion *himſelf*—The POET telleth the MINISTER a ſorrowful tale—A ſtinking, yet beautiful *ſimile*—PETER propheſieth—Serious and good advice to Mr. PITT—Political and deep reflections—PETER ſeeth a viſion full of horror—He affecteth a *ſmile*, but it ſeemeth to be rather the *riſus ſardonicus*—PETER counſelleth (but, he thinketh, *in vain*) the MINISTER and his COLLEAGUE HARRY DUNDAS to run the gantlet—The concluſion.

A PLAIN-

A

PLAINTIVE EPISTLE, &c.

O Mighty Maſter of the *ways* and *means*
To ſlake the golden thirſt of Kings and Queens;
To gorge the cavern of each greedy cheſt
With all the wonders of the bleeding Eaſt;
To lull with opiate draughts a Kingdom's groans,
Patch ragged crowns, and cobble crazy thrones;
The modeſt Bard, for five ſhort minutes, bear;
Nor may the Muse's wiſdom wound thine ear.

Sick of thy taxes, while the wearied nation
Drags her laſt penny forth, and fears *ſtarvation*;
Whoſe voice is loud, and daily waxing louder;
Liſt to the ſerious ſound, and damn the Powder.
To *thee*, reſponſible for every blunder,
Her *mildeſt* murmurs ſhould be claps of thunder.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with thy fav'rite folly, mark old Time,
Wide-grinning at the Beau beyond his prime;
And many a Maid beyond life's blooming day,
Whofe curls his wonted malice turn'd to gray!

Lo, the poor Girl, whom carrot-colour fhocks,
Pines pennylefs, and blufhes for her locks!
Refus'd to fly to Powder's friendly aid,
She bids them feek in caps the fecret fhade;
No ringlets now around her neck to wave,
Phillis muft hide the redd'ning fhame, or fhave!
At *thee* fhe flings her curfes, Pitt, and cries—
At *thee* fhe darts the lightnings of her eyes;
And thinks that Love ne'er warm'd Him who could vex,
With wanton ftrokes of *cruelty*, the Sex.

On Sundays trim, to give his head an air,
Poor Lubin fhook the dredge-box o'er his hair;
Hodge dipp'd his caxon 'mid the fack of flour:
But now they execrate the arm of pow'r;
Lubin no longer dares the dredge-box fhake,
Nor Hodge to dip his caxon in the fack.

Yet

Yet ſee a *nobler* MOURNER! K-----, lo!
The ſaving JUDGE has felt a ſtunning blow:
His hawk-economy won't thank thee for't,
Which ſtops his pretty nipperkin of PORT.*
Not ſo JUDGE BLOOD, who glories in deceit;
His life one murder, and his ſoul a cheat—
He loves a law, and hugs the man who made it,
To hang a culprit, and himſelf evade it.

See groups of HAIR-DRESSERS all idle ſtand,
A melancholy, mute, and mournful band;
And BARBERS *eke*, who lift the crape-clad Pole,
And round and round their eyes of horror roll;
Deſponding, pale, like HOSIER's ghoſts ſo white,
Who told their ſorrows 'mid the moony light.
But ſee! each hopeleſs wight with fury foams;
His curling-iron breaks, and ſnaps his combs;

* Such is the laudable moderation of this ſecond Sir John Cutler, or Mr. Elwes, that he allows himſelf and Lady *at* and *after* dinner no more than this little meaſure of wine! A fine example for the ſons of diſſipation! It has been ſuppoſed that the economical Judge has ſurpaſſed the famous miracle of the loaves and fiſhes, by making *one bottle* of wine ſerve for *double* the number of ſouls, or rather *bodies*, that have come with open mouths to Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. I do not think they have gone away *ſo well ſatisfied*.

Ah! doom'd to ſhut their mouths as well as ſhops;
For dead is cuſtom, 'mid the world of CROPS.*

In fancy now I mark the frequent race;
I ſee th' INFORMER polls of powder chaſe!
On this, on that, a Footman, Maid or Mop,
Fierce as the tiger from his ambuſh, pop;
Now in his cruel clutches, ſharp and ſtrong,
To Bow-ſtreet drag his powder'd prey along:
And now I ſee the MOB, in Mercy's cauſe,
Redeem the victim from his ſavage paws;
And now the tyrant to a horſe-pond draw,
To quench the red-hot thunderbolt of law.
Amidſt our villages, in Fancy's eye,
I ſee Informers chaſe, and culprits fly—
Rude Pikes ſo hungry putting to the rout,
Voracious darting, a poor hoſt of Trout.

Who would not hide the temple's white and gray?
"Your money, Sirs—remove the maſk, or pay,"
Is now thy language to a groaning nation!
PITT, PITT, thou haſt no bowels of compaſſion.

* Such is the univerſal diſguſt at the Powder-tax, that many thouſands of the male ſex have already ſacrificed their favourite curls, to diſappoint the rapacity of a MINISTER.

How

How mean (for money ſuch thy boundleſs rage)
Thus to expoſe the cruel pow'r of AGE!
Much like the Man art thou, and hard as he,
Who let his ſcaffold out at Tyburn tree;
Where, as the great and pious DOCTOR DODD
Gave by a rope his ſinful ſoul to GOD,
Thus on his boards aloft, amidſt the crowd,
Th' unfeeling wretch of wretches bawl'd aloud,
(So anxious people's pockets to be picking)
"Up, up—who mounts here?—*all alive, and kicking*."

I grant thine eloquence's happy flow;
But TRUTH ſhould bear it company, I trow—
HYPOCRISY, the knave, to keep his place,
Too often borrows VIRTUE's honeſt face.
I know thy pride vaults high—but what of that?
The tow'ring column often rais'd a rat.
Though toſs'd aloft by ſtone-blind FORTUNE's pow'r,
Awake thy mem'ry to thy *humbler* hour:
Though *now* a KITE—ah! *once* a *Bat*, how ſmall!
Flick'ring around for flies in yonder Hall!*
But, drunk with honours, "No," thou cryeſt, "no;
"I thank thee, but I cannot look ſo low."

* Weſtminſter Hall.

 Thus

Thus a poor Country Boy to India goes;
A ſmall portmanteau all the wealth he knows;
Arrives, with awkward legs and arms and mien;
But, ere a twelvemonth paſs, how chang'd the
ſcene!
He mounts his elephant, treats, wh—s, gets drunk,
And, ah! forgets his friend the *little Trunk.*

Know, man, no more of taxes now we want;
Lo, generous M-----y prepar'd to grant.
Hark to a voice *divine!*—" PITT, PITT, hæ, PITT;
" No more, no more for taxes whet thy wit;
" I'll pay the ſoldier, and the tar—
" *My* millions, PITT, ſhall pay the glorious war;
" I'll give ſheep, lamb, ram, turkey, duck, boar,
" ſow,
" Gooſe, goſling, cock, hen, heifer, bull, calf,
" cow;
" And, PITT, hæ, hæ? at Smithfield, PITT, I
" *ſhine*—
" Mine's the beſt beef—yes, mine—what, what?
" yes, mine:
" I'll empty ev'ry guinea-cheſt, and ſack;
" Yes, yes, the people ought to have it back:
" My

" My money in the ſtocks, my wood,* my hay ;
" Yes, yes, I'll give my all, my all away ;
" Yes, yes, I know, I know the hounds are howling—
" God, PITT, I don't, I don't much like their growl-
" ing :
" Hæ, hæ, growl, growl—what, what ? things
" don't go right ;
" Why quickly, quickly, PITT, the dogs may *bite*—

* Here I muſt candidly condemn a part of the People, whoſe cauſe, in the affair of Hair-powder, I am ſo pathetically pleading. " Such (ſays the Windſor Chronicle) was the unparalleled effrontery of the inhabitants of Brentford, during the late unexampled froſt, when they ſhould have thought of nothing but *dying*, that thoſe very people, not worth a groat, ſtarving, ſhivering, and in rags, dared to proceed in a body, amidſt the dead ſilence of the night, with their unhallowed feet, into the ſacred Gardens of Richmond and Kew ; where they wickedly, inhumanly, and feloniouſly, cut down and maimed a number of trees, many of which they had the impudence to carry away to their own ſcrub chimnies, to warm their own vile bones, becauſe, forſooth, *certain* GREAT PEOPLE happened fortunately to be in poſſeſſion of *enormous quantities* of wood, during the great ſcarcity, and choſe not to *give* it away in *idle charity*, nor *ſell* it at the *then* current price, which had every probability of mounting higher : as though they had not an equal right to *turn a penny in an honeſt way*, with any *coal-ſhed man* in the village of Brentford. But behold how they behaved on this inſulting, provoking, ſtealing, and trying occaſion ! So far from advertiſing handſome rewards for diſcovering the rogues, and bringing them to juſtice ; ſuch was their clemency, that they ordered the affair to be huſhed up, and buried in perpetual oblivion ! ! !"

"That would be bad, bad, bad,—a ſad miſhap—
"Hæ, Pitt—hæ, hæ? I ſhould not like a *ſnap*."

Such are the ſounds to ſtun thoſe ears of thine,
Where truth and ſpeed and oratory ſhine.

And hark, another voice! and thus it cries:
"I geef my chewells to de peepel's ſighs—
"All tings from Mistress Hastings as I gote;
"I geef de fine pig di'mond* of Arcote;
"Iſs, dat vich Rhumbold geef, I geef again,
"Rader dan ſee de peepels ſuffer pain.
"De Emp'ror preſents, Lord! I vil not tuſh,
"Although de duty coſs ſo very muſh.†
"I turn off Mister Wyat,‡ dat I ſal;
"And geef up Frogmore—Iſs, I geef up all;

* The *famous* Diamond, ſo in*famouſly* obtained by Mr. R.; conſtituting a curious piece of Aſiatic hiſtory.

† I am really afraid to touch upon this ticklish topic. The late proceſſion of imperial preſents from the India-Houſe to . . . . was attended by a dirty Cuſtom-houſe-officer; but for *what reaſon*, the L--- of the T---- can beſt explain. It has been rumoured, and believed, that a ſmall order from a *certain quarter* can overpower an Act of Parliament; which, if true, maketh a ſecond edition of little David knocking down the great Giant of Gath.

‡ The Architect.

Geef

"Geef up mine di'mond ſtomacher indeed;
"All, all, muſh rader dan de peepels bleed:
"Iſs, iſs, I geef up all, ſhuſt like de K---,
"For bankrup nation be quite deſliſh ting.
"Vat ſignifie de millions* in our purſes,
"If money do profoke de peepels curſes?
"We won't haf tumult---no ſuſh ting muſs ſpread---
"Mine Gote! *half loaf* be better dan *no bread.*
"Peety to make de Englis peepels groan;
"So goote as poote de Prences 'pon de trone;
"Who ſoon, mine Gote! may take it in der brain,
"Vat dey *poote up*, dey may *pull down* again."

What ſounds of wiſdom, PITT, to make thee ſhrink!
Beware!---thou ſtand'ſt on DANGER's giddy brink:

* Notwithſtanding her M——'s immenſe property, in *one thing* and *another*, ſhe poſſeſſes the moſt economical circumſpection: witneſs the following pretty tale. A Miſs J-n-r, of Glouceſterſhire, with her mother, viewing the Palace of St. James's, and entering her M——'s dreſſing room, where a cuſhion *full* of pins lay on her toilette, the young Lady expreſſed a ſtrong deſire for having one of the *Q*---'s *pins* to carry into the country, and was reaching out her hand to take one; when the Attendant, ſtruck with a ſudden horror, caught her arm, and told her it was impoſſible to be granted, as her M—— would certainly *find it out*.---"D'ye think I might *change* a pin?" ſighed the young Lady, with anxiety. "Miſs," replied the Attendant, after ſome conſideration, "it is probable her M----- may *not* find *that* out, "but I'll run the riſk."

Know, that a ſingle grain, or half grain more,
May turn the balance, man, and heave thee o'er:
And ſhouldſt thou tumble down the rock of Fate,
No *ſeas* of tears will wail thy ſhorten'd date.
Go, copy the GOOD PAIR whom all *adore*,
Who ſpurn the PROUD,* and hug the humble POOR.

Though from my ſoul I hate mad Diſſipation,
That beggars and inſults a generous Nation;
Too from my ſoul the Avarice I hate,
That, thirſty, ſqueezes like a ſpunge the State:
Wiſhing from trees (ſo keen the gold it grapples)
To ſhake down guineas, juſt like pears and apples.
Think not I court a TUMULT's lawleſs hour,
And wiſh a *Mob's* wild arm the ſword of pow'r:
No! let a TITUS, let an ALFRED rule;
Who ſighs not for a King, I deem a fool.
Like thoſe were Europe's Monarchs! in thy ear,
What from a people had *ſuch* FORMS to fear?
Safe 'mid the ardour of a realm's embrace!
Kings never fall but by their own diſgrace.
I murmur not at Kings, if good for *aught*;
I only quarrel when they're good for *nought*.

* Parcere ſubjectis et debellare ſuperbos.

'Tis

'Tis whiſper'd that I never reverenc'd Thrones;
Granted---I never worſhip *ſtocks* nor *ſtones*;
Nor look I for *wiſe* Emp'rors, nor *wiſe* Kings---
'Tis EXPECTATION's madneſs---Quixote things.
The man to titles and to riches born,
Amid the world of ſcience, how forlorn!
To ſpeak, to think, unable, mark his air!
Heav'ns! what an ideot gape, and ideot ſtare!
Though lord of *millions*, gilt with titles o'er---
A ſtatue 'midſt a library!---no more!
He deems the butterflies of Folly, *treaſure*;
And ſhuns chaſte WISDOM, for the ſtrumpet PLEA-
SURE.
'Tis true, gay PLEASURE *courts* us to the joy,
While WISDOM to her ſwains is always *coy*.
The brain muſt *labour*, or it proves the ſport
Of WISDOM's circle, though it charm a *Court*.
Seek we *corporeal* ſtrength? the mine, the plough,
Of *ſtrong* examples, furniſh us enow.
Search we the ſpot which *mental* power contains?
Go where man gets his living by his *brains*;
Had CHARLES* *firſt* popp'd into the world, I ween,
That world a very *diff'rent Charles* had ſeen.

"What

* Mr. Fox.

"What had CHARLES been?" is aſked with wonder—
Even
That good, fat, honeſt, ſleepy fellow—*Stephen*.*

O may of PRINCES a long race ſucceed!
Such *Doves*, ſuch *harmleſs Doves* as *now* we feed,
Not *Eagles*, ſcreaming with inſatiate maw,
Wild in our hearts to plunge the beak and claw!
And yet too oft, to damn the coward age,
Our Iſle has trembled at a TYRANT's rage.
Thus 'mid the ſmiles of NATURE's fair domain,
Where blooming HEALTH and PLENTY lead their
train;
Where, rob'd with verdure, wind the rills along,
And ev'ry vale reſounds with cheerful ſong;
See o'er th' Elyſian ſcene, with lofty head,
The blood-ſtain'd *gibbet*† daſh the ſoul with dread!

I own thy eloquence's ſtream, but know,
Too oft for England's welfare periods flow:

* The late Lord Holland, elder brother of Mr. Fox.

† In *France*, Switzerland, &c. are many of theſe pretty monuments of Pride.

A truce

A truce to all ſuch metaphoric breath:
So ſoft, they drop into our ears with death.
How like the ſnows, wide-ermining the air,
So gently ſinking, kiſſing, all ſo fair;
Falling on ſimple ſheep, and ſoon, alas!
O'erwhelming, *killing*, with the *courteous* maſs.

Mercy to ENGLAND yield, the poor lean Cow!
Thy buſy fingers have forc'd milk enow:
Though frequent ruſhing the lank teats to teaze,
How patiently the beaſt has borne thy ſqueeze!
Juſt ſhak'd her head, and wincing whiſk'd her tail,
When oft' thou fill'dſt a *puncheon* for a *pail*:
But now ſhe buſhing roars, and makes a pudder,
Afraid thy harden'd hands may ſteal her *udder*.
Think on AMERICA, our *cow* of *yore*,
Which oft the hand with Job-like patience bore;
Who, pinch'd, and yet denied a lock of hay,
Kick'd the hard MILKMAN off, and march'd away.
In vain he try'd by ev'ry art to catch her;
To wound, to hamſtring, nay, knock down, *diſpatch*
her;
Far off ſhe kept, where LOVE, where FREEDOM
rules;
Mocking the fruitleſs rage of rogues and fools.

Speak,

Speak, PITT, (for know at times I'm rather dull)
Why from thy tax exempt a *royal* ſkull?
Why free each *creeping thing* about a Court?
The grumbling nation will not thank thee for't.
Let HAWKSB'RY frown, and bull-face BRUDENELL roar;
They well may club, to eaſe the Nation's ſcore:
Their purſe-ſtrings, nay, let all thy colleagues draw,
Diſgorging a poor guinea from each maw.
Let QUEENSB'RY nobly pinch his Cyprian ſinnings,
And ſtately CUMBERLAND* her Faro winnings;
Let MADAM S------G† make up wry faces,
Something ſhould come in troth from ſales of places.
Say, what the tax thy brain will next provide?
Alas! why not attack the Human Hide?
Lord, Lord! how much it muſt the Nation aid!
Folks may be *ſcalp'd* with ſafety---why not *flay'd*?

* As one of the great Supporters of Morality, for ſuch every Muſe ſhould be, I have ſeveral times had it in contemplation to give this Dame a public rap on the knuckles for certain parſimony to ſome of the poor diſbanded and faithful ſervants of her houſehold, after the death of her ſimple Duke. The tale however is too full of matter for a ſolitary Note, and may, ſome time or other, give importance to an ODE.

† This great Lady kept one of the firſt Sale-ſhops in England.

'Tis

'Tis verily a ſhame---a crying ſin,
The world ſhould bear about a uſeleſs ſkin;
What's worſe, that ſkins ſhould in the *grave* be laid,
So beautiful an article of trade.
Think of the ſpatterdaſhes, boots and ſhoes;
And think thou of the *millions* people uſe:
Such, form'd from human hides, would brave the weather,
And ſave *ſuch* quantities of foreign leather.
Thus would our BRITAIN annual thouſands gain,
And rival all the cows and calves of Spain.
Aſk'ſt thou what *other* uſe our hides could boaſt?
Books may be bound, my Friend---the letter'd hoſt:
Caſes of conſcience, BULLER's ſkin ſhould bind;
Good folios upon *mercy to mankind*:
GLOSTER's, a book on wedlock's *ſweet tranquillity*;
His ſiſter CUMBERLAND's, upon *humility*:
BRUDENELL's, on beauty, witty converſation,
On manners, muſic, ratiocination:
HAWKSBE'RY, on fair, diſintereſted deeds:
Eſſays on manlineſs, the ſkin of LEEDS:
RICHMOND's, on *courage*; modeſty, DUNDAS's;
State-ſycophants, a volume upon ASSES:
The ——'s, on elocution, hay and hogs,
Corn, politics, tithes, civil-liſt, and logs:

The ——'s, on di'monds, pearls, and cuſtom-dues,
Old gowns, old petticoats, old hoſe, old ſhoes;
Good nature, ſtate-extravagancy-lopping,
Pins, mantua-makers, milliners, and ſhopping:
To cloſe th' illuſtrious liſt, and ſounding line,
On delegates, reform, and powder, *thine*.

O ſay, where firſt was plann'd thy Powder ſcheme?
At *Wimbledon* aroſe the golden dream;
Where thou, and honeſt RUMBOLD-hunting HARRY,
Project, and *re*-project, and oft miſcarry?
Two *Graziers*, cheap'ning hogs to fill your ſtyes:
Two *Spiders*, weaving lines for ſimple flies.
Rich ſpot! whence Millions take their eaſy wing,
To bribe an Emp'ror, and *refreſh* a King,*
Where, bleſt, ye bumper it in England's cauſe,
Belch OPPOSITION's fall, and hiccup laws;
With equal ſpirit, where each work ſucceeds,
A BOTTLE now, and now a NATION bleeds.

Ah, PITT! of late thy counſels draw diſgrace:
The ſpring-tide of thy fortune ebbs apace.

* His *moſt honourable* Majeſty, our late *good* and *firm* Ally, the King of Pruſſia, like the Gentlemen of the Bar, requires very often a *refreſher* before his Cannon can plead.

When

When reputation *ſickens*, toil is vain—
No *noſtrum* gives the bloom of health again!
No more (ſo grateful to the ſenſe) a *roſe*,*
It drops, a *putrid carcaſe*, to the crows.
I mark the pompous column of thy fame,
Faſt crumbling to the duſt from whence it came;
And ſee thy thund'ring day in ſilence cloſe,
While WISDOM triumphs o'er the pale repoſe.
Too much thou courteſt Danger's dizzy height;
The treach'rous ſands may ſink beneath thy feet—
Thy kite, that reeling, ſhifting, mounts the ſtorm,
May force heav'n's flaſh upon thy feeble form!
Think not I wiſh with Satire's blade to *play*,
And, charm'd with man's diſgraces, ſelfiſh ſay,
"Let folly root in Miniſters and Kings—
"While rank and thick like Aconite it ſprings,
"Delighted on the precious load I look,
"And hail a harveſt for the MUSE's hook."

Still to be *ſerious*, PITT, before we part:
Let MERCY melt the mill-ſtone of thy heart.†

How

* To avoid an ambiguity here (for I have been queſtioned about it,) I mean the ſweet-ſmelling *roſe of the fields*, not Mr. *George Roſe*, of the *Treaſury*.

† I principally allude in this place to the *political* character of this Stateſman, which is rather marked with ſeverity. As for the *domeſtic*, it

How nobler far, for honeſt fame to toil,
And change a Kingdom's *curſes* for a *ſmile!*
Yet, if reſolv'd to worry *wigs* and *hair,*
And, Herod-like, not *little children* ſpare,
Say, (for methinks the land has much to dread)
How long in ſafety may we wear the *head?*
Enough our necks have bow'd beneath the yoke;
Enough our ſides have felt the goad and ſtroke;
Then ceaſe to make, by further irritation,
Our *patience* the ſole rock of thy ſalvation.

Of late hath GLORY quarrell'd with thy fame;
POOR PUBLIC CREDIT founder'd!—lame, quite lame—
RAPACITY too oft extends her jaw,
Freſh whets her fang, and points her iron claw!
The arm of VENGEANCE drops not *lightly* down;
Not quite a *feather* on a culprit's crown—
PROFUSION vilely foſter'd—HONOUR dead;
RESENTMENT's eye looks dangerouſly red.

it poſſeſſes ſome traits belonging to the JOLLY GOD. Even Parliament laſt year ſaw him enter the walls of St. Stephen, arm in arm with his dear colleague and conſtant companion *Honeſt* HARRY DUNDAS; both fortunately conducted to the Treaſury Bench without a fall, by the boozing, reeling DEITY, where "*Palinurus* nodded at "the helm."

Believe

Believe me, PITT, not yet is *thine* the realm,
Not *thine* the ſhip, becauſe thou hold'ſt the helm:
Such is the voice of TRUTH!—perhaps it wounds—
Friend to *thyſelf* and ENGLAND, heed the ſounds;
Sounds to *alarm*—and let not, though ſevere,
The breath of FOLLY bruſh them from thine ear.
Vain is rough bluſter—vainly dar'ſt thou ſay,
"Poh! *danger!** I have met its trying day"—
For, ah! too often, boaſtful of his wars,
Rank COWARDICE aſſumes the mien of MARS.

Dim though *thy* beam, the MUSE's eagle eye
Beholds a tempeſt in the diſtant ſky;
Dull though *thy tympanum*, *her* nicer ear
Catches a thunder-growl from yonder ſphere;
She ſees ſharp FATE amid the gathering gloom;
A cloud of vengeance, black with mortal doom;
But dares not *name* the MELANCHOLY FORM,
Whom GUILT has mark'd the *victim* of the ſtorm.

Now to be *gay* again—ſhould FAMINE riſe,
The meagre ſpectre, on a S——'s eyes,

* At the Old Bailey lately, in the affair of Mr. HORNE TOOKE, on the ſubject of Delegation, when Mr. *Memory* MIDDLETON was beat *hollow* by the PRIME MINISTER.

 And

And ſhould the groan of BRITAIN's bleeding wound,
Preſs on the ſhrinking ear—a killing ſound;
Be whiſtles blown, and bells of children rung;
The fav'rite little farthing ruſh-light ſung;
Let dancing-dogs, delighting, form their ball,
Whips craſh, and grinding hurdy-gurdies ſquall;
While crown'd with chimney-ſweepers on their way,
In deep-ton'd uniſons the aſſes bray;
Such as at Frogmore,* form'd to pleaſe a PAIR,
The true SUBLIME of Monarchs, a DUTCH FAIR!
And as again, on Frogmore's happy Green,
More ſhows ſhall gladden our good King and Queen;†
Suppoſe DUNDAS and THOU (a Princely ſport)
Play ſome farce-character to charm the Court,
And boldly run the gauntlope through a mob,
That execrates, that damns the Powder job;
Where Barbers, Hair-dreſſers, Perfumers, throng,
To hoot and huſtle as ye courſe along;
Daſh with their powder-bags your brains about,
With many a kick, and ſcoff, and grunt, and ſhout;
Each face with tallow and with dripping ſmear;
And with hot pincers tweak each noſe and ear!

* A Villa near Windſor, belonging to the Queen.

† This is abſolutely determined on, in the Frogmore Senate.

Lo!

Lo! ſhould it miſs the *royal* approbation,
I'll anſwer for the *plaudit* of the NATION.

Such is the ſong—and do not thou, ſevere,
With *treaſon, treaſon,* fill a royal ear.
A gentle joke, at times, on Queens and Kings,
Are pleaſant, taking, nay, *inſtructive* things:
Yet *ſome* there are, who reliſh not the ſport,
That flutter in the ſunſhine of a Court;
Who, fearful *ſong* might mar their high ambition,
Looſe the gaunt dogs of State, and bawl "*Sedition!*"

FROGMORE FÊTE;

AN

ODE FOR MUSIC,

FOR THE FIRST OF APRIL,

VULGARLY CALLED

ALL FOOLS DAY.

"—— *Trahit sua quemque Voluptas.*"

"In *various things* (says VIRGIL) folks delight;"
And so it *really is* in our great Nation!
In meanness, avarice, *some*—revenge and spite,
Dutch Fairs, mock charities, and ostentation.

FROGMORE FÊTE,

AN

ODE* FOR MUSIC.

'TWAS at the royal ſeat† on FROGMORE GREEN,
With BRITAIN'S gold, uprear'd by BRITAIN'S *Queen*;
To charm a Court, a Princeſs‡ turn'd her head;
At length deliver'd was her lovely brain,
And, lo! on FROGMORE'S happy, happy plain,
Wonders on wonders ſoon were brought to bed.

* The reader will, at the firſt glance, perceive a reſemblance between *my* ODE, and the celebrated ODE for *St. Cecilia's day*, by DRYDEN, and know, perhaps, to which he muſt yield the *preference*. In ſpite of all the praiſes beſtowed on ALEXANDER'S FEAST, I dare pronounce it, a downright drunken Bartholomew-fair ſcene: the *poetry*, too, not ſuperior to the *ſubject*; whereas the FROGMORE GALA was of the order of ſublimity; and as for the merits of *my* MUSE on the glorious occaſion, (though, indeed, I could ſay a great deal in her favour) my good old friend, the PUBLIC, muſt decide.

† "'Twas at the Royal Feaſt for Perſia won." DRYDEN.

‡ The Princeſs Elizabeth.

Sublime the PAIR of England ſate !
Staring with moſt enormous ſtate,
The family of ORANGE by their ſide ;
With all the pretty offſpring round,
That ſtruck the mob with *awe profound* ;
Sweet STATE, untainted by *one grain* of pride !

And bold beſide them ſat each valiant Peer ;*
CARPMEAL, and courtly CHESTERFIELD, were there ;
MACMANUS, ſtar-clad SAL'SB'RY, TOWNSHEND, JEALOUS,
The *Guards* of England's SOVEREIGNS—furious Fellows !
With combs, puffs, powder-bags, their temples bound ;
In golden letters, GUINEA PIGS, around.†
" KINGS love *mean company*," quoth EDMUND BURKE—
Making, indeed, with *royal taſte* ſhort work :

* "His valiant Peers were plac'd around." DRYDEN.

To the *ignorant* in punctuation, this paſſage may ſeem *degrading* ; as though the POET meant Meſſieurs CARPMEAL, MACMANUS, TOWNSHEND, and JEALOUS, as a *part of the Peers* ; whereas no ſuch idea was intended. I nevertheleſs entertain a high reſpect for thoſe Gentlemen, as very uſeful members of ſociety ; yet cannot place them *ſo high*—it is ſo aſtoniſhing a leap from Bow-ſtreet.

† "Their brows with roſes and with myrtles bound." DRYDEN.

But

But thus KINGS *honour* and *exalt* the Low!
How the like GOD that gives the golden day;
Who through a *little hole* can dart his ray,
And bid the dungeon with his radiance glow;
Nay, from its filth, too, bid a *vapour* rife,*
And make it a *gay cloud* amid the ſkies!
But PITT and GRENVILLE were not there,
To whom a puppet-ſhow is dear—
Too ſmall *decorum* † on a *certain* debt,
Repell'd the PAIR from royal ſport,
Whoſe want of manners put the Court,
Like four ſmall beer, indeed, upon the fret.

No, no—the COUSINS were not aſk'd indeed!
Broad hints, though giv'n, by no means could ſucceed;
Nought could prevail, alas! nor tears, nor ſighs!

* Witneſs Lord H------Y, Lord A-----D, Mr. G. R-SE, Mrs. H----, &c. whoſe origins may be traced (as Mr. BURKE emphatically expreſſed himſelf on a particular occaſion) "to the *ſwiniſh multitude.*"

† Not a ſingle card of invitation was ſent from Windſor or Carleton Houſe. Violent were the r—l diſpleaſures in the *beginning*; but the Poet, in the true ſpirit of Chriſtianity, hopes that he ſhall not be able to ſay, like the Liturgy, "As it was in the *beginning, is now, and ever ſhall be, world without end.*"

The

The Zephyr, that ſcarce moves the *lily's* head,
As ſoon might lift OLD OCEAN from his bed,
And daſh his *wild* of waters to the *ſkies*.

Saunt'ring St. James's Park were ſeen the PAIR,
While buſtling FROGMORE triumph'd in her FAIR.

And now, to charm our gracious QUEEN and KING,
Aſcending on a public ſtage,
The tuneful wonder of the age,
Hight INCLEDON, began with bows to ſing.

Of war he chanted—glorious war;
Of millions, millions, ſent afar,
To aid of falling Monarchy the cauſe;
When, lo! the lofty GREAT all ſmil'd applauſe.

Now to the happy, ſimp'ring, courtly crowd,
In melting melody he ſung aloud,
A liſt of *ev'ry* Hanoverian hide;
Skins of thoſe mighty men, by bullets bor'd,
Worth thirty pounds a-piece to their high LORD,
For whoſe *great glory* and defence they *dy'd*.

Dear is Hanoverian-ſkinning !*
Money well is worth the winning—
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying;
Hide-money is worth enjoying:
Cutting, killing, drowning, ſtarving·
Soldiers' ſkins are well worth carving.

And now the ſweet TIMOTHEUS ſang the FAIR,
A la Chinoiſe, that brought ſuch crowds to ſtare;
And bear the trumpery of the booths away:†
And then to *charity* he pour'd the ſtrain—
How FOLK a deal by *charity* may *gain*,
And thus, with *int'reſt fair*, themſelves *repay!*

* "War, he ſung, is toil and trouble;
"Honour but an empty bubble;
"Never ending, ſtill beginning,
"Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying:
"If the world be worth thy winning,
"Think, O think it *worth* enjoying." DRYDEN.

† Booths were formed, and filled with trinkets of the Windſor ſhops; purchaſed by *ſomebody or other* of the inhabitants of WINDSOR at *prime coſt*, and ſold at FROGMORE at about *One Thouſand Pounds per Cent*. Large quantities were retailed on the occaſion: for *who* could withſtand the temptation of carrying off a *bit* of MAJESTY, which would crown the Poſſeſſor with eternal glory, and ſupport a charity?

And then he prais'd the GREAT MAN and his DAME,
From whofe *deep* heads the fcheme fo cunning came.

And now he chofe a plaintive ftrain—
The EMBASSY acrofs the main,
Of poor MACARTNEY, and fad STAUNTON, Knight;
Forc'd, forc'd to enter, cheek by jowl,
With hogs, dogs, jack-affes, JEHOL—
The fad proceffion!—a tumultuous fight!

A LORD and KNIGHT, difgrac'd, and tir'd, and fretting,
Amidft the dufty hurlyburly fweating—
Ah Embaffy! to which we may compare
A drove of oxen fent to Smithfield Fair.

The pinions of *Importance* pluck'd,
Thrice to the earth their heads they *duck'd*;
And *thrice* did they with blufhes rife,
With not a friend to clofe their eyes.*

Thus

* "On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
"With not a friend to clofe his eyes." DRYDEN.

To this *degrading ceremony* of proftration before his Chinefe Majefty, it is faid, our Embaffy fubmitted. But how could it be helped?

 Every

Thus ſuffer'd BRITISH MAJESTY diſgrace,
So *well* ſupported by the B——K Race!

At this the court of FROGMORE *ſigh'd*—
And now he ſang of more and worſe diſgrace;
Sang how the EMP'ROR ſhew'd an angry face;
Swearing the bold advent'rers ſhould be ty'd
To a cart's tail,
Should they dare fail
To leave the city in two days, poor clan!
When off they mov'd all mournful, beaſt and man.

At this the Court of FROGMORE dropp'd a tear;
For pity dwells with Q— and K— and Peer.

"Yet, O think," the Songſter ſaid,
"Of the pretty ſmuggling trade!
"COURT and COBBLER *this* purſues;
"Smuggling, juggling,
"Juggling, ſmuggling,
"Never mind the cuſtom-dues."

Every thing, to be ſure, that could be *deviſed* for the *honour and glory* of Great Britain, was attempted by *Ambaſſador* and *Co.*; but *beggars* muſt not be *chooſers*.

At

At this the COURT resum'd the cheerful smile;
For smuggling cannot *courtly folk* defile:
Courts may smuggle what they please*—
Mob alone EXCHEQUERS seize.

And now he sung the *little Box*,† and old,
That caught the SOVEREIGN's wild and raptur'd gaze;
Which, oh! when open'd, a sad story told;
Displaying *pot-hooks!* not a *Bulse's* blaze.

What are *rhymes* to *western* Kings?
Paltry, stupid, jingling things:

* LADY H—RN—SSE and her *private Card-parties* know *more* of this matter than the POET. The sly nocturnal visits of a certain GREAT LADY's *sedan-chair* from the .... are notorious.

† A present, containing a scrap of complimentary *rhyme*, manufactured by KIEN LONG *himself*, in answer to the *Latin Letter* sent by the KING of GREAT BRITAIN (but not of his own composition) to the EMPEROR of CHINA. Poor Sir GEORGE STAUNTON was made overseer of the *Latinity*; but as the Knight had long forgotten his *propria quæ maribus*, the *literary vigour* of a *German* was employed for the occasion. Are our Universities STILL IN DISGRACE? Will nothing but *Gottingen* go down? In the sacred name of Literature, what have our Princes imported from thence to *astonish*, that could not have been given by CAMBRIDGE and OXFORD?
N. B. The verses of KIEN LONG to his BROTHER KING are in a course of translation, and will be communicated to the PUBLIC in due time.

Learning

Learning is a Monarch's *ſport*—
WISDOM never goes to Court.

Now came a groan, that ſeem'd to ſay, "A p-x
" On all the jingle of th' old DRIV'LER'S BOX!"

Of taxes now the ſweet Muſician ſung—
The Court, the chorus join'd,
And fill'd the wond'ring wind;
And *taxes*, *taxes*, through the garden rung.

Monarchs firſt of taxes think;
Taxes are a Monarch's treaſure:*
" Sweet the pleaſure,
" Rich the treaſure;"
Monarchs love a guinea's chink.

And now to AVARICE he tun'd the ſtrain,
That ſuck'd the Nation like a ſpunge—
And now to DISSIPATION'S madding train,
Who in diſtreſs a PEOPLE plunge;

* " Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure,
" Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure." DRYDEN.

What a poetical and ſublime compliment to the *military* of *that day!*

A *People*

A *People* that from *ruin* ſcarce can 'ſcape—
And now the wide-mouth'd COURT began to *gape*.

Gaping is the mouth's diſeaſe,
When a *ſubject* fails to pleaſe.

Now to ſad FRANCE his plaintive voice he turn'd—
Sunk by the wicked SANS-CULOTTES ſo low;
Dealing poor DESPOTISM ſo dire a blow!
When, mark! the melting AUDIENCE almoſt *ſwoon'd!*

The SONGSTER now a *graver* ſubject choſe—
" Who is to pay *Performers* that compoſe
" This charming *Fête* of FROGMORE?" were the words:
With much ſurpriſe,
And rolling eyes,
The COURT heard ſyllables, that ſtabb'd like ſwords.

Now voices came—" Mine Gote!—enuff, enuff."—
" How! how! what, what? ſtuff, INCLEDON, ſtuff, ſtuff."—
" *We* pay! no, no! mine Gote, we haf more wit."—
" Go, go to Parliament—aſk PITT, aſk PITT."

With

With *loaded ſubjects*, ah! we ſee
A *Jack-aſs* in the next degree;*
When ſoon appear'd the emblematic brutes,
With chimney-ſweepers on their backs,
That *kick'd*, and *ſpurr'd*, and *laſh'd* their hacks—
And well with ſuch *tame fools* the treatment ſuits.

Off gallopp'd, for royal amuſement, the Aſſes;
'Mid the haycocks they ſcamper'd, and knock'd down the laſſes—
Girls ſquall'd, the Court laugh'd, and the Jack-aſſes bray'd
At the ſight of the legs by the tumble diſplay'd.
Now a COUPLE† leap'd down from their ſtate to the PRANCERS,
MUSICIANS and RACERS, TUNE-GRINDERS and DANCERS;
Shaking all by the hand,‡ who, in compliment clever,
Roar'd aloud, "Kings and Queens, Fun and Frog-
"more, for ever!!!"

* "The mighty maſter ſmil'd to ſee,
"That *Love* was in the next degree." DRYDEN.

† "THAIS led the way." DRYDEN.

‡ His M——Y was verily the happieſt Gentleman in the world, and (ſi licet *parvis* componere *magna*) was as merry as a *Grig*, vowing repititions of the GALA; but by what fatality it has not happened, not even the ſagacity of the POET is able to diſcover.

THE

ROYAL TOUR,

AND

WEYMOUTH AMUSEMENTS;

A SOLEMN AND REPRIMANDING

EPISTLE TO THE LAUREAT.

PITT's FLIGHT TO WIMBLEDON; AN ODE.
AN ODE TO THE FRENCH.
ODE TO THE CHARITY MILL IN WINDSOR-PARK.
A HINT TO A POOR DEMOCRAT.
ODE TO THE QUEEN's ELEPHANT.
THE SORROWS OF SUNDAY; AN ELEGY.

——— *Aude*
CÆSARIS *invicti res dicere.* HORAT.

Shame on thee, PYE! to CÆSAR tune the ftring;
Be-rhyme his *route*, and Weymouth wonders fing;
Saddle thy PEGASUS at once—ride poft:
Lo, ere thou ftart'ft, a thoufand things are *loft!*

TO

J. PYE, Esq.

SIR,

I ALLOW you virtues, I allow you literary talents; but I will not ſubſcribe to your *indolence*: one little ſolitary annual Ode is not ſufficient for a GREAT KING. Whatever things are *done*, whatever things are *ſaid*, nay, whatever things are *conceived* by MIGHTY POTENTATES, is a treaſure for the page of HISTORY. Bluſh, my friend, that a *volunteer* BARD ſhould run off with the merit of recording the wonderful actions and ſapient ſayings of ROYALTY! As ſoon as the MILL of CHARITY was erected in WINDSOR PARK,

Lo! at the deed, the MUSE caught fire,
And ſwell'd, with praiſe, the ſacred Lyre,
Sweet LASS! ſhe could not for her ſoul ſit ſtill.
IMAGINATION, on the watch,
Op'd, for the ſwelling flood, the hatch;
And, lo! to work, alertly, went *her* mill.

As ſoon as the ROYAL JOURNEY to WEYMOUTH was announced, the ſame LOYAL MUSE

Turn'd her brain's pocket inſide out,
For poetry, to praiſe the rout.

No ſooner was the noble ELEPHANT from ARCOT preſented to our *beloved* QUEEN, and moſt œconomically, and moſt *generouſly* returned on the NABOB'S hands, on account of his *appetite*, but the ſame MUSE

Began a tender melancholy air;
Sung how he trudg'd, poor beaſt, to PECKHAM
Fair,
And SAINT BARTHOLOMEW'S, to help defray
His ſad expences on the wat'ry way.

No ſooner was a boat *ordered* by the *omnipotent*, *all-feeling*, *all-honeſt*, *all-delicate*, *all-conſtitutional*, LORDS of the . . . . . . on board CAPTAIN ORACK'S ſhip, *(even before ſhe came to her moorings)* for *the other preſents* (fortunately without ſtomachs!) from the *ſame knowing* NABOB to her moſt *excellent* M----Y, *not* to Mr. PITT, and his GRACE of PORTLAND (for Miniſters are cyphers *now-a-days*) but lo, the MUSE,

Attentive ever to great PRINCES,
To *muſlins* tun'd her harp, and *chintzes*;

And prophesy'd of ev'ry shawl,
That SCHW——G would *sell them all*;

A circumstance that actually took place; making, we presume, a *decent return*—the original cost, in India, exceeding TEN THOUSAND POUNDS!!!

In future, then, my friend PYE,

Let no man say I hate our KINGS and QUEENS,
PRINCES and DRAWING ROOMS, and LEVEE SCENES;
Despise the bows and curtsies, whisper'd talk;
I love the *mumm'ry* from my very soul:
Daily I spread its fame from pole to pole—
What glorious quarry for the MUSE's hawk!

Ask if the Man whose heart the chase adores,
Wishes annihilation to wild boars,
Or wolves so hungry.—"No," the SPORTSMAN cries—
"Long live wild boars and wolves! God bless their
"eyes!"

May KINGS *exist*—and TRIFLE pig with Kings!
The MUSE desireth not more precious things—
Such sweet *mock-grandeur!*—so *sublimely garish!*

Let's have no WASHINGTONS: did *ſuch* appear,
The MUSE and I had ev'ry thing to fear—
Soon forc'd to aſk a pittance of the pariſh.

Such want no praiſe—in native virtue ſtrong:
'Tis *folly*, *folly*, *feeds* the POET'S ſong.

THE

ROYAL TOUR,

AND

WEYMOUTH AMUSEMENTS.

PROËMIUM.

GREAT is of HAIR-POWDER the sale*—
DUNDAS and PITT have both turn'd pale;
Yet COURTIERS cry aloud its want of merit.
  COURTIERS have try'd with all their spite
  To sink it in OBLIVION'S night—
My Friend, the PUBLIC, keeps it up with spirit.

* My ingenious Poem so called; not Mr. PITT'S *ingenious* Tax on that subject, which, we are well informed, succeeds as miserably in *produce*, as *reputation*.

How

How often we have ſeen a bullying Cloud
Attack the Sun, and quarrel too aloud;
Spit, thunder, lighten, frighten the two poles,
  Block up ev'ry avenue for peeping;
  On this ſide now, now on that ſide creeping;
A ſort of dirty malkin ſlopping holes!

Sometimes the worried glorious God of Day
  Inſiſts upon a view, and ſhows an eye;
Juſt as a Manager, when ſome ſad Play
  Is taken ill, and very like to die,
Kens through the curtain on the Critic Nation,
All hiſſing, clatt'ring, howling out damnation.

Thus Envy, the vile hag, attacks my rhymes,
Swearing they ſhall not peep on diſtant Times;
  But violent indeed will be the tuſſel;
I deem myſelf, indeed, a tuneful *whale*:
She ſwears I am not upon ſo large a ſcale;
  Rather a wrinkle, limpet, paltry muſſel,
Clinging to heavy rocks, or wooden things.
Meaning my loyalty, *perchance*, to Kings.

The

The PUBLIC ſeems to like my Brats,
Begot, indeed, with little pain—
Whether it turbot gives, or ſprats,
Behold *another* to maintain!
Thus, then, I caſt it on that Sea the Town:
If *true*, it *ſwims*; if *ſpurious*, let it *drown*.

ROYAL

THE

ROYAL TOUR.

SEE! CÆSAR's off! the duſt around him hovers,
And, gathering, lo, the KING of GLORY covers!
The royal hubbub fills both eye and ear,
And wide-mouth'd WONDER marks the wild career.
How like his golden brother of the ſky,
When NATURE thunders, and the ſtorm is high;
Now in, now out of clouds, behind, before,
He rolls amid the elemental roar.

Heav'ns! with what ardour through the lanes he
drives,
The country trembling for its tenants lives!
Squat on his ſpeckled haunches gapes the toad,
And frogs affrighted hop along the road:
The hares aſtoniſh'd to their terrors yield,
Cock their long ears, and ſcud from field to field;
The

The owl, loud hooting, from his ivy rushes;
And sparrows, chatt'ring, flutter from the bushes:
Old women, (call'd " a pack of blinking b—-s,")
Dash'd by the THUND'RING LIGHTHORSE into *ditches*,
Scrambling and howling, with post—rs pointed,
Sad picture! plump against the LORD'S ANOINTED.
Dogs bark, pigs grunt, the flying turkeys gobble;
Fowls cackle; screaming geese, with stretch'd wing, hobble;
Dire death his horses hoofs to ducklings deal,
And goslings gasp beneath the burning wheel.
Thus the great ÆOL, when he rushes forth,
With all his winds, EAST, WEST, and SOUTH, and NORTH;
Flutter the leaves of trees, with woeful fright,
Shook by his rage, and bullied by his might;
Straws from the lanes dispers'd, and whirl'd in air,
The blust'ring wonders of his mouth declare.
Heav'd from their deep foundations, with dread sound,
Barns and old houses thunder to the ground,
And bowing oaks, in ages rooted strong,
Roar through their branches as he sweeps along.
He breakfasts on the road, gulps tea, bolts toast;
Jokes with the waiter, witty with the host;

Runs

Runs to the garden, with his morning dues;
Makes mouths at CLOACINA'S; reads the news.
Now mad for fruit, he fcours the garden round;
Knocks every apple that he fpies, to ground;
Loads ev'ry royal pocket, feeks his chaife;
Plumps in, and fills the village with amaze.

He's off again—he fmokes along the road!
Purfue him, PYE—purfue him with an *ode*:
And yet a *paftoral* might better pleafe;
That talks of fheep, and hay, and beans and peas;
Of trees cut down,* that RICHMOND'S lawn adorn,
To gain the pittance of a peck of corn.
He reaches WEYMOUTH—treads the Efplanade—
Hark, hark, the jingling bells! the cannonade!
Drums beat, the hurdigurdies grind the air;
Dogs, cats, old women, all upon the ftare:
All WEYMOUTH gapes with wonder—hark! huzzas!
The roaring welcome of a thoufand jaws!
O PYE, fhalt *Thou*, APOLLO'S fav'rite fon,
In loyalty by PETER be outdone?

* Great has been the maffacre among the *fturdy oaks*, to make room for the courtier-like pliability of the *corn-ftalk*, that brings more *grift* to the ROYAL MILL.

How

How oft I bear thy maſter on my back,
Without one thimblefull of cheering ſack;
While *thou*, (not drunk, I hope) O BARD divine,
Oft wett'ſt thy whiſtle with the MUSE's wine.
O haſte where proſtrate COURTIERS Monarchs greet,
Like cats that ſeek the *ſunſhine* of the ſtreet;
Where CHESTERFIELD the lively ſpaniel ſprings,
Runs, leaps, and makes rare merriment for Kings;
Where ſharp MACMANUS, and ſly JEALOUS, tread,
To guard from TREACH'RY's blow the Royal Head;*
Where NUNN and BARBER,† ſilent as the mouſe,
Steal, nightly, *certain* goods to Glo'ſter Houſe.
O ſay, ſhall CÆSAR in rare preſents thrive;
Buy cheaper, too, than any man alive;
Go cheaper in excurſions on the water,
And LAUREAT PYE know nothing of the matter?

* Be it recollected with horror that a ſtone was flung at our beloved Sovereign in St. James's Park, endangering his life; yet an impudent Rhymer thought *otherwiſe*; who, on the occaſion, had the audacity to write the following Epigram:

Talk no more of the lucky eſcape of the *head*,
From a flint ſo unwittingly thrown:
I think very diff'rent---with thouſands, indeed,
'Twas a lucky eſcape for the *ſtone*.

† Two tradeſmen who repair conſtantly from London to Weymouth, when Royalty deigns to viſit the ſpot.

Acts that should bid his POET's bosom flame,
And make his spendthrift subjects blush with shame.
What though TOM WARTON laugh'd at Kings and
Queens,
And, grinning, ey'd them just as *State Machines*;
Much better pleas'd (so sick of royal life)
To celebrate 'SQUIRE PUNCH and PUNCH's wife!
I grant thee deep in Attic, Latian lore;
Yet learn the province of the MUSE of yore:
The BARDS of ancient times (so HIST'RY sings)
Eat, drank, and danc'd, and slept with mighty KINGS,
Who courted, reverenc'd, lov'd the tuneful throng,
And deem'd their deeds ennobled by a song.

Lo, PITT arrives! alas, with lantern face!
" What, hæ, PITT, hæ—what, PITT, hæ, more
" disgrace?"

" Ah, SIRE, bad news! a second dire defeat!
" VENDÉE undone, and all the CHOUANS beat!

" Hæ, hæ—what, what?—beat, beat?—what,
" beat agen?
" Well, well, more money—raise more men, more
" men.

" But mind, Pitt, hæ—mind, huddle up the news
" *Coin* something, and the growling land amuse:
" Make all the *Sans-culottes* to Paris caper,
" And Rose shall print the vict'ry in his Paper.
" Let's hear no more, no more of Cornish tales—
" I sha'n't refund a guinea, Pitt, to Wales:
" I can't afford it, no—I can't afford:
" Wales cost a deal in pocket-cash and board.
" Pitt, Pitt, there's Frost, my bailiff Frost—
" see, see!
" Well, Pitt, go back, go back again—b'ye, b'ye:
" Keep London still—no matter how they carp—
" Well, well, go back, and bid Dundas look sharp.
" Must not lose France—no, France must wear a
" crown:
" If France won't swallow, *ram a monarch down.*
" Some *crowns* are scarce worth *sixpences*—hæ,
" Pitt?—"
The Premier smil'd, and left the Royal Wit.

Now Frost approaches—" Well, Frost, well,
" Frost, pray,
" How, how went sheep a score?—how corn and
" hay?"

4 An't

" An't pleaſe your Majeſty, a charming price:
" Corn very ſoon will be as dear as ſpice."

" Thank God! but ſay, ſay, do the poor complain?
" Hæ, hæ, will wheat be ſixpence, FROST, *a grain?*"

" I hope *not*, Sire; for great were then my fears,
" That WINDSOR would be pull'd about our ears."

" FROST, FROST, no politics—no, no, FROST, no:
" You, you talk politics! oho, oho!
" WINDSOR come down about our ears! what,
" what?
" D'ye think, hæ, hæ, that I'm afraid of that?
" What, what are ſoldiers good for, but obey?
" MACMANUS, TOWNSEND, JEALOUS, hæ, hæ, hæ?
" Pull WINDSOR down? hæ, what?—a pretty job!
" WINDSOR be pull'd to pieces by the mob!
" Talk, talk of farming—that's your *fort*, d'ye ſee;
" And mind, mind, *politics* belong to *me*.
" Go back, go back, and watch the Windſor chaps;
" Count all the poultry; ſet, ſet well the traps."

"See, ſee! ſee! STACIE*—here, here, STACIE, here—
"Going to market, STACIE?—dear, dear, dear!
"I get all my proviſion by the mail—
"Hæ, money plenty, STACIE? don't fear jail.
"Rooms, rooms all full? hæ, hæ? no beds to ſpare?
"What, what! give trav'lers, hæ, good fare, good
"fare?
"Good ſign, good ſign, to have no empty beds!
"Shows, ſhows that people like to ſee CROWN'D
"HEADS."

The Mail arrives! hark! hark! the cheerful horn,
To MAJESTY announcing oil and corn;
Turnips and cabbages, and ſoap and candles;
And lo, each article GREAT CÆSAR handles!
Bread, cheeſe, ſalt, catchup, vinegar, and muſtard,
Small beer, and bacon, apple-pye and cuſtard:
All, all, from WINDSOR greets his frugal GRACE,
For WEYMOUTH is a d-mn'd expenſive place.

SAL'SB'RY appears, the Lord of ſtars and ſtrings;
Preſents his poem† to the *beſt* of Kings.

GREAT

* The honeſt Maſter of the ROYAL HOTEL.

† This high Lord is really a *high* Poet. His Journey to Weymouth, which I was horribly afraid would have foreſtalled mine with the Public,

GREAT CÆSAR reads it—feels a laughing fit,
And wonders SAL'SB'RY ſhould become a wit.

A batch of bullocks! ſee GREAT CÆSAR run:
He ſtops the Drover—bargain is begun.
He feels their ribs and rumps—he ſhakes his head—
" Poor, Drover, poor—poor, very poor indeed."
CÆSAR and DROVER haggle—diff'rence ſplit—
How much?—a ſhilling! what a royal hit!
A load of hay in ſight! GREAT CÆSAR flies—
Smells—ſhakes his head—" Bad hay—ſour hay—"
he buys.
" Smell, COURTOWN—ſmell—good bargain—lucky
load—
" Smell, COURTOWN—ſweeter hay was never mow'd."

A herd of ſwine goes by!—" Whoſe hogs are theſe?
" Hæ, Farmer, hæ?"—" Yours, Meaſter, if yow
" pleaze."
" Poor, Farmer, poor—lean, louſy, very poor—
" Sell, ſell, hæ, ſell?"—Iſs, Meaſter, to be zure:
" My pigs were made for zale, but what o'that?

Public, will make its appearance ſoon, and, I am informed, is to be enriched with *royal annotation*.

"Yow caall mun *lean*; now, Zur, I caall mun *vat*—
"Meaſter, I baant a ſtarling—can't be cort;
"You think, agoſh, to ha the pigs vor *nort*."
Lo! CÆSAR buys the pigs—he ſlily winks—
"Hæ, GWINN, the fellow is not *caught*, he thinks—
"Fool, not to know the bargain I have got!
"Hæ, GWINN—nice bargain—lucky, lucky lot!"

Enter the dancing dogs! they take their ſtations;
They bow, they curtſy to the LORD OF NATIONS.
They dance, they ſkip, they charm the K— of Fun,
While Courtiers ſee themſelves almoſt *outdone*.

Lord PAULET enters on his hands and knees,
Joining the hunts of hares with hunts of fleas.*

Enter Sir JOSEPH! gladd'ning royal eyes!
What holds his hand? a box of butterflies,
Grubs, neſts, and eggs of humming-birds, to pleaſe;
Noots, tadpoles, brains of beetles, ſtings of bees.
The noble Preſident without a bib on,
To ſport the glories of his bluſhing ribbon!

* The Earl has won the *Royal ſmile*, and is made a Lord of the Bedchamber; but as capricious inconſtancy is a prominent feature in the Brunſwick family, a *royal frown* may be at no great diſtance.

The

The Fiſhermen! the Fiſhermen behold!
A ſhoal of fiſh! the men their nets unfold;
Surround the ſcaly fry—they drag to land:
Cæsar and *Co.* ruſh down upon the ſand;
The fiſhes leap about—Gods! what a clatter!
Cæsar, delighted, jumps into the water—
He marvels at the fiſh with fins and ſcales—
He plunges at them—ſeizes heads and tails;
Enjoys the draught—he capers—laughs aloud,
And ſhows his captives to the gaping crowd.
He orders them to Glo'ſter Lodge—they go:
But are the Fiſhermen rewarded?—NO!!!

Cæsar ſpies Lady Cathcart with a book;
He flies to know what 'tis—he longs to look.
"What's in your hand, my Lady? let me know."
"A book, an't pleaſe your M——y." "Oho!
"Book's a good thing—good thing—I like a book.
"Very good thing, my Lady, let me look—
"War of America! my Lady, hæ?
"Bad thing, my Lady!—fling, fling *that* away."

A Sailor pops upon the Royal Pair,
On crutches borne—an object of Deſpair:

His ſqualid beard, pale cheek, and haggard eye,
Though *ſilent*, pour for help a piercing cry.

" Who, who are *you?* what, what? hæ, what are you?"

" A *man*, my Liege, whom KINDNESS never knew.

" A ſailor! ſailor, hæ? you've loſt a leg."

" I know it, Sir—which forces me to beg.
" I've nine poor children, Sir, beſides a wife—
" God bleſs them! the ſole comforts of my life."

" Wife and nine children, hæ?—all, all alive?
" No, no, no wonder that you cannot thrive.
" Shame, ſhame, to fill your hut with ſuch a train!
" Shame to get brats for *others* to maintain!*
" Get, get a wooden leg, or one of cork:
" Wood's *cheapeſt*—yes, get wood, and go to work.
" But mind, mind Sailor—hæ, hæ, hæ—hear, hear—
" Don't go to Windſor, mind, and cut one there:
" That's dangerous, dangerous—there I place my
" traps—
" Fine things, fine things, for legs of thieving chaps:

* Is not this ſarcaſm as applicable to *thrones* as *hovels*?

" Beſt traps, *my* traps--take care--they bite, they bite,
" And ſometimes catch a dozen legs a night."

" Oh! had I money, Sir, to *buy* a leg!"

" No money, hæ? nor I---go beg---go beg."---

How ſweetly kind to bid the cripple *mump*,
And cut from *other people's* trees a ſtump!
How vaſtly like our kind Archbishop M--re,*
Who loves not beggar tribes at Lambeth door;
Of meaner Parſons bids them aſk relief---
There, carry their coarſe jugs for broth and beef!

" Mine Gote! your Maſheſty!---don't hear ſuſh
" ſtuff;
" De Workhouſe always geefs de poor enough.
" Why make bout dirty leg ſuſh wond'rous fuſs?---
" And den, what impudence for beg of Us!

* Our tender Metropolitan, as well as the delicate ſenſibility of Mrs. M---e, are really tired with the number of poor creatures who, three times a week, have, from time immemorial, claimed the charitable donation of broth and meat from Lambeth Palace. It is pretty well known that a ſtrong application has been made for the removal of this *nuiſance*, but hitherto without ſucceſs.

" In

"In Strelitz, O mine Gote! de beggars ſkip:
"Dere, for a ſharity, we geeſs a *whip*.
"Money make ſubjects impudent, I'm ſure---
"Reſpect be always where de peepel's *poor*."

"How, Sailor, did you loſe your leg?---hæ, hæ?"

"I loſt it, pleaſe your Majeſty, at ſea,
"Hard fighting for my country and my King."

"Hæ, what?---that's common, very common thing.
"Hæ! lucky fellow, that you were not *drill'd*:
"Some loſe their heads, and many men are kill'd.
"Your pariſh? where's your pariſh? hæ---where,
"where?"

"I ſerv'd my 'prenticeſhip in Mancheſter."

"Fine town, fine town---full, full of trade and
"riches---
"Hæ, Sailor, hæ, can you make leather breeches?
"Theſe come from Mancheſter---there, there I got
"'em!"

On which GREAT CÆSAR claps his buckſkin bottom.

"Muſt not encourage vagrants---no, no, no---
"Muſt not make laws, my lad, and break 'em too.

"Where,

"Where, where's your pariſh, hæ? and where's
"your paſs?
"Well, make haſte home---I've got, I've got no
"braſs."

Now to the ESPLANADE a ſeat is borne,
To eaſe the Q---n's ſweet bottom and her corn;
For corns are apt e'en *Majeſty* to bite,
As well as on *poor* toes to vent their ſpite.

Around the gracious Q---- of England, lo,
DAMES of the BEDCHAMBER, a goodly row!
Mob paſſing by, of MAJESTY ſo fond,
Dipping, like ducks, their noddles in a pond.
How would this ſight of STRELITZ charm the ſoul?
A *lofty* land, although a *ſpider* hole!
Avaunt, all FRAIL-ONES, from the Q----'s chaſte
view
POLLUTION taints the air with ſuch a crew!
Dare ye approach? full ſoon ye meet reſiſtance;
IMHOFF's *pure* wife ſhall ſhove you at a diſtance:
The EAST's proud EMPRESS, who, with di'mond
wand,
Can viſit the firſt LADY of the LAND;

Nay,

Nay, *more*, the chronicles of truth aver,
Can make the LAND'S FIRST LADY visit *her!*

She comes! the MAJESTY of this fair Isle
Greets MISTRESS IMHOFF with an ell-wide smile;
Bids her partake the radiance of a Crown,
And, on the *seat of Innocence,* sit down.
Lo! down she sits! the mob, all envying, views,
As MISTRESS IMHOFF whispers Indian news.

The STADTHOLDER! he joins Queen Charlotte—*bump*
Falls on the seat of Royalty, his rump!
Peace to his spirit! he begins to doze!
He snores! heav'ns bless the trumpet of his nose!
So great is folly, that the world *mayhap*
Shall, grinning, point at HOOGEN MOOGEN'S nap.
PRINCES of Europe, pray exclaim not "shame!"
Go, for Mankind's repose, and do the same.

My LADY H——E appears! how large!
Deep laden, like a camel, or a barge.
What's all beneath her petticoats?—Shawls, chintz—
Why should the Muse, indeed, the matter mince?
Muslins the richest, of the fertile East.
Lo, back she moves again, to be undrest!

At

At Glo'ſter-Lodge, upon the bed ſhe ſquats,
To drop the lumber, ſhawls, and broider'd brats;
Where England's happy —— her ſteps purſues,
Attends the labour, and turns *accoucheuſe.*
Hark! CÆSAR and the little children talk;
Together laugh, together too they walk:
The mob around admire their pleaſant things,
And *marle* that *children* talk as *well* as *Kings.*

And now to DELAMOT's the M——H ſpeeds:
He catches up a ſcore of books, and reads—
Learns nothing—ſudden quits the book-abode—
Orders his horſe, and ſcours the Dorſet road.
He's in again! he boards the barge—ſets ſail—
Jokes with the ſailors, and enjoys the gale:
Deſcants on winds and waves—the land regains,
And gives the Tars juſt *nothing* for their *pains!*
For, what a *bore* that Kings their *ſlaves* ſhould *pay!*
Sufficient is the *honour* of the day!
Now ſprings the SOV'REIGN wildly to the ſeas—
Ruſhes intrepid in—*along to knees!*—
Old NEPTUNE, jealous of his world, looks big—
And bluſt'ring BOREAS blows away his wig.

O PYE!

O Pye ! amidſt ſuch doings canſt thou *ſleep* ?
Such wonders *whelping* on the land and deep !
So nobly form'd to deck th' hiſtoric page,
Aſtoniſh man, and ſwell the Muse's rage !

Thus, thus I ſing of Royalty, *unpaid* ;
In Courts obſerve, and follow to the ſhade ;
And mean, God willing, ſince *thou* wilt not write,
To give each word and action to the light ;
With daily deeds my voice ſublimely raiſe,
And ſound wiſe ſpeeches into diſtant days.

In ſpite of low Democracy, the Brute,
Kings ſhall at length regain their *loſt repute*.
The poor ſunk Falcon, robb'd of ev'ry plume,
That ſnaps the ground, and mourns his humble doom,
With pow'rful pinion ſoon from earth ſhall riſe,
Mix with the ſolar blaze, and ſweep the ſkies.

Such ſhall be done, if pow'r the Bard can boaſt,
Who deems the breed *too precious* to be loſt.
And ſince Augustus deign'd with Bards to dine,
And, bleſt with Bards, Mecænas drank his wine ;
O let us hope that mighty *modern* Kings
May ceaſe to claſs the *Bards* with *vulgar things*,

And

And of the TUNEFUL TRIBE think *somewhat* higher,
Than *Newgate's Bellman*, or a *Country Cryer!**
Should this rare æra rise, and BRUNSWICK'S GRACE
Revive the drooping glory of his race;
How happy at SAINT JAMES'S, my friend PYE,
At BUCKINGHAM and WINDSOR, *Then* and *I*,
To see fair GENIUS re-assume her reign;
DULLNESS and AVARICE expell'd the scene;
The fat'ning BARDS their laurell'd fronts display,
And proudly triumph over *Hogs* and *Hay!*

Once more, then, let me beg thee, lazy PYE,
To follow MONARCHS wheresoe'er they fly:
When from the lofty pinnacle of thrones,
They sink, to tread, with vulgar folks, the stones;
To *Weymouth* waves, and sands, and shops repair;
Dash country JOANS with dread, and BUMPKINS scare:

* Never were the *Αοιδοι*, *alias* POETS, in more disesteem than at the Court of the BRUNSWICKS. Homer, singing of such as were the greatest favourites of ancient Monarchs, mentions *Ιητηρα Κακων*, *Τεκτονα Δουρων*, and *Μαντιν*, *i. e.* a DOCTOR, a HOUSE-CARPENTER, and a CONJUROR. These our beloved S——N, following this classical example of antiquity, has *noticed* and *recommended*: DOCTOR WILLIS, to Parliament; SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS, to the Comptrollership of the Board of Works; and SIGNOR PINETTI, to the Patronage of all the *wise* of the Metropolis.

For

For ever trifling, and for ever bleſt,
In laugh, and hop, and ſkip, and jump, and jeſt—
How like the ruſtic boy, the ſimple THING,
Who only wiſh'd to be a mighty King;
(So meanly modeſt was his pray'r to Fate)
To *eat fat pork*, and *ride upon a gate!*

Mr.

Mr. PITT's

FLIGHT TO WIMBLEDON.

JUST as I prophesy'd !—the ſtorm begins !
And thou art off—for WIMBLEDON, I ween,
To hide thee there for all thy *courtly* ſins,
So complaiſant indeed to KING and QUEEN !

Loud was thy window's craſh—a ſhow'r of ſtones
Pour'd in thick vollies from the angry MOB.
How the rude pebbles ſought thy vaniſh'd bones !
And cry'd aloud, " Where is the fellow's *knob ?*
But diſappointed, on the carpet ſpread,
They griev'd they could not rattle round thy head.

DUNDAS's hay-loft, ſoon, I gueſs,
In ſecrecy wilt thou poſſeſs ;
Or elſe another ſecret nameleſs place—

A *ſweet* aſylum from the rage
Of ſuch as deſp'rate battle wage
With men who plunge the Nation in diſgrace.

This was a terrible affair!
Undoubtedly it made thee ſtare!
Indeed I think that thou wert right,
To aſk the friendſhip of a ſlight.
Alas! when DANGER his ſtern form reveals,
There's really wiſdom in a pair of heels!

Since not a ſoul dares ope his jaws
To plead, O PITT, thy awkward cauſe,
I'll be thy COUNSEL, Man, to bring thee off:
Not ſave thy reputation—no—
That's an Herculean work, I trow;
Thy name muſt bear, indeed, th' eternal ſcoff.

Come from thy hay-loft, then, or thy retreat,
Where CLOACINA keeps her ſilent ſeat,
And let me lead thee to the PEOPLE'S eye.
Kneel down before them—own thy heavy guilt,
For meanneſs and King-flatt'ry—treaſure ſpilt,
And other ſins too glaring to deny.

'This then be thy confeffion, PITT :—
" Alas ! by mad Ambition bit,
" And grinding hunger, too, I needs muft fay ;
" Where fickle FORTUNE loves to fport,
" I fought the region of the COURT ;
" But Confcience damns, alas ! the idle day.

" I bawl'd Reform with RICHMOND's Lord,
" But never meant to keep my word.
" Our bawlings frighten'd the GREAT MAN and WO-
" MAN ;
" With patriot threats we forc'd our way ;
" And, while 'twas funfhine, made our hay,
" A trick with Statefmen by no means uncommon.

" Ye gave me credit for my cries,
" And, gull'd, with pleafure faw me rife ;
" Tho' foon, too foon, ye mock'd the royal choice ;
" Too foon I read in ev'ry face
" The hift'ry of a fad difgrace,
" Heard execration load the gen'ral voice.

" The breeze of popularity foon dy'd—
" Soon ebb'd of Fame, alas ! th' inconftant tide :

" Yet held I places in the people's ſpite;
" Agreed, amongſt my other ſins,
" For curſed Hanoverian ſkins;
" Agreed for Gallic Deſpotiſm to fight;
" Agreed to pay th'Apothecary's bill,
" And load, with your good griſt, the Royal mill.

" Whiſper'd the Nation's purſe was all their own;
" That ſubjects were rank raſcals to complain;
" Who, ſilent, ought to bear their galling chain;
" And ſwore rebellion lurk'd in ev'ry groan.

" I own the Royal barns are full of corn;
" The fineſt, fatteſt beeves the land adorn;
" The faireſt ſheep in Windſor fields are ſeen:
" Increaſe on ev'ry acre ſmiles,
" The richeſt 'mid the Queen of Iſles:—
" All theſe belonging to our K. and Q.

" But what can I?—I dare not ſpeak—
" I dare not ſay the People ſqueak,
" And ſullen look, and threat, and ſwear, and cry;
" 'Tis a vile ſhame the realm ſhould ſtarve:
" Why ſhould not they have fowls to carve?
" Although he is, forſooth, ſo wond'rous high.

" We

" We put him there—we give him all his money—
" 'Tis hard the bees ſhould want a little honey.

" R——D ſhall out, the man of leathern guns,
" Whom BRAV'RY ſcorns, and beauteous SCIENCE
" *ſhuns* ;
" Whom ſeeming idiotiſm and madneſs rules ;
" The verieſt laughing-ſtock of verieſt fools.
" H——Y no more ſhall drain the hectic State,
" And ſuck, the leach, the Empire to her fate.

" Lo, from the ſeat of JUSTICE will I ſweep
" The FUR-CLAD ROGUE, renown'd for ſtealing
" ſheep.*

" I bluſh to think I help'd the wars of Kings,
" And, meanly crouching, made a royal pother.
" I now think Princes very *ſo-ſo* things ;
" The one half cheats, and arrant fools the other.

* Whether this *notorious* and lofty Limb of the LAW will be hanged or not, even the prophetic powers of the *Muſe* cannot foretell ; but that a ſcore of ſtolen ſheep, which the owners ſwore to, were in this fellow's pens, exhibited for ſale lately at a country fair, is a fact that admits of no contradiction. Many bets are pending ; and the odds, as well as the *hopes* of the country, are on the *rope*.

" E'en to the tune ſhe chooſes, let her dance;
" I'll cram no deſpots down the throat of FRANCE.

" I own myſelf, alas! an arrant fool,
  " Not to ſuſpect and look *that Pruſſian* through:
" Yet to HYPOCRISY I went to ſchool;
  " But, hang the fellow, 'he was Yorkſhire
      " too.'

When *out* of place, then "right is *State reform*—
  " Oh! venal Parliaments are curſed things:"
But, when *in* place—" Don't, don't provoke the
      " ſtorm;
  " Why alter, why diſpleaſe the *beſt* of Kings?"
Such is the creed of all the Courtier train;
Rocks of our hopes—the Imps that we maintain.

" As ſharks and whales pick daily a good diſh
" From all the dainty under-world of fiſh,
  " So Tyrants, at a moſt ungodly rate,
" For human diſhes, daily, hourly, prowl;
" And, as the weazel ſucks the eggs of fowl,
  " *They*, greedy, ſuck that larger egg, the STATE.

" But

" But no ſuch maſter will I ſerve,
" Nor Miſtreſs, chriſten'd K— and Q—;
" Who, whilſt their plunder'd ſubjects ſtarve,
" Are, 'midſt their hoarded millions, ſeen.

" The PEOPLE's *Servant*, till by Fate o'erpower'd;
" By G— that PEOPLE ſhall not be devour'd!"

Thus if thou ſweareſt—hear me—by our ſkins,
Which yet our baſtinado'd backs retain;
Gen'rous, we'll wipe out thy *old ſcore* of ſins,
And yield thee ſuff'rance to *begin again*.

Thus if thou ſweareſt, and wilt ſin no more,
A pardon ſhall be thine—our anger o'er.
Heed not the wrath of Kings—the Nation *made* 'em--
The PEOPLE put on board their backs their honors;
And ſhould Kings forfeit their eſteem, the DONORS
Can (if I err not) in a trice *unlade* 'em.

Such, PITT, is my advice—but thou art proud,
Although, ſo lately one of us poor crowd,
Crawling, by mean degrees, to thine high ſtation:

Thou canſt not well remember thy old rags,
Or thou hadſt been more ſparing of thy brags;
  Inſulting thus a much too generous Nation.

Lo, thus the LAD in baſe Saint Giles's born,
  Bleſt with a barrow, firſt begins to bawl:
Where PLENTY, ah! exalteth not her horn—
  Potatoes the poor barrow's *little all.*

At length, ſucceeding by a *lucky cry,*
And FORTUNE's fav'ring ſmile, the Lad can buy
  A baſket!—nay, *two* baſkets for his barrow;
To which he hangs the baſkets with much pride,
With endive, celery, and greens beſide—
  Yes, with *much* pride, that warms his inmoſt marrow—

With all the gaping energy of ſong,
Proudly he rolls his WHOLE ESTATE along!

AMBITION ſtill inſpires his panting heart;
And now ſublime he riſes to a *cart,*
  But not without a JACKASS, let me ſay:

A JACK

A JACK is harneſs'd—on the cart he mounts—
Looks round—elate, his cabbages he counts,
And triumphs in his PARTNER'S Brudenell-bray.

He ſtops not here—AMBITION goads his ſoul
To bid his orb in loftier regions roll.

In COVENT-GARDEN, lo, a ſhop he gains;
Pines, nect'rines, plums, and apricots, and peaches,
Behold! his laudable ambition reaches;
And now the *Jack-aſs* and the *cart* diſdains.

An Aſs's *ditty* wounds his *nicer* ear,
Bringing to mind his late and humble ſphere:
Archbiſhop-like, he *tow'rs* within his ſtall—
Looks on the barrow, cart, and baſket crew,
With all the conſequence of man, aſkew,
And, for a pack of beggars, damns them *all*.

ODE

TO

THE FRENCH.

OH! with what freedom have ye treated KINGS!
Say, did not ye equip their backs with wings,
  Yet cruelly cut off their heads for *flying?*
Alas! ſo lately did ye KINGS adore!
Now 'tis a wolf, a lion, a wild boar—
  A hypocrite, a thing of theft and lying.

What folly to create the hungry Kite,
  Yet quarrel with his appetite and claws;
Or grumble at the Tiger's ravenous bite,
  Yet give the ſavage ſuch a pair of jaws!
For ever are ye plung'd in mad extremes!
Let COMMON SENSE, then, rouſe you from your dreams.

GRANDEUR,* I own, ſeems much increas'd in ſize;
Much gaudier too her dreſs to mortal eyes.

The

The lofty Lords and Ladies of our Isle,
Enough to make a grave old TOM CAT smile,
Must ev'ry thing, forsooth, in *style* enjoy;
And if to Margate Doctors bid them go,
By *sea*, to purify from head to toe,
Turn up their dainty noses at a *Hoy*.



"Foh! in a *Hoy*, the filthy thing, embark!
"Loaded with beasts of all kind—Noah's Ark!"

So nice! that, had they by *good* chance been born
When CAPTAIN NOAH put his wife on board,
With all his other *live stock*, they had sworn
To go together boldly to the LORD;
That is to say, be drown'd!—bid life adieu,
Sooner than sail with such a stinking crew.

Yet let me add—not all the GREAT are *nice*;
Not all by PRIDE are tainted, the vile vice—
No! witness our good K— and our good Q—,
Lord love 'em!—our most humble Q— and K—
Can, gracious, stoop to any little thing,
However humble, *not* however mean.

Heav'ns

Heav'ns bleſs their pretty, goodly, greaſy Graces!
I've ſeen them bolt fat bacon at the races;
On Aſcot courſe, devour ſuch loads of ham,
And waſh it down, ſo dainty, with a *dram!*

How ſimple! like to many an ancient King,
That roaſted royal dinners by a ſtring,
And turn'd the royal rapier to a ſpit:
Though full of magnanimity, could ſtoop
To boil, in their grand helmets, beef and ſoup,
And eat from thence, ſo great their ſaving wit!

When good Prince ——* *deign'd viſit* our ſmall Iſle,
Grand ſoul! he came in *very humble* ſtyle—
Cut no huge figure—made no mighty ſlaſh;
Two ſhirts belong'd unto the princely lad;
'Twas all the linen treaſure that he *had*,
Which poor old MOTHER DAVIES us'd to waſh;

GOODY of RICHMOND! Mother to the MAN†
Who ſtrikes with rev'rent awe the ETON CLAN.

* The name of this young Strelitz man, or *Prince*, is abſolutely forgotten; but he is, or was, full brother to our moſt *gracious* QUEEN.

† Dr. Davies, the preſent Provoſt of Eton College.

"Dear Prince," quoth MOTHER DAVIES, "many a
"time
"The lad in linen was ſo wond'rous ſhort,
"I've made 'n wait until I clean'd the grime,
"To make 'n, like a *Chriſtian*, go to Court.

"Yes, on my thorn there, many and many an eye
"Hath ſeen his HONOR's linen put to dry;
"But ſoon, indeed, t' increaſe his little ſtore,
"His SISTER, MADAM, made a couple more."

But to return—folks thought ſtrange things of yore,
When no abſurdity BELIEF could ſhock;
When GOSSIP PREJUDICE put in her oar,
To ſcull the ſimple mind on ERROR's rock.

What thouſands thought that KINGS and QUEENS *eat gold!*
That beef and mutton was too *coarſe a fare*;
And that their bodies were ſo finely *ſoul'd*,
They breath'd a fluid *beyond vulgar air*.

Could not conceive that air ſo *groſs* and *common*,
Entering a dog's, and cat's, and monkey's noſe,
Inflated

Inflated a *Queen's* lungs, *so great a woman*;
Or *King's*, whom such *rare particles* compose.

Yes! 'tis confess'd that FOLLY rul'd Mankind—
'Twas once the same with *me*, the BARD, I find.

I grant that I, in life's more early day,
Deem'd KINGS *young God-almighties*—form'd for SWAY;
The UNIVERSE, *fee simple*—*all* their own:
Tho' now I think the PEOPLE claim a right
To *somewhat* rather *larger* than a *mite*;
Nay, that we should e'en *halve* it with the THRONE.

I cry'd, "Nought's little which GREAT KINGS ap-
"prove:
"Kings turn, like MIDAS, all they touch to *gold*—
"Witness LORD HAWK'SB'RY, *turn'd*, by ROYAL LOVE,
"From *Jenkinson*, a clod of meanest mould."

What is there in a *fog*? "Lord! nought!" ye cry.
To *me* a fog was *once important*—why?
CÆSAR with glory cloth'd the fog, I trow—
Ah! how?—Read, read the story, and ye'll know.

CÆSAR AND THE FOG.

Cæsar, upon a ſummer's golden day,
Got early from his bed to ſmell his hay,
And ſee if all his fowls were ſafe and ſound;
And likewiſe ſee what traps had legs and feet
Belonging unto men who wiſh'd to treat
Their chaps with chicken on forbidden ground.

Enter a General (Carpenter) low bowing,
Scraping, and, mandarin-like, nodding, ploughing,
With noſe of rev'rence ſweet, the humble graſs.—
"Hæ, General, hæ? what news, what news in
"town?"
"None, Sire."—"None, Gen'ral?—Gen'ral, hæ,
"none, none?"
"Nothing, indeed, O King, is come to paſs."

"Strange! ſtrange!—what, what—ſee nothing on
"the way?
"Hæ, hæ?" cry'd Cæsar, all for news agog.
"Nothing, my Liege—no nothing, I may ſay,
"Excepting upon Hounſlow, Sir, a *fog*.'

"Fog

"Fog upon Hounflow, Gen'ral?—*large* fog, hæ,
"Or *fmall* fog, Gen'ral?"—"Large, an't pleafe
"you, Sire."
"Strange, vaftly ftrange!—what, *large* fog, *large* fog,
"pray?
"Yes, yes, yes—*large* fog, that I much admire."

CÆSAR and CARPENTER now talk'd of wars,
Of cannon, bullets, fwords, and wounds, and fcars:
When, in the middle of the fight, the KING
Sudden exclaim'd—"Fog upon Hounflow, hæ?
"Large fog too, Gen'ral?—well, go on, on, pray—
"Strange! very ftrange!—extr'ordinary thing!"

Now dwelt the Gen'ral on the battle's rage,
Where mufkets, mufkets—guns, great guns, engage,
Red'ning with blood the field, and ftream, and
bog;
When, rufhing from the murd'rous fcene of glory,
The Monarch fudden marr'd the Gen'ral's ftory—
"Fog upon Hounflow, Gen'ral—large, large
"fog?"
"Yes, Sir," faid CARPENTER unto the KING.—
"Strange, very ftrange! extr'ordinary thing!"

At length the Gen'ral *finiſh'd*—lucky elf!—
With much politeneſs, and much ſweat and pain.
"Thank God!" the Gen'ral whiſper'd to himſelf —
"Curſe me, if ever I find *fogs* again!"

Thus, then, I rev'renc'd *fogs* in former days,
Becauſe I worſhipp'd KINGS; and though I ceaſe
King-adoration, KINGS ſhall ſhare my praiſe,
Although the gape of WONDER may decreaſe.

I ſtar'd on Kings as Comets with *amaze*:
But now a deal diminiſh'd is the blaze:

Kings are mere tallow-candles, nine in ten,
Wanting a little *ſnuffing* now and then:
Harb'ring a THIEF that plays a dangerous game;
Which if we did not watch, and ſtrait purſue,
The fat is in the fire! and then adieu,
That greaſe ſo rich, the parent of the flame.

Nay, worſe event from this ſame THIEF appears!
The *houſe*, at times, is burnt about our ears.

Yet

Yet pray, Sirs, take a KING from MISTER PITT,
And calmly to the SOV'REIGN's will ſubmit;
And not, as ye have done, on *madneſs* border:
Nay, liſt to me, for oracles I tell—
KINGS for the PEOPLE will do very well,
Like *candles* and their *thieves*, when *kept in order*.

O D E

TO

THE MILL,

Erected in WINDSOR PARK, *for grinding Corn at a* cheap Rate, *for the* POOR.

I *SAID,* his M——y was *very good!*
Ready to ſacrifice his royal blood—
Yes, for the POOR, each precious drop to ſpill:
And now behold the Corn is grinding down;
Such is the glorious bounty of the CROWN!
And, lo, in Windſor Park a ſtately Mill!

Blow, blow, ye breezes—faſter, gentle gales!
Oh, for the Poor of Windſor, fill the ſails!
EGHAM and STAINES—not *Brentford,* that vile place,

Whoſe

Whoſe wicked imps in ROYALTY's deſpite,
Ruſh'd to the Royal gardens at deep night,
And foully murder'd half the Dryad race.

Blow, gentle gales; ye breezes, harder blow:
Or ſoon the charity will ceaſe to flow:
Ships to OLD THAMES are pouring in with corn,
While MADAM CERES whets her ſcythe and hook;
I hear the clanking ſound in every nook;
The reaper's ſong already cheers the morn.

I *ſaid* his Majeſty was good and great;
And that the famiſh'd POOR would have a treat:
And now, behold, they fatten on the flour!
Vile CHRONICLE, I know what thou wilt ſay—
" Why do not Monarchs *give* the flour away?
" Why not a part of *boarded millions* pour?"

Grind, gentle MILL, and bring down all the bran;
The *blacker* 'tis, the *wholeſomer* for man.

I know that ſaucy Engliſhmen will ſay,
" Why will not Monarchs *give* their beef away,
" While FAMINE's face ſtares forth from ev'ry door?
" How

" How, with an eafy heart, can Monarchs keep
" Such droves of cattle, and fuch flocks of fheep,
" While HUNGER gnaws the vitals of the POOR ?"

Grind, gentle MILL, with fpeed, the corn away;
Nor heed what envious, jealous, people fay.

" Why," cries the Mob, " bejewell'd fhines the Q----,
" While POVERTY appears with fallow mien?
" All know the millions—'twas from *us* they came;
" To fhine, while thus *we* fuffer, is a fhame."

Worms! know ye not that HANOVER is *poor*,
The fav'rite fpot of our moft gracious K---?
And fhall *no* guineas, O ye fools, go o'er,
Where all our PRINCES drank at WISDOM's fpring?

Grind, gentle MILL—nor let one grain be loft:
Well knows the MONARCH what a bufhel coft.

Is not poor STRELITZ *very poor* indeed,
That gave this Nation a moft gracious Q----?
And, O ye ROGUES, in Hift'ry fhall we read,
That guineas never were in *Strelitz* feen?

Inform me, fools, what jewels can go *there*,
To match the *goodly* JEWEL ſent us *here*?

Fools! was not HESSE as poor as a church mouſe,
Till good AMELIA ſent her thouſands o'er?
At once lank POVERTY forſook the houſe,
And, 'ſtead of *ſtraw*, a *carpet* grac'd the floor.

In thee what ſemblance unto K---s I find,
Not *Britiſh*, but to *Foreign* K---s, I truſt;
Who of the ſimple POOR the faces grind,
Juſt as thou grindeſt ev'ry grain to *duſt*.

Grind, gentle MILL, with all thy kind endeavour!
O grind away!—for better *late* than *never*.*

* This *moſt aſtoniſhing* Charity ſoon expired. The children of Famine poured in too plentifully upon the Royal munificence; which very ſoon muſt have reduced Majeſty to the ſame moſt pitiable ſituation!

A HINT

A HINT

TO A

POOR DEMOCRAT.

SAY not unto a K---, "Thou fool!"—For why?
'Tis unpolite—though *poſſibly* no lie:
The ſpeech, too, blights PREFERMENT's opening bud.
Make Monarchs and Dame WISDOM near relations,
And all the VIRTUES too—ſuch *kin-creations*
May work thy temporalities *much good.*

Laud, to each word, however weak, be giv'n,
And let each *earthy* action ſcent of *heav'n.*

To cry "Thou fool!" were fooliſh, let me ſay;
Becauſe Kings have ſo much to *give away*—

Steps to PREFERMENT are compos'd of *flatt'ries*;
So eaſily ye ſcale her lofty walls,
Juſt as ye mount the ſummit of St. Paul's—
But *truths!* — aye, what are truths! — oh! fatal batt'ries!

Or if we change the figure, *fatal ropes*,
That of AMBITION hang the lofty hopes.
Truths ſhould be only ſpoken of the Devil;
Tho' that's *ungrateful* too, and *eke* uncivil.

"But haſt not *Thou* (exclaims the man of ſpleen)
"Taken ſtrange liberties with K--- and Q---- ?
"Laugh'd at IDOLATRY who hugs a throne?"
Well! grant my want of rev'rence for a Crown:
Equal to *him* is FORTUNE's ſmile and frown,
Whoſe modeſt teeth can deign to pick a *bone*.

My paſſions are the children (eaſy creatures)
Of MODERATION! boaſt the MOTHER's features,
And MOTHER's chaſte ſimplicity, the dove;
Can ſleep upon the humble ſod, and ſwill,
With great good glee, the valley's lucid rill,
And batten on the berries of the grove.

Look at yon groupe of ſucking pigs—how bleſt!
What makes them ſo?—clean ſtraw to form a neſt!
So *ſlight* a thing their happineſs compoſes!
What dialogue! how arch they ſquint *about!*
Now bury their ſweet heads—now pull them *out*,
And toſs the wiſps ſo white upon their noſes.

Theſe pigs are juſt my paſſions, that can draw
Mirth and contentment from a ſimple ſtraw.

Thy paſſions are of lofty wing *perchance*,
Pant for the *ortolan* and wines of France;
Unbleſt, if *ven'ſon* turn not on thy ſpit;
Unbleſt, if *turtle* ſmoke not on thy board.
Go then, and flatter BRITAIN'S MIGHTY LORD,
Kneel to DUNDAS, and proſtrate fall to PITT.

ODE

O D E

TO THE

E L E P H A N T,

Just arrived from BENGAL, *as a Present from the* NABOB *of* ARCOT *to* HER MAJESTY.

POOR fellow! thou art come, but come in vain;
And mayst as well, methinks, go back again!
  Thy meat and passage give our COURT the spleen:
Dear, very dear, is now all sort of meat;
And all such luckless presents as can *eat*
  Have found no favour yet with K--- or Q---,

Now hadst thou been a diamond (no bad size,)
Or pearl, or ruby, how the royal eyes

Had

Had idoliz'd thee! *gloried* to behold!
Rather *too bulky* for a *broche*, I fear,
Or *pin*, or *pretty pendant* for the ear---
But then thou wouldst have been cut up and *sold*.

Yes! thou hadst then been welcome--but, alas!
Since nought but *flesh* and *blood!* then munching grass,
And what is most insufferable, *corn*;
Such sad expences never can be borne.

Of WINDSOR, RICHMOND, KEW, the helpless POOR,
Whose plaints have made the Royal eyes run o'er,
Live on their gracious bounty ev'ry day:
For *them* their GRACES ope their golden bags;
To good warm broad cloth change their dirty rags,
And round their hovel cast a royal ray.
Seek then thy glooms again, and dusky loves---
The GREAT MOGUL perhaps of Eastern groves,

A crying sin, O ELEPHANT, is thine---
Thy *stomach* form'd on such a monstrous scale!
E'en STRELITZ *people*, who in eating shine,
Not quite like *thee* with heavy loads regale.
Yet not to STRELITZ be deny'd applause:
Wide are their mouths, and sack-like are their maws.

Yet

Yet if refolv'd to live with QUEENS and KINGS ;
While meat and drink are fuch expenfive things;
Pull out thy ftomach, cut away thy fnout,
And try, poor fellow, try to live *without*.

THE

SORROWS OF SUNDAY;

AN ELEGY.

The intended Annihilation of Sunday's harmless Amusements, by three or four most outrageously-zealous Members of Parliament, gave birth to the following Elegy. The Hint is borrowed from a small Composition, entitled, "The TEARS *of* OLD MAY-DAY."

MILD was the breath of Morn: the blushing sky
Receiv'd the lusty YOUTH with golden hair,
Rejoicing in his race, to run, to fly;
As SCRIPTURE says, "a Bridegroom débonnaire;"

When, full of fears, the decent SUNDAY rofe,
  And wander'd fad on Kenfington's fair green:
Down in a chair fhe funk with all her woes,
  And touch'd, with tender fympathy, the fcene.

"O hard SIR RICHARD HILL!" exclaim'd the DAME;
  "SIR WILLIAM DOBBEN, cruel man!" quoth fhe;
"And MISTER WILBERFORCE, for fhame! for
    "fhame!
  "To fpoil my little weekly jubilee.

"Ah! pleas'd am I the humble FOLK to view;
  "Enjoying harmlefs talk, and fport, and jeft;
"Amid thefe walks their footfteps to purfue,
  "To fee them fmiling, and fo trimly dreft.

"Since the LORD refted on the *feventh day,*
  "Which fhoweth that OMNIPOTENCE was *tir'd*;
"As MOSES, in old times, was pleas'd to fay,
  "(And MOSES was moft certainly *infpir'd*;)

"Why fhould not Man, too, reft?" "No!" cries SIR
    DICK:
  "At BROTHER ROWLAND'S let him knock his
    "knees,

Pray,

"Pray, ſweat; and groan; of this damn'd world be
"ſick;
"Of mangy morals crack the lice and fleas;

"Break SIN's vile bones---pull SATAN by the noſe;
"Scrub, with the ſoap and ſand of Grace, the ſoul;
"Give UNBELIEF, the wretch, a rats-bane doſe;
"And ſtop, with malkins of rich Faith, each hole:

"Spit in foul DRUNKENNESS's beaſtly mug;
"Kill, with ſharp prayers, each offspring of the
"DEVIL;
"Give, to black BLASPHEMY, a Corniſh hug;
"And box, with bats of Grace, the ears of EVIL."

SUSAN, the conſtant ſlave to mop and broom;
And MARIAN, to the ſpit's and kettle's art;
Ah! ſhall not *they* deſert the houſe's gloom,
Breathe the freſh air one moment, and look ſmart?

Meet, in ſome rural ſcene, a COLIN's ſmile;
With love's ſoft ſtories wing the happy hour;
Drop in his dear embraces from the ſtyle,
And ſhare his kiſſes in the ſhady bow'r?

"No!" roars the HUNTINGDONIAN PRIEST—"No,
"no!
"*Lovers* are liars—LOVE's a damned trade;
"Kiſſing is damnable—to hell they go—
"The DEVIL's claws await the ROGUE and JADE.

"*My chapel* is the purifying place:
"*There* let them go to waſh their ſins away:
"*There*, from my hand, to pick the crumbs of
"Grace,
"Smite their poor ſinful craws, and howl, and
"pray."—

How hard, the lab'ring *hands* no reſt ſhould know,
But toil *ſix days* beneath the galling load,
Poor ſouls! and then, the *ſeventh* be forc'd to go
And box the Devil, in Blackfriars Road!*

HEAV'N glorieth not in phizzes of diſmay;
HEAV'N takes no pleaſure in perpetual ſobbing,
Conſenting freely, that my fav'rite day
May have her tea and rolls, and hob and nob-
bing.

* The place of Mr. Rowland Hill's Chapel.

In-

In footh, the LORD is pleas'd, when Man is bleft ;
And wifheth not his bliffes to blockade :
'Gainft tea and coffee ne'er did he proteft,
Enjoy'd, in gardens, by the men of trade.

Sweet is WHITE-CONDUIT HOUSE, and BAGNIGGE-WELLS,
CHALK FARM, where PRIMROSE HILL puts forth her fmile ;
And DON SALTERO'S, where much wonder dwells,
Expelling WORK-DAY'S matrimonial bile.

LIFE with the down of cygnets may be clad !
Ah ! why not make her path a pleafant track ?
"No !" cries the PULPIT TERRORIST, (how mad !)
"No ! let the world be one huge hedgehog's
"back."

VICE (did his rigid mummery fucceed)
Too foon would fmile amid the *facred walls* ;
VENUS, in tabernacles make her bed ;
And PAPHOS find herfelf amid SAINT PAUL'S.

Avaunt HYPOCRISY, the folemn jade,
Who, wilful, into ditches leads the blind :

 Makes,

Makes, of her canting art, a thriving trade,
  And fattens on the follies of mankind!

Look at ARCHBISHOPS, BISHOPS, on a Faſt,
  Denying hackney-coachmen e'en their beer;
Yet, lo! their BUTCHERS knock, with *fleſh repaſt*;
  With *turbots*, lo! the FISHMONGERS appear!

The POTBOYS howl with porter for their bellies;
  The BAKERS knock, with cuſtards, tarts and pies;
CONFECTIONERS, with rare ice creams and jellies;
  The FRUITERER, lo! with richeſt pine ſupplies!

In *ſecret*, thus, they eat, and booze, and nod;
  In *public*, call indulgence a *d-mn'd evil*,
Order their ſimple flocks to *walk* with *God*,
  And *ride themſelves* an airing with the *Devil*

PINDA-

PINDARIANA;

OR

PETER's PORTFOLIO.

CONTAINING

TALE,	ODE,	SONG,
FABLE,	ELEGY,	PASTORAL,
TRANSLATION,	EPIGRAM,	LETTERS.

WITH EXTRACTS FROM

TRAGEDY, COMEDY, OPERA, &c.

" *Non ſatis eſt* pulchra *eſſe poëmata*——" HOR.

To me, a *tuneful* line is dear;
And yet it only wins the *ear*:
Verſes ſhould win the *heart* too—*dulcia ſunto*:
Such verſes ſure ſucceſs command:
The game is in the Poet's hand—
SPADILLIO, and MANILLIO, BASTO, PUNTO.

TO

THE PUBLIC.

READER,

PLEASANT and numerous are the volumes in *ana*; viz. *Scaligeriana*, *Thuana*, *Huetiana*, *Menagiana*, *Chevreana*, *Carpenteriana*, &c. to which I have added, for thine amuſement, *Pindariana.* May the ſpirits of Chaucer, of Shakeſpeare, of Cervantes, of Rabelais, of Sterne, of Fontaine, of Tibullus, of Horace, of Martial, of Theocritus, and my great old Couſin of Thebes, have entered my Portfolio, and animated my leaves!

Ah! may no eye wax dim upon my page;
The lid, all heavy-laden, dully cloſing;
The drooping head, as though from palſied age,
Reclining lumpiſh on the breaſt, and dozing;

While

While from th' ungraſping hand, tremendous ſound,
The poor forgotten volume greets the ground!

May no faſtidious Critic be able to ſay of my lucubrations what the blaſpheming Dr. Johnſon, with his oracular and growling pompoſity, aſſerted of the ſublime Oſſian—"that as good a thing might be written "by many men, many women, and many children!"

Griev'd ſhould I be, could my poetic ſpawn
Produce one melancholy, damning yawn.

O let me feel the Muſe's warmth divine!
Perdition ſeize a ſoporific line!
Ne'er may the leaden lumber load my brain!
Avaunt the ſleepy verſe! confound the ſong
That dragging, heavy, ſnail-like, crawls along!
OBLIVION, bid thy mud o'erwhelm the ſtrain!

I hate it, as old SNUFFLE I abhor;
The Parſon who, with one unvarying tone,
Sets all the jaded audience in a ſnore—
Such the ſtrong opiate of his drowſy drone.

Nor,

Nor, O ye Pow'rs of Poesy, be mine
The roaring, bluſt'ring, mad, and bullying line,
As though the Muſes all were lying-in
Of ſome wild *Calibaniſh*, mountain form;
An earthquake, or volcano, or a ſtorm,
So huge the ſound, ſo horrible the din.

Nor let me prove ſo pompouſly obſcure—
A mode of writing I deteſt, abjure;
With ſtiff inverſions the poor ſenſe to ſkreen
From ev'ry aching brain, and poring eye,
And in a rage to make the reader cry,
"Why, what the devil can the booby mean?
"*Thus*, too, with epithets to cannonade us,
"As if the beaſt were vomiting a *Gradus!*"

Let me not act the gooſe, ſcreaming and waddling,
Poking his ſilly head, in mudpools paddling;
No!—with a lofty pinion let me riſe;
Face with an eagle wing the ſolar beam,
Drink with undazzled gaze th' effulgent ſtream,
And with the ruſh of whirlwinds ſweep the ſkies;
Thence, in an inſtant be the humble Wren,
Twitt'ring his love-notes ſweet to Miſtreſs Hen.

O VER-

O VERSATILITY, I hold thee dear!
The Proteus power be mine, to take each ſhape;
Skip like a Will-o'-whiſp—be here, be there—
Now the grave moraliſt, and now an ape.

Now roar the ſavage of the Lybian ſhade,
Where HORROR liſtens to the ſhrieking ghoſt;
Now Pompey in BELINDA's boſom laid,
Or whining, pawing for a piece of toaſt.

Now roll the MONARCH of the ſtormy Deep,
The floundering terror of the finny race;
Now the ſlim eel, of ponds ſo lucid, creep;
Now leap a ſalmon, and now glide a plaice.

Thrice happy change of ſoul-delighting ſong!
This were my talent, bleſt would PETER be!
But who, alas! is thus divinely ſtrong?
SHAKESPEARE, that envied pow'r I mark in THEE.

Let me inform thee, Reader, that no order will be obſerved with reſpect to the various pieces. Thou wilt receive them as they leap from the Portſolio; ſo that there will ſubſiſt as little connection between one and

and another, as between LADY MARY and the GRACES, LORD TH----W and the LORD'S PRAYER, SIGNOR MARCHESI and CREATION, SIR JOSEPH BANKS and PHILOSOPHY, SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON and the Secrets of MOUNT VESUVIUS, JUDGE K. and a *whole* BOTTLE OF PORT, JUDGE B. and REPRIEVE.

Various will be the ſubjects of the MUSE. Ode, Elegy, Fable, Tale, Ballad, Epigram, &c. a Verſion, at times, of parts of the venerable Claſſics, whoſe ſpirit has been but feebly transfuſed through our modern languages, will be given;

Whoſe *oaks* ſo lofty (what abomination!)
Are chang'd to paltry *broomſticks*, by TRANSLATION:
Their pyramids, a little village ſpire;
Their ſkies, blue paper; their ear-rending thunder,
With lightnings darting danger, blazing wonder,
A poor coal coffin bouncing from the fire;
Their cities, emmets neſts—a ſpider's hole!
Their mountains, what?—the manſion of the mole.

Too oft the roſes of th' Athenian vale
Reſign their bluſhes for a deadly pale;

An Attic ſun converted in a trice
To a dull torpid cake of ſhiv'ring ice!
A rill their oceans that no longer roar;
Their ſtorms, a wind's ſmall whiſtle through a door;
The ſun-clad eagle, a weak flick'ring bat;
And Afric's royal brute, a ſqueaking rat.

The TENDER PASSION will make a prominent figure on the canvas; and why not, as it is one of the moſt prominent features of NATURE? Who is there that has not ſacrificed to the AMOROUS GODDESS?

When dew-clad EVENING's modeſt bluſhes fade,
And NATURE ſinks amid the deep'ning ſhade,
And LABOUR pauſes on the fainting light;
When beetles hum, and bats in circles ſkim,
When hills and hamlets, trees and tow'rs, grow dim,
And SILENCE ſteals upon the gloom of night;
With joy I tread the ſecret grove,
To meet the idol of my love.

What a monſter, who never felt the SOFT EMOTION!

Ah! whence art THOU, of wealth the ſlave?
Go, ſeek the haunted gloom, the grave;

Whose eye, on Money taught to roll,
Admits not BEAUTY to the soul:
Fly thou the day, who scorn'st the FAIR,
For thou wert born an imp of CARE.

But who art THOU, with anxious eye,
With panting hope, and melting sigh,
Who biddest tempting gold depart,
And only woo'st the Virgin's *heart*?
Go THOU where BEAUTY holds her throne;
For bliss was form'd for *thee alone*.

Next to the Contemner of the charming SEX, is the Savage who abuses it. Poor MARIAN! sweet is thy song of sorrow!

MARIAN's COMPLAINT.

Since truth has left the shepherd's tongue,
Adieu the cheerful pipe and song;
Adieu the dance at closing day,
And, ah! the happy morn of May.

How

How oft he told me I was fair,
And wove the garland for my hair!
How oft for MARIAN cull'd the bow'r,
And fill'd my lap with ev'ry flow'r!

No more his gifts of guile I'll wear,
But from my brow the chaplet tear;
The crook he gave in pieces break,
And rend his ribbons from my neck.

How oft he vow'd a conſtant flame,
And carv'd on ev'ry oak my name!
Bluſh, COLIN, that the *wounded tree*
Is all that will remember *me*.

Rich fragments of the TRAGIC and COMIC MUSE, not forgetting the MUSE of BALLAD, *yclept* OPERA, will occaſionally pour their coruſcations through the work.—Moreover will I preſent thee with delicious ſcraps of Criticiſm: thôu ſhalt likewiſe have Apophthegms—ſo that a part of my labours may with propriety be baptiſed The WISDOM of PETER. The Wiſdom of Solomon is well known. Plato and Xenophon, the two famous diſciples of Socrates, gathered

thered the good things of their ſublime maſter, fancying every ſentence that dropt from his mouth, a gem of ineſtimable value. Pythagoras uttered ſage maxims for the benefit of poſterity. Nor did the good Marcus Aurelius think it beneath his dignity to turn collector. The Eaſtern hemiſphere glitters with apophthegmatic conſtellations; and now behold a BARD reſolved to add a ſtar to that of the Weſt.

Reader, thou ſhalt have *more* than all this. Thou ſhalt be preſented with ſome of the *Travels* of the BARD, who, like the HERO of the Odyſſey, *mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.* But expect no wonders, as I am neither a MANDEVILLE, a PSALMANAZAR, nor an ABYSSINIAN BRUCE. Unfortunately I have met with no "*Anthropophagi,* and men whoſe heads do grow beneath their ſhoulders."

How many Numbers I ſhall offer thee, is a myſtery even to *myſelf.*—Should we not be eaten up by the threatening and hungry *Sans-culottes*; by the bleſſing of APOLLO and the NINE LADIES, a handſome volume or two may be produced; and to give thee my ſentiment on the *Sans culottes* ſubject, I really think we ſhall *not* be *devoured.*

Howl thyſelf hoarſe, wild WAR—of this fair ISLE
The happy natives ſhall for ever ſmile,
  While by thy rage the kingdoms bleed around;
Safe as the chirping birds amid the OAK,
That bids defiance to the tempeſt's ſtroke,
  And keeps with ſtern ſublimity his ground.

ADIEU.

PINDARIANA;

PROLOGUE.

TO THE CRITICS.

NOW WINTER gathers all his glooms,
And faintly SOL the world illumes;
  Weak wand'rer, ſkirting pale the ſouthern ſky,
Yet ſquinting on the old blue road,
In ſummer with ſuch ſplendor trod,
  Now far, alas! above his wat'ry eye.

Well! juſt as WINTER comes, ſo drear,
Behold the MAN of RHYMES appear!
  Much like the woodcock—bird too often bit;
When out are dogs, and ſportſmen dire,
To try to fit him for the fire;
  Doom'd ſoon to turn, poor fellow, on the ſpit!

Lo, from his ſhelt'ring ſhade he vainly ſprings!
With bleeding breaſt, cruſh'd legs, and broken wings,
And ſcatter'd plumes a cloud, and hanging head,
Down falls the *emigrant*, a lump of lead;
Soon ſeiz'd by TRAY, expecting much applauſe,
Who, wriggling, brings the pris'ner in his jaws.

Thus may it moſt unfortunately be,
Moſt venerable GREYBEARDS, with POOR ME!
Condemn'd, for want of poetry and wit,
To turn, *perchaunce*, upon your piercing ſpit!

Yet, Sirs, I thank you for all favours *paſt*;
Hoping, moreover, they won't be the *laſt*:
And, Sirs, whatever fate you may allot me,
Thanks, thanks, that *hitherto* you have not ſhot me.

So much to the *liberal* CRITICS;—what ſhall I ſay to the *illiberal*?

Rake, if you pleaſe, the kennel of your brains,
And pour forth all the loaded head contains;
I ſhall not ſuffer by it, I am ſure;—

Nay,

Nay, my poetic plants will better thrive;
Exalt their heads and ſmile—be all alive;
As *mud* is very excellent manure.

Brother Authors, attend unto the wiſdom of PETER. Are the cries of the malevolent and envious againſt you? Be ſilent, and let your works fight their own battle.—Are they good for nothing? Let them die.—Poſſeſs they merit? They need not be afraid. — Bid your minds then ſit calmly on their thrones, amidſt the hurlyburly of critical attacks.

Go, take a leſſon from the glorious SUN,
Who, when the elements together run
In wild confuſion—earth and wind and water,
Looks on the tumult down without diſmay,
Nay, bright and ſmiling—ſeeming thus to ſay,
"Lord! buſtling Gentleſolk, pray what's the
"matter?"

HYMN

TO THE

GUILLOTINE.

DAUGHTER of LIBERTY, whoſe knife
So buſy chops the threads of life,
  And frees from cumb'rous clay the ſpirit;
Ah! why alone ſhall GALLIA feel
The beauties of thy pond'rous ſteel?
  Why muſt not BRITAIN mark thy merit?

Hark! 'tis the Dungeon's groan I hear;
And lo, a ſqualid band appear,
  With ſallow cheek and hollow eye!
Unwilling, lo, the neck they bend;
Yet, through thy pow'r, their terrors end,
  And with their *heads* the SORROWS fly!

O let us view thy lofty grace;—
To BRITONS ſhew thy bluſhing face,
And bleſs REBELLION'S life-tir'd train!—
Joy to my ſoul! ſhe's on her way,
Led by her *deareſt* friends, DISMAY,
DEATH, and the DEVIL, and TOM PAINE!

Be deaf, O Man, to the inſinuations of Pride. It is the poiſonous weed of the heart, that ſuffers not a flower of beauty or fragrance to bloom near it.

Boaſt not the antiquity of thy line; for, to thy mortification, be it known, that the FAMILY of HOGS was created before thee.

What can the *wiſeſt* boaſt? alas, how little!
Then, PRIDE, be ſparing of thy ſaucy ſpittle;
Nay, do not ſquirt it in the *humbleſt* face:
The wheel of FORTUNE is for ever turning;
JOY'S birthday-ſuit may ſoon be chang'd to *mourning*;
NIMRODS become the *victims* of the chace.

Yes, PRIDE, I hate thee—canker of our nature!
Why look contemptuous on a fellow-creature,
Becauſe it is a monkey or a pig?

They too have *qualities*, or I'm miſtaken:
What man excels a hog in making bacon?
What mortals, like a monkey, dance a jig?

What man, from bough to bough, like JACKO ſprings?
Ingenious rogue! who twiſts his tail, and ſwings?

Dare we deſpiſe, becauſe they cannot *preach*,
Forſooth, ungifted with the pow'rs of ſpeech?
That were a joke indeed to make a *ſong*:
Ah me! what numbers of the human race
Moſt fortunately had eſcap'd diſgrace,
Had HEAV'N forgot to give their mouths a *tongue!*

In vain I preach—PRIDE laughs at all I ſay;
Reſolv'd, the fool, to keep her *diſtant way*.

THE PROUD OLD MAID.

A winking, hobbling, crabbed, proud Old Maid,
Whoſe charms had felt a heavy cannonade
From TIME's ſtrong batt'ry,—to whoſe lofty noſe
A rotten reputation was a roſe,

Liv'd

Liv'd in a country town—there ſpit her ſpite,
And dwelt on SCANDAL's ſtories with delight.

Proud of her name (though poor) indeed was SHE;
In genealogies, an epicure;
Knew, to a hair, each perſon's pedigree,
From that of ſplendour, to the moſt obſcure.

Madam GEORGINA HOWARD was her name;
An appellation always carrying fame,
As ev'ry HOWARD *kins* with NORFOLK's DUKE;
Moreover, ev'ry CAMPBELL of our Iſle,
Cobbler, or chimney-ſweeper, claims ARGYLE;
And *eke* to QUEENSB'RY doth a DOUGLAS look;

Boaſting a certain portion of that blood,
Not to be waſh'd away by Noah's flood.

COUSIN of NORFOLK, would ſhe often name,
When CONVERSATION aſk'd for no ſuch kin;
COUSIN of NORFOLK then *untimely* came;
Nay, by the *head and ſhoulders* was lugg'd in.

This LADY, on a certain darkſome night,
From cards returning by a lantern's light;
The lantern by her ſervant BETTY held,
Who walk'd before this DAME, to ſhew the way;
When thus it happen'd, *ſadly* let me ſay,
Such is th' unhappineſs of blinking *Eld*—

As her two eyes ſo dim could only *ſtare*,
And therefore wanted cleaning and repair;
Againſt *ſome* head, *her* poking head ſhe popp'd—
Daſh'd with confuſion, ſuddenly ſhe ſtopp'd,
Drew back, and bent for *once* her ruſty knee—
" I beg your pardon, Sir," ſaid ſhe.

Then follow'd Miſtreſs BETTY.—" Bleſs us, BET,
" Tell me, who was the Gentleman I met;
" Whoſe face I bounc'd ſo hard againſt with
" mine?"
BET could not for her ſoul the laugh reſiſt—
" A *Gentleman!*—a *Jack-aſs*, Ma'am, you kiſs'd;
" I hope you found JACK's kiſſes very fine."

" An *Aſs!*" with anger ſwelling, ſcreech'd the DAME—
" An *Aſs!*—Lord! BETTY, I ſhall die with *ſhame!*

" Give me a knife—*I'll* ſpoil the raſcal's note;
" Give me a knife—I'll run and cut his throat.
" BETTY, don't ſay a word on't—that, alas!
" I curtſied, and aſk'd pardon of an *Aſs!*"

EARLY PROPENSITIES.

HOW early GENIUS ſhews itſelf at times!
Thus POPE, the pride of Poets, *liſp'd* in rhymes;
And *thus* the GREAT SIR JOSEPH* (ſtrange to utter!
To whom each inſect-eater is a fool)
Did, when a very little boy at ſchool,
Munch *ſpiders* ſpread upon his bread and butter!

* Sir Joſeph Banks, the Preſident of the Royal Society, who has often declared this rare fact of himſelf, and who is ſo improved in power as to be able to devour an *alligator*.

INVI-

INVITATION

TO

CYNTHIA.

COME, CYNTHIA, to thy ſhepherd's vale,
Though tyrant WINTER ſhade the ſcene;
The leafleſs grove has felt his gale,
And ev'ry warbler mourns his reign.

Yet, what to *me* the howling wind?
Thy voice the linnet's ſong ſupplies.
Or what the cloud to *me*, who find
Eternal ſunſhine in thy eyes?

KISSES.

K I S S E S.

Hawser. DEAR SUSAN, one kind kiſs before we part.

Suſan. Not the thouſandth part of one, Mr. Lieutenant, I aſſure you. Keep your diſtance, pray, *kind* Sir. Kiſſes indeed! I wonder what fool firſt invented the nonſenſe!

Hawſer. Nonſenſe!—*Senſe,* Suſan! rapture, Suſan!

S O N G.

When we dwell on the lips of the laſs we adore,
  Not a pleaſure in nature is miſſing:
May his ſoul be in Heav'n, he deſerv'd it, I'm ſure,
  Who was firſt the inventor of kiſſing.

Maſter

Mafter ADAM, I verily think, was the man,
Whofe difcov'ry will ne'er be furpaft;
Well, fince the fweet game with *creation* began,
To the *end of the world* may it laft!

[*Catches* SUSAN, *and kiffes her.*

I DO

I DO not love a Cat—his diſpoſition is mean and ſuſpicious. A friendſhip of years is cancelled in a moment by an accidental tread on his tail or foot. He inſtantly ſpits, raiſes his rump, twirls his tail of malignity, and ſhuns you; turning back, as he goes off, a ſtaring vindictive face, full of horrid oaths and unforgiveneſs; ſeeming to ſay, "Perdition catch you! "I hate you for ever." But the Dog is my delight:—tread on *his* tail or foot, he expreſſes, for a moment, the uneaſineſs of his feelings; but in a moment the complaint is ended. He runs around you; jumps up againſt you; ſeems to declare his ſorrow for complaining, as it was not intentionally done, nay, to make himſelf the aggreſſor; and begs, by whinings and lickings, that Maſter will think of it no more. Many a time, when Ranger, wiſhing for a little ſport, has run to the gun, ſmelt to it, then wriggling his tail, and, with eyes full of the moſt expreſſive fire, leaped up againſt me, whining and begging, have I, againſt my inclination, indulged him

with a ſcamper through the woods or in a field: for many a time he has left a warm neſt, among the ſnows of winter, to ſtart pleaſure for *me*. Thus is there a moral obligation between a Man and a Dog.

The OLD SHEPHERD's DOG.

The old Shepherd's Dog, like his maſter, was gray;
His teeth all departed, and feeble his tongue;
Yet where'er Corin went, he was follow'd by *Tray*;
Thus happy through life did they hobble along.

When, fatigu'd, on the graſs the Shepherd would lie,
For a nap in the ſun—'midſt his ſlumbers ſo ſweet,
His faithful companion crawl'd conſtantly nigh,
Plac'd his head on his lap, or lay down at his feet.

When Winter was heard on the hill and the plain,
And torrents deſcended, and cold was the wind,
If Corin went forth 'midſt the tempeſts and rain,
Tray ſcorn'd to be left in the chimney behind.

 "At

At length in the ſtraw *Tray* made his laſt bed;
For vain, againſt death, is the ſtouteſt endeavour—
To lick CORIN's hand he rear'd up his weak head,
Then fell back, clos'd his eyes, and, ah! clos'd them for ever.

Not long after *Tray* did the Shepherd remain,
Who oft o'er his grave with true ſorrow would bend;
And, when dying, thus feebly was heard the poor ſwain,
"O bury me, neighbours, beſide my old Friend!"

NOT-

NOTWITHSTANDING the general contempt of poor STERNHOLD and HOPKINS, of *psalm-enditing memory*, I do not deem them beneath the dignity of *some imitation*. I fear that too many a Poet of the present day is affected (if I may coin an expression) with a *Phusi-phobia*, or a dread of nature and simplicity; and, if I may judge from the *difficulty* of comprehending their meaning, they fancy OBSCURITY to be the genuine parent of the SUBLIME. In the following Ballad I have endeavoured to steer between the *two*, assuming a little liberty with historical truth respecting JENNY and the celebrated AULD ROBIN.

JENNY's COMPLAINT.

The night was still and full of fear,
And all the world seem'd dead;
When pond'ring on poor Robin Gray,
I went with sighs to bed.

There, while my heart did heave with grief,
  The moon, that wand'rer pale,
In at my window peep'd and ſhin'd
  So faint againſt the wall,

I clos'd my eye in vain to ſleep,
  And ſigh'd "Ah! well-a-day!"
For then I dwelt on my dear love,
  My buried Robin Gray.

As on my arm I lean'd my head,
  All dreary and forlorn,
My hair did drink the briny tears
  That down my cheek did mourn.

Sudden a cloud, like ink ſo black,
  The moon's pale ſace o'ercaſt;
The window ſhook, and horror howl'd,
  Amid the hollow blaſt.

The oaks that proudly look'd on high,
  Their lofty heads bent low,
And midſt their mighty branches roar'd,
  As if they ſcorn'd to bow.

But, like a giant in his courſe,
The ſtorm went ruſhing on,
Scattering their limbs and leaves ſo thick,
As heedleſs what was done.

Now thunder from the black cloud broke,
And terrified the night,
And lightnings, with a dangerous blaze,
Made all the darkneſs bright.

But my poor bleeding heart forlorn
Did ſink with no diſmay,
Since often it had wiſh'd to *die*
For dear auld Robin Gray.

Now did a ſpectre form appear,
All aged, pale, and wan;
And, by his viſage, I could ſpy
He was my loſt auld Man.

Now on my bed-ſide did he ſit,
As harmleſs as a dove;
And though he had two hollow eyes,
They look'd with tend'reſt love.

Forth from their ſockets then did ruſh
  Full many a drop of woe:
So from the cave or rugged rock
  The pearly waters flow.

" Jeſu!" I cry'd, and ſtretch'd my arms
  To claſp him round the waiſt;
But nought of his poor ſpectre drear
  My longing arms embrac'd.

" Oh! Jenny (then he ſaid) in vain
  " Thy arms would claſp me in;
" For Spirits, ſuch as thou behold'ſt,
  " Have neither bones nor ſkin."

Full on his viſage did I gaze,
  All hurried with ſurpriſe;
And, eager to devour each look,
  My ſoul ruſh'd through my eyes.

Now did I ſtrive to catch his hand,
  That preſs'd ſo often mine;
But 'twas in vain—'twas nought but air,
  Which made my heart to pine.

And

And yet his hands so shrivell'd were,
  As made of flesh and blood:
But God knows best what should be done,
  And God is very good.

" And art thou happy, then," I cry'd,
  " In this thy present state?"
He smil'd like Angels then, and said,
  " God well hath chang'd my fate.

" Let innocence, O Jane, be thine,
  " And peace shall dwell with thee;
" And when just Heav'n shall call thee hence,
  " With Robin thou shalt be."

With that he look'd a sweet farewell,
  And rais'd each wetted eye;
Then glided off, and, as he went,
  I heard the kindest sigh.

" Adieu!" I cry'd, half choak'd with grief,
  " Soul of my soul, adieu!
" My bosom throbs to leave this world,
  " And thy dear flight pursue.

" But Robin, Robin, ſtay awhile;
" Ah! ſtay awhile," I ſaid—
" As Jemmy is come home from ſea,
" May I with Jemmy wed?"

But Robin anſwer'd not a word,
But off his ghoſt did go;
Which made me wonder—but perhaps
His ghoſt had anſwer'd, " No."

Auld Robin's kindneſſes to me,
Whilſt we in love did live,
Deſerve more *ſtreams* from theſe ſad eyes,
Than they have *drops* to give.

The evening that he ſought his grave
Did wear a diſmal gloom:
And all who did the burying ſee,
With eyes ſo red went home.

The honeſt tribute of their tears,
I thought was ſweeteſt fame;
And when I die, God grant my bier
Be ſprinkled with the ſame!

The

The harmleſs children, too, in bands,
Did pour their little ſighs,
And on the coffin near the grave
They ſtrain'd their wat'ry eyes.

And when into the earth below
His corpſe at length was giv'n,
They look'd towards each other's eyes,
And ſigh'd, "He's gone to Heaven."

Then on his grave they ſat them down,
And liſp'd his name with praiſe,
Till all the little wights did wiſh
To be * auld Robin Grays.

ODE

FOR

BOYS AND GIRLS.

LOVE is a pretty paffion, to be fure;
And long, fay I, indeed, may LOVE endure!
Yet now and then to PRUDENCE fhould it look—
Yes, take a little leaf from WISDOM's book.

Our boys, alas! begin too foon to figh,
Mourn the pierc'd heart, and lay them down to die;
Juft like expiring fwans, with tuneful breath,
Sweet rhyming in the agonies of death.

Too foon the girls abufe of pens the nib,
And pour their little groaning fouls on paper:
LOVE fhould not come till TIME removes the bib;
Miffes fhould learn to *walk* before they *caper*.

LOVE,

Love, though it deals in *ſweets*, has many *ſours*;
It does not always furniſh happy hours,
  Putting us oft in diſmal ſituations:
The novelty ſets people's ſouls a longing—
What thouſands to their ruin thus are thronging!
  Indeed we ſee the evil in all nations.

I fear Love does at times a deal of harm:
  It keeps the world alive, it is confeſs'd;
So far, indeed, I like the pleaſing charm—
  Yet, yet, through Love, what thouſands are diſ-
    treſs'd!

"Give me," exclaims the Youth, "but heav'nly
    "kiſſing,
"And lo, I ſeek nought elſe—for nought is miſſing;
  "Let me for ever dwell on Chloe's lip;
"On Chloe's boſom let me only lie;
"There pour in ſweeteſt ecſtaſy the ſigh,
  "And, like the bee, the honey'd treaſure ſip.
"I heed not fragrant wines, nor fleſh, nor fiſh;
"Chloe is all I want, and all I wiſh!"

And thus again the raptur'd Nymph exclaims,
"Sweet are of Love the ſighs, and dear the flames!

"Love

"Love ſmiles away the dark'ning clouds of life :
"Love feels no rains, nor ſtorms, nor pinching cold :
"Love wants not fire nor candle, meat, clothes,
"gold ;
"All bliſs is center'd in that one word—*Wife*."

THE

OWL AND PARROT.

AN Owl fell desp'rately in love, poor soul!
Sighing and hooting in his lonely hole—
A Parrot the dear object of his wishes,
Who in her cage enjoy'd the loaves and fishes,
In short, had all she wanted—meat and drink,
Washing and lodging—full enough, I think.

'Squire Owl most musically tells his tale;
His oaths, his squeezes, kisses, sighs, prevail:
Poll cannot bear, poor heart, to hear him grieve;
So opes her cage, without a "*By your leave*;"
Are married, go to bed with raptur'd faces,
Rich words, and so forth—usual in such cases.

A day

A day or two pass'd amorously sweet;
Love, kissing, cooing, billing, all their meat:
At length they both felt hungry—" What's for
" dinner?
" Pray what have we to eat, my dear?" quoth Poll.—
" Nothing! by all my wisdom," answer'd Owl;
" I never thought of that, as I'm a sinner;

" But, Poll, on something I shall put my pats—
" What say'st thou, Deary, to a dish of rats?"

" *Rats*, Mister Owl! d'ye think that I'll eat *rats*?
" Eat them yourself, or give them to the cats,"
Whines the poor Bride, now bursting into tears.—
" Well, Polly, would you rather dine on *mouse*?
" I'll catch a few, if any in the house;
" Thou shalt not starve, Love, so dispel thy fears."

" I won't eat rats—I won't eat mice—I won't:
" Don't tell me of such dirty vermin—don't:
" O that within my cage I had but tarried!"
" Polly," quoth Owl, " I'm sorry, I declare,
" So delicate, you relish not our fare—
" You should have thought of that before you *mar-*
" *ried.*"

This ſable aptly alſo will apply
To Frenchmen—*Sans-culottes*-men.—Ah! how? why?

The French are changeful fellows, all muſt grant;
Cameleons—but, ah! changing for the worſe:
Poor ignorants, ſcarce knowing what they want;
Bart'ring too often bleſſings for a curſe.

All good, in one word, NOVELTY, they ſee!
So ſtrong within them is of change the leaven;
A Frenchman's flutt'ring ſoul would feel *ennui*
E'en midſt the bleſſed conſtancy of *Heaven!*

AN

ANACREONTIC.

TO A KISS.

SOFT child of LOVE—thou balmy bliſs,
Inform me, O delicious KISS,
Why thou ſo ſuddenly art gone?
Loſt in the moment thou art won?

Yet go—for wherefore ſhould I ſigh?
On DELIA's lip, with raptur'd eye,
On DELIA's bluſhing lip I ſee
A thouſand full as ſweet as *thee*.

A PANE-

A

PANEGYRIC ON TEA.

By KIEN LONG.

WRITTEN IN HIS TENT, DURING A HUNTING EXCURSION, NEAR MOUKDEN.

MEI-HOA chê pou yao
Fo-cheou hiang tsie kié,
Soung-che ouei sang ny;
San pin tchou tsing kué.
Pong y tché kio tang,
Ou tché tcheng koang hiué,
Houo heou pien yu hié,
Ting yen y cheng mié.
Yué Ngueou po sien jou,

Tan lou ty tchan yué,
Ou yun king tai pan
Ko ou, pou ko choué.
Fou fou teou lo ty
Ho ho yun kiang tché
Ou-tſuen *y ko tſan*
Lin-fou *chang ché pié.*
Lan ku Tchao-tcheou *ngan*
Po ſiao Yu-tchouan *kiu*
Han ſiao ting ſing leou.
Kou yué kan hiuen tſué.
Joan pao tchen ki yu
Tſiao king ſing ou kié.
Kien-long *ping-yn*
Siao tchun yu Ty.

A TRANS-

A

TRANSLATION

OF THE PRECEDING

IMPERIAL PANEGYRIC ON TEA.

THE flow'r *Mebó* is not ſo bright,
And yet it gives the eye delight ;
It likewiſe has a charming ſmell :
The pines, too, are a pretty fruit,
That much indeed my palate ſuit,
And much in flavour, too, excel.

Get an old kettle, if you pleaſe,
For ſuch a thing is found with eaſe,
That has three legs —and therefore ſhows

Its ancient ſervices;—then fill
With water, and what's beſt, the rill,
  The lucid rill, from melted ſnows.

Heat in this kettle, to your wiſh,
The water fit to boil a fiſh,
  Or turn the blackeſt lobſter red;
Pour then the water on the tea,
Then drink it, and 'twill drive, d'ye ſee,
  All the blue devils from your head.

Far from the toil of ſtate affairs
I ſteal away, to drown my cares,
  For which I take of tea a cup;
And then I ſnap the rich *Fochu*,
Fine to the taſte, and to the view;
  And then again the tea I ſup.

Now on the rare *Mebó* I gaze;
Now of the ancients, with amaze,
  I think—and alſo with delight;
And now upon the great Otse'n,
The beſt and frugaliſt of men,
  Who liv'd on pine from morn to night.

With

With envy on this mighty man I think!
And then I drink:
Then I crack nuts, and eat the kernels too;
Then think on that great gard'ner, great LINFOU.

When, lo! I paſs from great LINFOU
To that great Prince, yclept TCHAO-TCHEOU;—
Then upon YOU-TCHOUAN I ponder:
Thus do I ſit, and eat, and drink, and wonder.

The *firſt*, my fancy plainly ſees
Surrounded by all ſorts of trees;
Now taſting *this* rich fruit, now *that* ſo fine:
I mark the *ſecond* quaffing the rich water;
But, knowing very little of the matter,
Thank Heav'n *his* vulgar taſte was never *mine*.

I hear, I hear the evening drum
Sounding aloud, "Go to bed, Tom!"
Good me! how pleaſant is the ſtarry night!
Lo, on each diſh, and ſilver ſpoon,
And plate, and porringer, the moon
Peeps through my tent with friendly light.

Now, this is charming, I muſt own;
My ſtomach, too, ſo eaſy grown!
And now I'll take a nap—thus ends my ſong,
Compos'd by *me* (a humble Bard) Kien Long.

ODE TO COFFEE.

IN THE MANNER OF KIEN LONG.

DELICIOUS Berry, but, ah ! beſt
When from the Eaſtern Ind, not Weſt;
Nought richer is, I think, than *thee* :—
Into a roaſter, with my hand,
I put thee, and then o'er thee ſtand,
And then I catch thy ſmell with glee.

And now I ſhake thee round about ;
And, when turn'd brown, I take thee out
And then I put thee in a mill ;
And, when to powder thou art cruſh'd,
Into a tin pot thou art puſh'd,
To feel the boiling ſmoking rill.

And now from my tin pot's long nose
The fragrant fluid sweetly flows;
And now I put the lily cream,
And sugar too, the best of brown;
And, happy, now I gulp thee down,
Keeping my nose upon the steam.

On HASTINGS now my senses work;
And now on virtuous EDMUND BURKE,
Who calmly let SIR THOMAS 'scape:
And then unto myself I say,
"Is honour dead? ah, well-a-day!"
And then my mouth begins to gape.

Now on SIR JOSEPH BANKS I ponder,
And now at his rare merit wonder,
In flies and tadpoles deep;
And now to many a drowsy head
I hear the drowsy BLAGDON* read,
And then I fall asleep.

* Sir Joseph's right hand, and Secretary to the Royal Society; who has very often read the very respectable meetings of the Royal Society to slumber.

ODE

O D E.

WHEN FLATT'RY ſings, AGE opes his eyes ſo clear,
And claps ſo briſk the trumpet to his ear,
So *wond'rouſly* inſpir'd he liſts, and ſees!
When FLATT'RY ſings, pale COLIC's pains are off;
CONSUMPTION pants not, but forgets his cough;
And ASTHMA's loaded lungs forbear to wheeze.

Stung is the ſoul with HYP's rope-off'ring evils?
FLATT'RY's a taliſman to drive the devils.

Sweet on the liſt'ning ear of ſtilly NIGHT,
As warbling dyeth PHILOMELA's ſong;
So on the ear of man, with rich delight,
The lulling muſic flows from FLATT'RY's tongue.

Shew me the man, and I will thank thee for it,
Who ſays, with truth, "Poh! Flatt'ry! I abhor it."—

'Tis

'Tis a *non-defcript*—by SIR JOSEPH bred—
A SOHO *monfter*, born without a head.

FLATT'RY's a perfect miftrefs of her art;
With picklock keys to open ev'ry heart.

What mortal can withftand the fire of FLATT'RY?
No one! 'tis fuch a moft fuccefsful batt'ry.
No head, however thick, refifts its fhot;
Yet each pretends to mock it!—what a fot!

SUSAN AND THE SPIDER.

"COME down, you toad," cry'd SUSAN to a Spider,
High on the gilded cornice a proud rider,
And, wanton, fwinging by his filken rope;
"I'll teach thee to fpin cobwebs round the room;
"You're now upon fome murder, I prefume—
"I'll *blefs* thee—if I don't, fay I'm no Pope."

Then SUSAN brandiſh'd her long bruſh,
Determin'd on a fatal puſh,
To bring the rope dancer to ground,
his ſchemes of death confound.

The Spider, bleſt with oratory grace,
Slipp'd down, and, ſtaring SUSAN in the face,
"Fie, SUSAN! lurks there murder in *that* heart?
"O barb'rous, lovely SUSAN! I'm amaz'd!
"O can that form, on which ſo oft I've gaz'd,
"Poſſeſs of cruelty the ſlighteſt part?

"Ah! can that ſwelling boſom of delight,
"On which I've peep'd with wonder many a night,
"Nay, with theſe fingers *touch'd* too, let me ſay,
"Contain a heart of cruelty?—no, no!
"That boſom, which exceeds the new-fall'n ſnow,
"All ſoftneſs, ſweetneſs, one eternal May."

"How!" SUSAN ſcreech'd, as with diſorder'd brain—
"How, IMPUDENCE! repeat thoſe words again:
"Come, come, confeſs with honeſty—ſpeak, ſpeak,
"Say, did you *really* crawl upon my neck?"

"SUSAN,

"SUSAN, by all thy heav'nly charms, I did;
"I ſaw thee ſleeping by the taper's light;
"Thy cheek, ſo bluſhful, and thy breaſt ſo
"white:
"I could not ſtand it, and ſo down I ſlid."

"You did, ſweet Mr. Spider? ſo you *ſaw!*"
"Yes, SUSAN! NATURE's is a pow'rful law."

"Arn't you a murd'rer?" gravely SUSAN cries;
"Arn't you for ever buſy with that claw,
"Killing poor unoffending little flies,
"Merely to ſatisfy your naſty maw?"

"But, SUSAN, don't you feed on gentle *lamb*?
"Don't you on pretty little *pigeons* cram?
"Don't you on harmleſs *fiſhes* often dine?"
"That's very true," quoth SUSAN, "true indeed;
"Lord! with what eloquence theſe Spiders plead!
"This little raſcal beats a grave DIVINE.

"It was no ſnake, I verily believe,
"But a ſly *ſpider* that ſeduc'd poor EVE.

"But

" But then you are ſo *ugly*."—" Ah! ſweet Sue,
" I did not make myſelf, you know too well:
" Could I have made *myſelf*, I had been *you*,
" And kill'd with envy ev'ry beauteous Belle."

" Heav'ns! to this Spider!—what a 'witching tongue!
" Well! go about thy bus'neſs—go along;
" All animals indeed their food muſt get:
" And hear me—ſhouldſt thou look, with longing
" eyes,
" At any time on young, fat, luſcious flies,
" I'll drive the little raſcals to thy net.

" Lord! then how blind I've been to form and fea-
" ture!
" I think a Spider, *now*, a comely creature!"

VERSES

TO A

WHITE SATIN PETTICOAT,

Belonging to MISS MOLLY M——, *but ſpoil'd by the Author's inadvertent Stupidity, in throwing on it a Cup of Coffee.*

O FAIR protectreſs of the faireſt MAID,
How ſhall the POET for his crime atone?
So lately bleſt as thou, I'm ſore afraid
I have no recompence to offer!—*none!*

But MOLLY parts with thee with pitying eye!
Then from this moment do not *dare complain*:
Nay, more—the NYMPH ſurveys thee with a *ſigh*—
Then *boaſt!*—the *envy* thou, of ev'ry ſwain.

THE

THE

TINKER,

AND

MILLER's DAUGHTER.

A TALE.

THE meaneſt creature *ſomewhat* may contain,
As PROVIDENCE ne'er makes a thing *in vain*.

Upon a day, a poor and trav'ling Tinker,
On FORTUNE's various tricks a conſtant thinker,
Paſs'd in ſome village near a Miller's door;
Where, lo! his eye did moſt aſtoniſh'd catch
The Miller's daughter peeping o'er the hatch,
Deform'd, and monſtrous ugly, to be ſure.

Struck

Struck with th' uncommon form, the Tinker *ſtarted*,
Juſt like a frighten'd horſe, or murd'rer carted,
Up gazing at the gibbet and the rope:
Turning his brain about, in a brown ſtudy,
(For, as I've ſaid, his brain was not ſo muddy)
" 'Sbud! (quoth the Tinker) I have now ſome
" hope;

" FORTUNE, the jade, is not far off, perchance"—
And then began to rub his hands, and dance.

Now all ſo full of love, o'erjoy'd he ran,
Embrac'd and ſqueez'd MISS GRIST, and thus began:
" My dear, my ſoul, my angel, ſweet MISS GRIST,
" Now may I never mend a kettle more,
" If ever I ſaw one like *you* before!"
Then, " nothing loth," like Eve, the nymph he
kiſs'd.

Now, very ſenſibly indeed, MISS GRIST
Thought opportunity ſhould not be miſs'd;
Knowing that PRUDERY oft lets ſlip a joy:
Thus was MISS GRIST too *prudent* to be *coy*.
For really 'tis with girls a dangerous farce,
To flout a ſwain, when offers are but ſcarce.

She

She did not *ſcream*, and cry, "I'll not be woo'd;
" Keep off, you ſmutty fellow—don't be rude;
" I'm meat for your ſuperiors, Tinker."—*No*,
Indeed ſhe treated not the Tinker *ſo*.

But lo, the damſel, with her uſual ſquint,
Suffer'd her Tinker lover to imprint
Sweet kiſſes on her lip, and ſqueeze her hand,
Hug her, and ſay the ſofteſt things unto her,
And in Love's plain and pretty language woo her,
Without a frown, or e'en a reprimand.

Soon won, the NYMPH agreed to join his bed,
And, when the Tinker choſe, to church be led.

Now to the FATHER the briſk LOVER hied,
Who at his noiſy mill ſo buſy plied,
Grinding, and taking *handſome* toll of corn,
Sometimes, indeed, *too handſome* to be *borne*.

" Ho! Maſter Miller!" did the Tinker ſay—
Forth from his cloud of flour the Miller came:
" Nice weather, Maſter Miller—charming day—
" God's very kind"—the Miller ſaid the *ſame*.

"Now, Miller, poſſibly you may not gueſs
"At this ſame buſineſs I am come about:
"'Tis this then—know, I love your daughter Bess:—
"There, Maſter Miller!—now the riddle's *out*.

"I'm not for mincing matters, Lord! d'ye ſee—
"I *likes* your daughter Bess, and ſhe likes *me*."

"Poh!" quoth the Miller, grinning at the Tinker,
"Thou doſt not mean to marriage to perſuade her;
"Ugly as is the Dev'l I needs muſt think her,
"Though, to be ſure, 'tis ſaid, 'twas *me* that *made*
"her.

"No, no, though ſhe's my daughter, I'm not *blind*:
"But, Tinker, what hath now poſſeſs'd thy mind?
"Thou'rt the firſt offer ſhe has met, by *Gad*—
"But tell me, Tinker, art thou drunk, or mad?"

"No—I'm not drunk, nor mad," the Tinker cry'd,
"But Bet's the maid I wiſh to make my bride;
"No girl in theſe two eyes doth Bet excel."
"Why, fool, (the Miller ſaid) Bet hath a *bump!*
"And then her *noſe!*—the noſe of my old pump."
"I know it (quoth the Tinker,) know it well."

"Her

" Her *face* (quoth Grist) is freckled, wrinkled, flat;
" Her mouth as wide as that of my Tom Cat;
" And then ſhe ſquints a thouſand ways at once—
" Her waiſt, a corkſcrew; and her hair, how red!
" A downright bunch of carrots on her head—
" Why what the dev'l is got into thy ſconce?"

" No dev'l is in *my* ſconce," rejoin'd the Tinker;
" But, Lord! what's that to *you*, if *fine*, *I* think her?

" Why, man (quoth Grist) ſhe's fit to make a
" Show,
" And therefore ſure I am that thou muſt banter!"
" Miller! (reply'd the Tinker) right! for know,
" 'Tis for that *very thing*, a Show, I want her."

MELANCHOLY

HERMIONE.

A SIGHING ſolitary form I roam;
A tear on NATURE's univerſal ſmile!
Thou GENIUS of my natal hour, whoſe hand
Pierces my moments with the thorns of woe,
When will the meaſure of my grief be full?
When will the ſilent aſp of hopeleſs love
Withdraw his fang of torment from my heart?
How lately joy was mine!—but where is joy,
That cheerful pour'd a ſunſhine o'er my ſoul?
Gone! like the laſt, laſt ſun, to ſink in night,
NATURE's laſt night, and gild a morn no more!

Enter CAMILLA.

My lov'd *Hermione*, I heard thy ſigh,
And left my ſleep to ſoften thy affliction.

Why killeſt thou that gentle frame with weeping?
Sorrowing, thou ſeemeſt to *delight* in woe,
And feed exiſtence upon ſighs and tears.

HERMIONE.

Camilla, the dread ſilence of the hour
Suits but too well the colour of my ſoul.
NIGHT, who to *others* brings the balm of ſleep,
And happy dreams to ſoothe the peaceful breaſt,
Pours on *my* wakeful eye, far diff'rent gueſts;
The fouleſt, darkeſt demons of deſpair.
Lorn, at the midnight hour, when all is huſh'd,
I wander reſtleſs; ſadly now I ſit,
My brimfull eyes for hours both motionleſs,
Swimming with woe, towards the paſſing MOON,
Who on me, as ſhe lonely glides along,
Caſts a pale beam of melancholy light,
That ſeems a ray of pity on my fate.

THE

DRUID HYMN.

TO

THE SUN.

O SACRED fount of life to All!
Before thy glorious beam we fall,
And ſtrike with raptur'd hand the lyre;
To thee we lift our wond'ring eyes;
To thee the hymn of morn ſhall riſe,
And bleſs thy mounting orb of fire.

Chorus.

Hail to that Orb, from whoſe rich fountain flow
Beams that illume and glad the world below.

Unſeen

Unſeen by thee had NATURE mourn'd;
No ſmile her Æthiop cheek adorn'd;
Pale NIGHT had ſpread her ſpectre'd reign,
And death-like HORROR rul'd the ſcene.

Chorus.

All hail the beams that NIGHT deſtroy,
And wake an opening world to joy!
Bright ſpreading o'er the VAST of gloom,
That chaſe the ſpectres to their tomb.

TO

CHLOE.

CHLOE, no more muſt we be billing—
There goes my laſt, my poor laſt ſhilling:
Vile FORTUNE bids us part!
Yet, CHLOE, this my boſom charms,
That, when thou'rt in another's arms,
I ſtill poſſeſs thy *heart*.

FORTUNE's a whimſical old Dame,
And poſſibly may bluſh with ſhame
At this her freak with *me*:
But ſhould ſhe ſmile *again*, and offer,
Well fill'd with gold, an ample coffer,
I'll ſend the key to *Thee*.

THE

THE

BLIND BEGGAR.

WELCOME, thou Man of Sorrows, to my door!
A willing balm thy wounded heart ſhall find;
And lo, thy guiding DOG my cares implore!
O haſte. and ſhelter from th' unfeeling wind.

Alas! ſhall MIS'RY ſeek my cot with ſighs,
And humbly ſue for piteous alms my ear;
Yet diſappointed go with lifted eyes,
And on my threſhold leave th' upbraiding tear?

Thou boweſt for the pity I beſtow:
Bend not to me, becauſe I mourn diſtreſs;
I am *thy* debtor—much to *thee* I owe;
For learn—the greateſt bleſſing is to *bleſs*.

I Thy

Thy hoary locks, and wan and pallid cheek,
 And quiv'ring lip, to fancy ſeem to ſay,
" A more than *common* BEGGAR we beſpeak;
 " A form that once has known a happier day."

Thy ſightleſs orbs, and venerable beard,
 And preſs'd, by weight of years, thy palſi'd head,
Though ſilent, ſpeak with tongues that *muſt* be heard,
 Nay, muſt *command*, if VIRTUE be not dead.

Thy ſhatter'd, yet thine awe-inſpiring form,
 Shall give the village-lads the ſoften'd ſoul,
To aid the victims of LIFE's frequent ſtorm,
 And ſmooth the ſurges that around them roll;

Teach them that POVERTY may MERIT ſhroud;
 And teach, that VIRTUE may from MISERY ſpring;
Flame like the lightning from the frowning cloud,
 That ſpreads on NATURE's ſmile its raven wing.

O let *me* own the heart which pants to *bleſs*;
 That nobly ſcorns to hide the uſeleſs ſtore;
But looks around for objects of diſtreſs,
 And triumphs in a ſorrow for the poor!

When

When Heav'n on man is pleas'd its wealth to ſhow'r,
  Ah, what an envied bliſs doth Heaven beſtow!
To raiſe pale MERIT in her hopeleſs hour,
  And lead DESPONDENCE from the tomb of WOE! *

Lo, not the *little birds* ſhall chirp in vain,
  And, hovering round me, vainly court my care;
While I poſſeſs the life-preſerving grain,
  Welcome, ye chirping tribe, to peck your ſhare.

How can I hear your ſongs at SPRING'S return,
  And hear while SUMMER ſpreads her golden ſtore;
Yet, when the gloom of WINTER bids ye mourn,
  Heed not the plaintive voice that *charm'd* before!

Since FORTUNE, to my cottage not unkind,
  Strews with *ſome* flow'rs the road of life for *me*,
Ah! can humanity deſert my mind?
  Shall I not ſoften the rude flint for thee?

Then welcome, BEGGAR, from the rains and ſnow,
  And warring elements, to warmth and peace;
Nay, thy companion, too, ſhall comfort know,
  Who ſhiv'ring ſhakes away the icy fleece.

And

And lo, he lays him by the fire, elate;
Now on his Maſter turns his gladden'd eyes;
Leaps up to greet him on their change of fate,
*Licks his lov'd hand, and then beneath him lies.

A hut is mine, amidſt a ſhelt'ring grove:
A Hermit there, exalt to Heav'n thy praiſe;
There ſhall the village children ſhew their love,
And hear from thee the tales of other days.

There ſhall our feather'd friend, the bird of morn,
Charm thee with oriſons to opening day;
And there the red-breaſt, on the leafleſs thorn,
At eve ſhall ſooth thee with a ſimple lay.

When Fate ſhall call thee from a world of woe,
Thy friends around ſhall watch thy cloſing eyes;
With tears, behold thy gentle ſpirit go,
And wiſh to join its paſſage to the ſkies.

ANACREONTIC SONG.

TO MY LUTE.

WHAT ſhade and what ſtillneſs around!
  Let us ſeek the lov'd cot of the FAIR;
There ſoften her ſleep with thy ſound,
  And baniſh each phantom of care.

The VIRGIN may wake to thy ſtrain,
  And be ſooth'd, nay, be *pleas'd* with thy ſong:
Alas! ſhe may *pity* the ſwain,
  And fancy his ſorrows too long.

Could thy voice give a ſmile to her cheek,
  What a joy, what a rapture were mine!
Then for ever thy fame would I ſpeak—
  O my lute, what a triumph were thine!

Ah!

Ah! whiſper kind love in her ear,
  And ſweetly my wiſhes impart;
Say, the ſwain who adores her is near;
  Say, thy ſounds are the ſighs of his heart.

A PAS-

A

PASTORAL SONG.

FAREWELL, O farewell to the day,
 That ſmiling with happineſs flew!
Ye verdures and bluſhes of MAY,
 Ye ſongs of the linnet, adieu!

In tears from the vale I depart;
 In anguiſh I move from the FAIR:
For what are thoſe ſcenes to the heart
 Which FORTUNE has doom'd to deſpair?

LOVE frowns, and how dark is the hour!
 Of RAPTURE, departed the breath!
So gloomy the grove and the bow'r,
 I tread the pale valley of DEATH.

With envy I wander forlorn,
  At the breeze which her beauty has fann'd;
And I envy the bird on the thorn,
  Who fits watching the crumbs from her hand.

I envy the lark o'er her cot,
  Who calls her from flumber, fo bleft;
Nay, I envy the nightingale's note,
  The Syren who fings her to reft.

On her hamlet *once more* let me dwell—
  One look! (the *laft* comfort!) be mine—
O PLEASURE, and DELIA, farewell!
  NOW, SORROW, I ever am *thine*.

TAX not, O Parſon, the GREAT AUTHOR OF NATURE with cruelty to his creatures.

Too often doſt thou impudently endeavour to put off *thy folly* for *his wiſdom.*

Thy anathemas are not *his* anathemas; nor is *his* morality *thy* morality.

O think not, that, like the LORD MAYOR of LONDON, he puniſheth the ſale of every article on the Sabbath-day except *Milk* and *Mackarel.*

GOOD FRIDAY.

SIR HARRY, a high prieſt, and deep divine,
Ambitious much 'mid *modern* Saints to ſhine,
On a Good Friday evening took an airing:—
Not far had he proceeded, ere a ſound
Did the two ears of this *good* prieſt *aſtound*;
Such as loud laughs, commix'd with ſome ſmall ſwearing.

Now in an orchard peep'd the Knight ſo ſly,
With ſuch a ſtaring, rolling, frenzied eye;
  Where, lo! a band of rural ſwains were bleſt:—
Too proud to *join* the *crew*, he wav'd his hand,
Beck'ning to this unholy playful band—
  Forth came a *boy*, obedient to the Prieſt.

"What wicked things are ye all doing here,
"On this moſt ſolemn day of all the year?"—
"Playing *to* ſkittles," ſaid the ſimple lad.
"Playing at ſkittles!—Devils, are ye mad?
"For *what?*"—"A Jack-aſs, Sir," the boy replies—
"A *Jack-aſs!*" roars the Prieſt, with wolf-like eyes:
"Run, run, and tell them Heav'n will not be
  "ſhamm'd—
"Tell them this inſtant, that they'll all be *damn'd*."

"I *wull*, Sir Harry—*iſs*, I *wull*, Sir Harry"—
Then off he ſet th' important news to carry;
  To warn them what dread torments would enſue:
But ſuddenly the ſcamp'ring lad turn'd round,
And thus, with much ſimplicity of ſound,
  "Sir Harry, muſt the *Jack-aſs* be *damn'd too?*"

ODE

ODE

TO A

PRETTY BAR-MAID.

SWEET NYMPH, with teeth of pearl, and dimpled chin,
And roſes that would tempt a ſaint to ſin,
Daily to thee ſo conſtant I return;
Whoſe ſmile improves the coffee's ev'ry drop,
Gives tenderneſs to ev'ry ſteak and chop,
And bids our pockets at expenſes ſpurn.

What YOUTH, well powder'd, of pomatum ſmelling,
Shall on that lovely boſom fix his dwelling?
Perhaps the WAITER, of himſelf ſo full!

With *thee* he means the coffee-houſe to quit;
Open a tavern, and become a *cit*,
And proudly keep the head of the *Black Bull*.

'Twas *here* the WITS of ANNA's Attic age
Together mingled their poetic rage;
Here PRIOR, POPE, and ADDISON, and STEELE;
Here PARNELL, SWIFT, and BOLINGBROKE, and GAY,
Pour'd their keen proſe, and tun'd the merry lay,
Gave the fair toaſt, and made a hearty meal.

'Twas *here*, o'er fragrant coffee to unbend,
The WITS their epigrams ſo happy, penn'd,
And bade in madrigals a CHLOE ſhine;
A MIRA, a BELINDA, and a PHILLIS,
Who boaſted roſes poſſibly, and lilies,
Such as now deck that cheek and breaſt of thine.

NYMPH of the roguiſh ſmile, which thouſands ſeek,
Give me another, and *another* ſteak;
A *kingdom* for another ſteak, but giv'n
By *thy* fair hand, that ſhames the ſnow of heaven.

Give me a glaſs of punch, O ſmiling laſs,
And let thy luſcious lip embalm the glaſs—
Touch it and ſpread a charm around the brim:
Health to thy beauties, NANCY, and may TIME
Ne'er meddle with thy preſent healthful prime,
Thy ringlets ſpoil, and eyes of di'monds dim.

Lo, from each box thy lute-tun'd voice to hear,
YOUTH nimbly turns him round, with wanton leer:
Nay, wrinkled AGE himſelf, with locks ſo white,
Findeth *within* a kind of baſtard fire,
Whoſe, mouth, poor cripple, watering with deſire,
Opes toothleſs on thy beauties in delight.
How for thy lamb-like fleſh he ſeems to hunger!
He feels himſelf a pair of ages younger!

Tell me again, O NYMPH, *whoſe* happy arms
Are doom'd, for life, to circle thoſe bright charms,
And to that boſom give brave girls and boys?
That lucky lot, alas! will ne'er be *mine*—
A gaze, a ſqueeze, perchance a kiſs divine,
Muſt form the bounds, O NANCY, of my joys.

Yet if rich favours, far beyond a ſmile
So kind, thy Poet's moments to beguile,
Thou wiſheſt to beſtow!—in LOVE's name *give* 'em;
And, thankful, on my *knees* will I *receive* 'em.

ANACREONTIC.

SONG.

WHO dares talk of hours? Seize the bell of that
clock;
Seize his hammer, and cut off his hands:
To the bottle, dear bottle, I'll ſtick like a rock,
And obey only PLEASURE's commands.

Let him ſtrike the ſhort hours, and hint at a bed—
Waiter, bring us more wine—what a whim!
Say that TIME, his old maſter, for *Topers* was made,
And not jolly Topers for *him*.

O MAN, be not puffed up with the pride of offſpring, as the triumphs of PAPA are too often ſmiled at in ſecret by *wiſer* MAMA.

ODE TO A HEDGE-SPARROW,

NURSING A YOUNG CUCKOO.

AH, whining, anxious, reſtleſs bird!
Thou art a fool, upon my word:
Now on the buſh, now upon the ground;
Now hov'ring o'er my head, and ſaying
Such bitter things—now begging, praying,
Poor wretch, ſurveying me ſo ſharp all round.

Imploring me to leave the neſt,
Where all thy deareſt wiſhes reſt.

How buſy thou in catching grub and fly,
As ſoon as dewy morning paints the ſky;
Now twitt'ring near the neſt ſuch ſtrains of joy,
Proclaiming to the world a hopeful boy!

Great

Great is thy triumph in thy fancied child!
Immenſe thy pride—thy ecſtaſy how wild!
Yet not one trait of thee doth he diſplay:
Indeed thou never didſt *beget* the youth;
And more—to tell thee an unpleaſant truth,
His *father* will be here the Firſt of May.

Nor *ſingular* art thou—for, lo!
A little gameſome Knight *we* know,
Who foſters children—loves them to diſtraction;
Shews them about from morn to night,
Drinking ſuch draughts of rich delight
From ev'ry feature—ſo much ſatisfaction!

Sees his *own* eyes, *own* mouth, *own* lip, *own* ear,
Own noſe, *own* dimple, in each pretty Dear!—
But who's the *real* parent?—Am'rous John,
Good-natur'd fellow, made them *ev'ry one.*

TO

ANACREON.

GHOST of ANACREON, quit the ſhades,
And with thee bring thy ſweet old lyre;
To praiſe the firſt of Britiſh Maids,
Whoſe charms will ſet thy ſoul on fire.

But hold—'twere better keep away—
Of juſtice muſt thy harp deſpair;
Which ſuited very well *thy* day,
That ſaw no Damſel half ſo fair.

THE

THE

CAPTIVE QUEEN.

The Lines are supposed to be spoken by a Friend of the unfortunate ANTOINETTE.

WITH radiance rose thy morning sun,
  Fair promise of a happy day;
But, luckless, ere it reach'd its noon,
  The fiend of darkness dimm'd the ray.

What though the brightest gifts are thine,
  And distant nations pour thy praise;
While, raptur'd, on thy form divine
  The eyes of LOVE and WONDER gaze?

The

The voice of Joy, for ever mute,
Muſt yield to ſighs that mourn in vain;
And Pity, come with ſweeteſt lute,
To ſooth thy ſorrows with her ſtrain.

The Syren Hope, who won thy ear,
Muſt charm no more the dang'rous hour;
The warning voice of ravens, hear,
That croak thy doom on yonder tow'r.

Yet what is life, 'mid Horror's reign,
Where Murder's triumph cleaves the ſky;
Where heaves with death the groaning ſcene,
And dungeons loud for vengeance cry?

Yet what is life to ſpotleſs fame?
And *thine* to lateſt time ſhall bloom—
The blow that ſinks that beauteous frame
Gives all the Virtues to the tomb.

ANACREONTIC.

FIE, SYLVIA! why ſo gravely look,
Becauſe a kiſs or two I took?
Thoſe luſcious lips might thouſands grant—
Rich rogues that never feel the want.
So little in a kiſs I ſee,
A hundred thou may'ſt take from *me*.

But, ſince, like miſers o'er their ſtore,
Thou hat'ſt to give, though running o'er;
I ſcorn to cauſe the ſlighteſt pain,
So pr'ythee take them back again;
Nay, with good int'reſt be it done—
Thou'rt welcome to take ten for one.

TO

T I M E.

O TIME, 'tis childiſh, let me ſay,
To give, then take a grace away;
The Damſel from her charms to ſever,
So pleas'd to keep them all *for ever.*

When CYNTHIA *tires* with conq'ring hearts,
And ſays, "O TIME, *receive* my darts;"
Her beauties are a lawful prize—
Then take the lightnings of her eyes.

Pluck all the roſes from her cheek,
And root the lilies from her neck;
Her dimples ſeize, her ſmile, her air,
And with them make a thouſand *fair.*

ODE

TO

JEALOUSY.

AVAUNT, thou ſquinting HAG, whoſe liſt'ning ear
Seizes on every *whiſper*—whoſe owl's eye,
When NIGHT's dark mantle wraps the ſilent ſphere,
Stares watchful of each form that paſſeth by!

Thou Fiend, what bus'neſs haſt thou here on earth,
Diſſention-breeder from thy very birth?
How much more of the *ſerpent* than the *dove!*
I cannot gueſs thine errand to this world—
By *thee* is NATURE *topſy-turvy* hurl'd!
And nearly ruin'd the ſoft land of LOVE!

Speak

Speak I but to my neighbour's Wife ſo *kind*,
And ſay, "Pray how d'ye do, my *deareſt* Ma'am?"
Behold, a tempeſt ſwells the *huſband's* mind,
Who gives my ſweet civility a d-mn:
For, lo, thy wickedneſs at once *adorns*
His trembling temples with a brace of horns.

The inſtant thou behold'ſt a married Pair,
Adieu, alas! the pleaſures of the Fair!
Farewell, of Benedick, the wedded bliſs!
Scarce canſt thou let the *honey-moon* go by,
When, hark! the keen reproach!—the lady's ſigh!
Dead the fond ſqueeze, and mute the chirping kiſs!

"Watch him,"—thou whiſper'ſt in the woman's ear,
"Open his letters—pick his pockets, Ma'am—
"Somewhat will be diſcover'd, never fear;
"Something to daſh the monſter's cheek with "ſhame.

"Ken him amid the harlots at the play;
"Nor let your eyes a ſingle moment ſtray:
"He catches a lewd ſquint if *your's* are blinkers:
"Make

" Make him look ftrait on, forward to the *ftage*;
" And on refufal, tell him in a rage,
" You'll give him, coach-horfe like, a pair of
" *winkers*."

ANACREONTIC.

O FAR from me thoſe lightnings dart!
  On others bid thy beauty ſhine:
Beyond the hopes of this ſad heart,
  I view that peerleſs form, to pine.

Whilſt ev'ry ſhepherd ſings her praiſe,
  'Tis mine of Sylvia to *complain*;
Made a poor pris'ner while I gaze,
  I feel in ev'ry ſmile a chain.

ODE

ODE

TO THE

LADIES OF ENGLAND.

PETER more than *fufpecteth*, that a few Paffages of his Works have given offence to his fair Country-women — PETER's contrition thereat, and *violent* refolution.

LADIES, I fhould be forry—*griev'd* indeed,
Could I once write what you would blufh to read;
  But that fame Poet *clepped* JEAN FONTAINE
Was verily the tafte and admiration
Of all the Ladies of the Gallic nation,
  Quoted and toafted o'er and o'er again.

What! wound of *Britiſh Maids* the tender ear,
Who, when to Nymphs of other realms compar'd,
(And lo, on numbers have theſe eye-balls ſtar'd)
Are, as rich Burgundy to dead Small Beer!

Our Poet POPE, againſt a *naughty word*
Proteſted—*ſeeming* too to ſhut his door:
Pronouncing all obſcenity, abſurd—
That ribaldry was folly—nothing more:
Yet Maſter POPE, who DECENCY ſo flatters,
Plumps boldly into certain wicked matters.

Now this I do diſlike in Maſter POPE—
At gluttony a man ſhould never bark,
On dainties, who is pleas'd his mouth to ope,
And guttling ſwallow plates-full like a ſhark.

Miſs HELOISE, that warm young laſs, I ween,
Says things that cover MODESTY with ſhame:
I muſt confeſs I never ſaw *Nineteen*
Pour ſuch an Ætna forth of am'rous flame.

And lo again—the *Lock*, the raviſh'd *Lock!*
Too oft the line gives MODESTY a ſhock:

Warm

Warm inuendos bid her blufhes rife;
Yes, often I've heard MODESTY declare,
"That many a line indeed has made her *ftare*;
"She knew not where to look—where fix her
"eyes."

The *Wife of Bath*, and eke the lovely *May*,
Held language horrid for *our chafter day*.

Were PETER now to fing in fuch a ftyle,
What Lady-mouth would yield the Bard a fmile?
No!—frowns would fill their faces in its ftead.
And yet, ye Dames fo chafte, thofe tales are read—
I fee no lips with blufhing anger ope,
And cry, "I loath the nafty leaves of POPE."

Nay more, my dear young Miffes, and grave Dames,
Who read with fear my fongs of darts and flames;
Speak—is not POPE an *idol* 'mid your books?
Does not *Saint Patrick's Dean*, fo void of grace,
Among your leathern fav'rites fhew his face,
Whofe many a leaf fhould only lodge with
cooks?

Since then the lightnings of the Ladies eyes
 Knock not the mem'ries of *thoſe* Poets down,
It ſtriketh me indeed with huge ſurpriſe,
 That PETER's purer line ſhould feel a frown.

They *wounded* MODESTY with verſe unchaſte;
 I with a twig of Pindus ſcarcely *ſtruck* her;
They ſtripp'd her naked—*I* juſt claſp'd her waiſt,
 And delicately only touch'd her *tucker*.

Yet *is* there, *is* there *one* ſweet Britiſh Prude,
 Who will not read my rhymes—miſtruſting harm?
Let not my volumes on the NYMPH intrude,
 And ring to CHASTITY the wild alarm:
Make in her pretty panting heart a riot,
Demanding months to bring it back its quiet.

Tales of a Damſel kind, and ſighing Lover,
 Holding of LOVE's choice ſpice a little,
 Might be indulg'd to warm Dame NATURE's KETTLE,
But not to bid it boil tempeſtuous over.

Ev'n AGE delighteth in an am'rous tale;
LOVE warms his inſide like a pot of ale;

Thaws

Thaws his cold heart, and makes it beat ſo cheery!
His eyes, that, owl-like, wink'd upon the day,
Burſts open with a keen and twinkling ray,
And, lo! he hugs and kiſſes his old Deary.

Why then forbid them?—ſuch we muſt approve:
And woe to mortals who are foes to LOVE!
As long as this our ſyſtem holds together,
LOVE will ſtand bruſh, againſt all wind and weather.

Yet *ſhould* my fav'rite Britiſh Maids and Dames
Refuſe to read my rhymes on darts and flames,
And other pretty little trifling things,
The fount from which ſuch nat'ral rapture ſprings;

Ladies of FRANCE, I think my ſong
To *you* in future muſt belong:
Yes, yes, for *you* the Bard ſhall form the ſtrain—
And then, who knows? *it may be ſo, I wot*,
The Dames may cry, "Thoſe Iſlanders have got,
"Ye Gods! an *abſolute* FONTAINE.

"Refuſe to *read* him!—no, Heav'n bleſs him!—no:
"Lord! let his wild imagination flow—

 "Baniſh

" Banish the Loves !—O what a Gothic sweep !
" The World at once, so dull, would fall asleep !"

So help me, Grace ! I ever meant to *please*—
E'en *now* would I ask pardon on my *knees* :
  If aught I've sinn'd, the stanza must not *live*—
Bring me the knife—I'll cut the wanton page,
Which puts my lovely readers in a rage :
  But, hark ! they cry, " Barbarian, we forgive."

A thousand thanks t'ye all, my charming creatures ;
What goodness, kindness, reigns in female natures !

TO

CYNTHIA.

WHAT danger lurks in thoſe bright eyes!
Lo, by their fire thy Poet dies:
  Yet bravely let me meet my doom—
And ſince to *thee* I owe my death,
I beg thee, with my parting breath,
  To let thy boſom be my tomb.

ANA-

ANACREONTIC.

AH! wherefore did I daring gaze
Upon the radiance of thy charms?
And, vent'ring nearer to their rays,
How dar'd I clafp thee in my arms?

That kifs will give my heart a pain,
Which thy fweet pity will deplore:
Then, CYNTHIA, take the kifs again,
Or let me take ten thoufand more.

HAPPY

HAPPY art thou, O Man, who wast not born amidst the luxuries of life.

Lucky art thou who canst eat the *simple* fare; whose nose turneth not up at a boiled leg of mutton and turnips, or bacon and eggs.

Health waketh with thee at morn, and accompanieth the slumbers of night.

Art thou an Alderman, and puttest pounds of turtle into thy paunch? thou devourest an apoplexy. Swallowest thou hot sauces? thou gulpest rheumatism and gout.

Say not wickedly, "I will not repeat the Lord's "Prayer, as it is beneath a Gentleman to pray for "*bread.*"

Curse not sprats and flounders; peradventure sprats and flounders might blush to enter the doors of thy gullet.

Deem thyself not undone, because thou possessest not more than thou oughtest in reason to use.

Fortunate are thousands in having never been favourites of FORTUNE.

CONTENT sigheth not for venison; she lifteth not her eye to heaven for turbot.

She hateth not the sight of the sun at dinner-time; but preferreth his radiance to the greasy light of a candle.

Read, and learn the inconveniences of luxury, from a Dog.

THE LADY'S LAP-DOG, AND THE COACHMAN.

CHLOE, a fav'rite of a rich old Dame,
Was vastly delicate in all her frame;
Could put down nought at last, but nice *tid-bits*
Nay oft, with much solicitation too,
Her Mistress was oblig'd to kiss and woo,
For fear poor tender CHLOE might have *fits*.

Fat was our CHLOE—like a ball of grease;
So round, a foot-ball quite, and fair her fleece.

Oft

Oft on the Turkey carpet as ſhe lay,
  And ſleep o'er CHLOE's eye-lids did prevail;
'Twas very, very difficult to ſay
  Which was her *head* indeed, and which her *tail.*

At length it came to paſs, that CHLO'
Did ſullenneſs and ſickneſs ſhow;
  So heavy, leaving off her wanton capers;
Gap'd, ſtretch'd, and lethargy ſhe likewiſe ſhew'd,
Was ſick at ſtomach, (may I dare ſay *ſp-w'd?)*
  And ſeem'd, poor Dog, afflicted with the *vapours.*

My Lady took her pining to her arms,
Hugg'd her, and kiſs'd her, full of ſad alarms,
  Fearing her poor dear little ſoul would *die:*
CHLOE was all ſtupidity and lumpiſh:
Scarce lick'd her hand—ſo ſullen and ſo *mumpiſh,*
  Nor ſcarcely rais'd the white of either eye.

The Coachman's call'd—"O JEHU, CHLOE's ill:
"Quite loſt her appetite—ſhe has no will
  "To move, or ſay, poor ſoul, a ſingle thing:
"JEHU, what can the matter be—d'ye know?"
"I think, my Lady, I could *cure* Miſs CHLO."—
  "Dear JEHU, what delicious news you bring!

"Take her, then—take her, JEHU, to your room,
"And from her spirits drive this ugly gloom,
"And get her pretty appetite again."
"O good my Lady, never, never fear;
"I underſtand her caſe—'tis very clear;
"By heav'n's aſſiſtance, I ſha'n't work in vain."

Now to his room the Coachman bore Miſs Bitch,
Who, looking back all wiſtful, felt no itch
To go with JEHU—ſtill he bears her on:—
Arriv'd, kind JEHU offers her a bone.

Miſs CHLOE in a paſſion ſeeks the door:
In vain—'tis ſhut—ſhe lays her on the floor,
And whines—gets up, all reſtleſs—looks about;
Watches the door ſo ſly, and cocks her ears;
So pleas'd and nimble at each ſound ſhe hears,
In hopes (vain hopes, alas!) of getting out.

CHLOE, like lightning, now reſolves to paſs,
Bounce from her gaoler, through a pane of glaſs,
And, by a leap, no more in priſon groan:
But, fearing ſhe might ſpoil her pretty chops,
Nay, break her neck, by chamber-window hops,
CHLOE moſt wiſely lets the leap alone.

JEHU now offer'd her a piece of liver :
" CHLOE, do you love liver ?" JEHU ſaid—
" The devil take," ſhe ſeem'd to ſay, " the giver :"
So hurt the dog appear'd—then turn'd her head.

" Well, CHLOE, well—heav'n mend your proud di-
" geſtion ;
" To-morrow I ſhall aſk you the ſame queſtion."
The morrow (ah ! a ſulky morrow) came :
CHLOE ſcarce ſlept a ſingle wink all night ;
Whining and groaning, longing much to *bite !*
Calling in vain upon my Lady's name.

" Well, CHLOE, can you taſte your liver ?"—" No,
" No, thank ye, JEHU."—" Leave it, pretty CHLO."
The day paſs'd on—no eating ? not a crumb.
Miſs CHLOE crawl'd about the room, ſo ſad,
Sulky, and diſappointed, angry, mad ;
Now moaning, now upon her rump ſo dumb.
At times, around on barb'rous JEHU ſquinting ;
Such looks ! not much *good will* to JEHU, hinting.

Another morning came—a liver meal—
" CHLOE, how ſtands your ſtomach ? how d'ye feel ?"
" JEHU, I will *not* eat."—JEHU goes out—

What

What does Miſs CHLOE ?—With a nimble pace,
Runs to the liver, without ſaying grace,
Gobbling away, with appetite *ſo ſtout* ;

For now the liver ſeem'd to meet her wiſh,
And, not half ſatisfy'd, ſhe *lick'd the diſh !*

JEHU returns, and ſmiles—CHLOE grows good ;
Takes civilly a ſlice of muſty bread ;
Rejects from JEHU's hand no kind of food ;
Glad on a *rind of Cheſhire* to be fed.

JEHU with CHLOE to my Lady goes,
And, triumphing, his little patient ſhows ;
Not once diſcovering the coarſe mode of cure—
JEHU had loſt his place then to be ſure.

My Lady preſſes CHLOE to her breaſt,
Half crazy, hugging, kiſſing her—ſo bleſt
To ſee her fav'rite CHLOE's chang'd condition :
"Thank ye, good JEHU—Heav'ns, what ſkill is in
" ye !",
Then into JEHU's hand ſhe ſlips a guinea,
And JEHU's thought a very fine phyſician.

ODE

TO THE

POET DELILLE.

PETER kindly congratulateth his Brother Poet on his lucky deliverance from a dungeon, and aſketh him queſtions concerning his poetical feelings—Whether he meaneth to *exalt* CONVENTION, and *debaſe* poor BRITAIN?—PETER adviſeth the contrary, and telleth the Poet unpleaſant truths, with a witty compariſon.—PETER painteth, with the pencil of a GREAT MASTER, the portrait of a Frenchman, in which, impudence, inſolence, ignorance, and ſavage cruelty, form the predominant features.

THRICE welcome from thy dungeon, poor DELILLE!
Impriſon'd, much (I gueſs) againſt thy will,
By that unfeeling tyrant ROBERSPIERRE:

Set free from this ſame death-encircled vault
By *one* (I fear me!) not *without a fault*;
In ſhort—I mean as *great a rogue*, Barrere.

Dead is all dalliance with the Muſe, I wonder:
The *guillotine's* high flood muſt damp thy fire:
The ax, which falls upon its prey in thunder,
Muſt bid thee touch with trembling hand the lyre.

But Bards, like birds, can ſeldom ceaſe from ſinging:
Yes, on the Muſe's bells thou *muſt* be ringing;
Thou *wilt* indulge the faſcinating chime,
Deaf to the oracle that cries "Don't rhyme."

Speak—wilt thou praiſe Convention for its *pow'r*,
Swear Britain ſoon beneath its might muſt cow'r,
Juſt like the wren beneath the eagle's wing?
Say, no ſuch thing.

However grating to a Frenchman's ears,
We Britons, I proteſt, have no ſuch fears:
France, to be ſure, is huge—our Iſland little—
Yet ſpare upon our heads th' inſulting ſpittle.

The

The colony of Teeth, though ſmall,
  Are little folks of *reſolution*;
And when upon their prey they fall,
  Do a vaſt deal of execution.

I do aſſure thee, my inquiring eyes
Have found the *lubbers* of the *largeſt* ſize.

'Tis pleaſant to behold a Frenchman gape
    On the world's map:
Aſtoniſh'd on his view to ſee advance
    Regions like *France*!

Thus I preſume the ſolitary Mole
Deems the wide univerſe within his *hole*.

Yet let Monſieur, ſo happy, prate away;
'Tis pity undeceive the popinjay.

Let the pert tripping prig pronounce with pride,
Barbarian, ſavage, all the world beſide;
  It is his narrow nature—ceaſe then blame:
In Afric I have ſeen on trees the apes
Mocking at man, with grins and antic ſhapes,
  Who of *our ſpecies* thought the very ſame.

But *thou* ſhouldſt ſhew more ſenſe, my friend DE-
LILLE:
Then pr'ythee take from me a little pill;
Perhaps 'tis ſomewhat *bitter*—never mind it·
It cureth puppyiſm—I hope thou'lt find it. *

Pride not thyſelf becauſe a *Frenchman born*;
Thy fame is then upon the *hope forlorn*;
Doom'd not far *diſtant* ages to explore:
Learn to *deſpiſe* thy COUNTRY—'tis a fool,
Cruel, and of HYPOCRISY's dark ſchool,
Tyrannic, ſavage, rotten at the core.

So much for France—forgive me, lucky Bard—
But VICE ſhould ever meet his fair reward:
Yes, let me drag the monſter from his den—
This trifling Ode perchance may rouſe thy gall;
If *angry*, bid thy rage on *Juſtice* fall,
The goodly GODDESS who now guides my pen.

TRANS-

TRANSLATION

FROM

GALLUS.

AT morn, if CYNTHIA meet my ſight,
'Tis ſweet AURORA's bluſhing light;
And if at eve ſhe croſs my way,
The ſtar of VENUS darts its ray.

A SECOND ODE

TO THE

POET DELILLE.

PETER proposeth very important questions, and suspecteth MONSIEUR DELILLE of an inclination to whitewash the black faces of Devils—PETER giveth a sublime description of French Liberty—PETER putteth DELILLE in mind of NATURE's niggard allowance to every man of *one head* only, and of an inconvenience arising from the loss of it, on account of the difficulty of procuring *another*—PETER sagely adviseth him to beware of BARRERE, and think of a return to his dungeon—PETER picturesquely describeth the supports of French Liberty—foretelleth the humbled state of the *mighty* REFORMERS—PETER objecteth not to a general intellectual illumination, but seemeth to think that a *Frenchman's* attempt must produce only a *national conflagration*; PETER thus fancying every Frenchman a mad Quixote—PETER again kindly inviteth his brother Bard to England, and concludeth with a *flaming trait* of BARRERE.

WHO that could save his ship would suffer wreck?
Who warble with a rope about his neck?
Who in the Tiger's mouth would keep his head,
With pow'r to draw it from a place so dread?

Who,

Who, 'midſt the Charnel's melancholy glooms,
Would mingle with the refuſe of the tombs,
With legs to bear him to the fragrant day,
From reeking bones, and HORROR's haunt, away?

And yet thy ſong may ſtay perhaps to bleſs
A dark divan of Devils—yes,
Full of their deeds may flow the flatt'ring rhyme;
Which ſong may ſtoutly ſwear that "ATHENS, ROME,
"Ne'er rais'd to LIBERTY an *equal* dome,
"So ſacred, ſo ſtupendous, ſo divine!"

Yet what is it to REASON's ſober eye?
A monſtrous *ſlaughter-houſe* that taints the ſky:
Within a day—perchance one LITTLE HOUR,
Thy *courteous* ſong, which ſoothes the ſweeteſt ſound,
Turn'd by the people's thunder, will be found,
All of a ſudden, vinegar ſo ſour!

What is the madding MILLION's ſhouting breath?
Black MURDER's orgies—the wild howl of DEATH!
Then quit thy Country—yes, *diſclaim* thy mother:
Mind!—on thy ſhoulders ſtands *one* ſimple head;
Mind me, but *one*—and when that one is fled,
'Twill puzzle thee, I think, to get *another*.

Since, then, this head is *not yet* gone,
Take PETER's counfel, man, and keep it on.
BARRERE's red paws are ready now to ftart;
Perhaps to plunge in thy devoted heart.

Lo, at his voice (to SATAN's near akin)
The dungeon gapes perhaps to let *thee* in;
Opes his dark jaws, amid the fpectred gloom,
For thee, a *fecond* time to raife thy moan;
Breathe the vain wifh, and heave the helplefs groan-
Thou'lt be well furnifh'd both with *time* and *room*.

The columns of your Liberty, DEATH knows,
Are cannon, fwords, and bayonets, and fpears;
The *Angels* who this glorious pile compofe,
Hyænas, Tigers, Jackalls, Wolves and Bears:
Inftead of adamant for a foundation,
The groaning carcafes of half the nation.

Dread, of ADVERSITY the humbling pow'r—
Sharp are her whips of wire, and hard her bats:
What fad humility awaits the hour,
When LORDLY LIONS grind poor mice with *cats*!

When

When JOVE's own EAGLE leaves his ſky for bogs,
Cracks ſnails with crows, and feaſts with croaking
frogs!
Yet this, you *wond'rous men* muſt do ere long,
If TRUTH (who ſeldom fails) awaits my ſong.

Yes, be illumin'd, rev'rend AGE and YOUTH;
With *you* I'd tear up SUPERSTITION's root,
Dark Fiend! who from the ſacred hand of TRUTH
Dares ſnatch her torch, and cruſh it under foot.
This were DAME WISDOM's act; but, let me add,
WISDOM and FRANCE are foes—for FRANCE is *mad.*

What voice to reaſon can a *Frenchman* bring?
Go, bid with lullaby the tiger ſleep;
Bind with a ſpider's web, the whirlwind's wing;
And with the wren's ſmall plume, keep down the
Deep.

Wrap the black ſurge within thy hand, *ſo wiſe*,
And ſmother its wild thunder on the ſkies.

Pr'ythee take counſel, man, and haſte away:
'Tis vaſtly ſafer, I aſſure thee, here,

Since

Since Murder is the order of the day,
  And venom feeds the heart of black BARRERE

BARRERE! who, when in h-ll he ſhews his face,
Each frighten'd Dev'l at once will fly the place

FROM

FROM

A N A C R E O N.

UPON HIMSELF.

ON fragrant myrtles let me lie,
And LOVE, my ſlave, the wine ſupply.
   Too ſoon we ſeek the Stygian gloom:
TIME flies: and, ſince to duſt we go,
Why idly bid the incenſe flow,
   And ſpill the juice upon the tomb?

Ah! rather let me quaff the *wine*,
And bid the roſe my brows entwine,
   While youth, while health the boſom warms—
Then pr'ythee, LOVE, delight my heart,
Ere DEATH diſpatch his certain dart,
   And bring a CHLOE to my arms.

MAY DAY.

THE daiſies peep from ev'ry field,
And vi'lets ſweet their odour yield;
The purple bloſſom paints the thorn,
And ſtreams reflect the bluſh of morn.

Then lads and laſſes all, be gay,
For this is NATURE's holiday.

Let luſty LABOUR drop his flail,
Nor woodman's hook a tree aſſail;
The ox ſhall ceaſe his neck to bow,
And Clodden yield to reſt, the plough.
Then lads, &c.

Behold the lark in ether float,
While rapture ſwells the liquid note!

What warbles he, with merry cheer?
"Let LOVE and PLEASURE rule the year."
Then lads, &c.

Lo, SOL looks down, with radiant eye,
And throws a ſmile around his ſky;
Embracing hill and vale and ſtream,
And warming NATURE with his beam.
Then lads, &c.

The inſect tribes in myriads pour,
And kiſs with Zephyr ev'ry flow'r;
Shall *theſe* our icy hearts reprove,
And tell us we are foes to LOVE?
Then lads, &c.

PHIL-

PHILLIDA's COMPLAINT.

WHAT has eſtranged thy affections from me? What have I done, that I ſhould loſe thee? But thou art *tired* with the object that loves thee; poſſibly, becauſe *her* ſole happineſs is founded on *thine*.

SONG.

When NIGHT ſpreads her ſhadows around,
  I will watch with delight on thy reſt;
I will ſoften thy bed on the ground,
  And thy cheek ſhall recline on my breaſt.

LOVE heeds not the ſtorm, and the rain;
  On *me*, let their fury deſcend:
This boſom ſhall ſcorn to complain,
  While it ſhelters the life of a friend.

What

What tempts thee to wander away ?
To *another*, ah ! doſt thou depart ?
Believe me, in time thou wilt ſay,
None e'er lov'd thee like PHILLIDA's heart.

*

Though reſolv'd from a MOURNER to fly ;
To mem'ry thou ſtill ſhalt be dear :
The winds ſhall oft waft thee a ſigh,
And the ocean convey thee a tear.

A THIRD ODE

TO THE

POET DELILLE.

The LYRIC BARD proclaimeth the folly of the prefent French—Advifeth them not to harbour paffions degrading to humanity—PETER, with *wonderful* fancy, pourtrayeth PRUDENCE, and PASSION—PETER taketh the part of the late unfortunate Monarch and his Queen, and endeth his Ode with a beautiful and apt comparifon—The Poet then illuftrateth the actions of the French by a moft appofite Tale.

DELILLE, the world from laugh can fcarce refrain—
Moft Sampfon-like, ye've ruin'd a rare pile:
To fee you building thus, all hands, again,
On an *owl's* face fo grave muft plant a fmile.

SORROW,

SORROW, diſcard thy weeds, and dry thy tears—
PITY, diſdain t'embalm them with thy breath:
They're ſinking!—lo, if aught like life appears,
'Tis HEALTH'S *ſtol'n* roſe upon the cheek of DEATH.

Once happineſs was *yours*, my friend, indeed—
"We'll have no more o'nt," mad ye cry'd, away!
"Change! change! we'll cut off the Great Nation's head,
"And try what the huge Trunk will ſay."

Off goes the head—
The Nation's dead!

Well, now 'tis done—the head is *off*—what then?
Ye ſeem to ſtare, like *diſappointed* men.
Where was DAME FORESIGHT? Ah, ye ſilly folk!
And yet it is too *ſerious* for a *joke*.

Since, then, the head is off; for FREEDOM panting,
What is't ye look for?—"Lord, Dame FREEDOM'S
"*wanting*;

"Into a terrible miſtake we fall—
"For TYRANNY's hard irons load us all!"
Indeed! ye juſt have found the ſecret out!
Ye're *wiſer* than ye were, good folks, no doubt!

Alter not things when rul'd by Paſſion—Why?
Becauſe good MADAM PRUDENCE is not nigh:
PRUDENCE keeps company that's vaſtly *ſober*;
PRUDENCE is mildly-breathing, ſmiling May,
So full of balmy bloſſoms, all ſo gay;
PASSION, the mad, wide-waſting, wild OCTOBER.

PRUDENCE, a pretty, pleaſing, ſtealing rill,
Winning with eaſy lapſe its winding courſe;
PASSION, a torrent rough, from hill to hill,
Tumbling and tearing, drowning man and horſe.

PRUDENCE is alſo a freſh-water eel,
So calmly gliding through the liquid glaſs:
PASSION, a porpus—tempeſts at his heel,
Flound'ring amid old OCEAN's thund'ring maſs

PRUDENCE is that ſmall pleaſing worm of light,
The mild hedge-regent of the dewy night;
A little moon to many an inſect race,

Who by her ſilv'ry radiance find their way,
Nibble the faireſt flow'rs, and ſip and play,
Gaze on their loves, dance, ogle, and embrace.

PASSION's a meteor, ſkipping here and there;
Hopping o'er hedge and ditch, and fen, and pool,
Amidſt his wild, and fierce, and mad career,
Making himſelf indeed a downright fool:
And after all, what is this *thing* of *caper*?
A ſimple child of ſtinking mud and vapour!

Why ſo enrag'd againſt poor LOUIS *Seize*,
Who, pliable, did every thing to *pleaſe*?
And why in league againſt his charming Queen,
REVENGE, and MADNESS, MALICE, ENVY, SPLEEN?

REVENGE's company for ever ſhun:
Too much of danger frequently appears:
A kind of weak and overloaded gun,
Burſting with horrid craſh about our ears.

Ridiculous the triumph will be found,
When, for a penny's worth we loſe a pound.
The MONARCH eat a *little* of the State—
But ſhould ye therefore madly give him *faſt*?

We ſhould not rage for trifling matters,
  And bluſt'ring kick the world about;
It ſhews the folly of our natures,
  For a pin's head to make a rout.

Lord! grant a little *fungus* on the *vine*
  And *olive*, yielding oil and juice and gladneſs;
Who'd root up the whole tree for't? nought but ſwine—
  'Twere idiotiſm, ſtupidity, and madneſs.

The following ſimple well-known ſtory ſhows,
What ſad misfortune from ſuch folly flows.

The KNIGHT and the RATS.

A Knight liv'd in the Weſt not long ago,
Like Knights in general, not *o'erwiſe*, I trow—
This Knight's great barn was viſited by rats,
In ſpite of poiſon, gins, and owls and cats:

Like millers taking toll of the ſweet corn,
Carous'd they happily from night to morn.

Lo, waxing wrath, that neither gins nor cats,
Nor owls, nor poiſon, could deſtroy the rats;
"I'll nab them by a ſcheme, by heav'ns," quoth he:
So of his neighbourhood he rous'd the mob,
Farmers and farmers boys, to do this job;
His ſervants too of high and low degree;
And eke the tribes of Dog, by ſound of horn,
To kill the rats that dar'd to taſte the corn.

This done, the Knight, reſolv'd with god-like ire,
Ran to his kitchen for a ſtick of fire,
From whence intrepid to the barn he ran;
Much like the Macedonian and fair Punk,
Who, at Perſepolis ſo very drunk,
Did with their links the mighty ruin plan.

Now, 'midſt the dwelling flew the blazing ſtick:
Soon from the flames ruſh'd forth the rats ſo thick;
Men, dogs, and bats, in furious war unite—
The conquer'd rats lie ſprawling on the ground;
The Knight, with eyes triumphant, ſtares around,
Surveys the carnage, and enjoys the fight.

Not e'en Achilles ſaw, ſo bleſt, his blade
Diſmiſs whole legions to th' infernal ſhade!

But, lo! at length by this rat-driving flame,
Burnt was the corn—the walls down thund'ring came;
The meaning of it was not far to learn—
When turning up thoſe billiard-balls his eyes,
That held a pretty portion of ſurpriſe,
"Zounds! what a blockhead! I have *burnt the*
"*barn!*"

AZID,

OR THE SONG OF THE

CAPTIVE NEGRO.

POOR* MORA eye be wet wid tear,
And heart like lead ſink down wid woe;
She ſeem her mournful friends to hear,
And ſee der eye like fountain flow.

No more ſhe give me ſong ſo gay,
But ſigh, "Adieu, dear DOMAHAY."

No more for deck her head and hair,
Me look in ſtream, bright gold to find;
Nor ſeek de field for flow'r ſo fair,
Wid garland MORA hair to bind.

" Far off de ſtream !" I weeping ſay,
" Far off de fields of DOMAHAY."

But why do AZID live a ſlave,
And ſee a ſlave his MORA dear?
Come, let we ſeek at once de grave—
No chain, no tyrant den we fear.

Ah, me! I hear a ſpirit ſay,
" Come, AZID, come to DOMAHAY."

Den gold I find for thee once more,
For thee to fields for flow'r depart;
To pleaſe de idol I adore,
And give wid gold and flow'r my heart.

Den let we die and haſte away,
And live in groves of DOMAHAY.

TO

CYNTHIA.



AH, what an envious rogue is TIME,
Who means one day to crop thy prime!
This were a barb'rous deed, I vow—
If thus the Tyrant can behave,
Lord, let us diſappoint the knave,
And let me take thoſe beauties *now*.

THE

CRUELTY OF ÆNEAS

TO

QUEEN DIDO.

I FORGIVE Man almoſt any crime ſooner than barbarous ingratitude towards charming Woman. What a brute was the *pious* Æneas to his MISTRESS, the beautiful and unfortunate QUEEN of CARTHAGE! How eaſily a Poet of VIRGIL'S imagination could have given a tear to the eye, and a compaſſionate ſigh to the ſoul of his HERO, at parting with a Princeſs who had ſo hoſpitably entertained him, and ſo completely made him happy; and thus, by adding a ſhining, amiable, and conſiſtent *trait* to his character, have rendered him an object of eſteem inſtead of eternal condemnation! But let the baſe action be re-

corded

corded on the pyramid of *English* poetry, as well as of the *Roman*.

When *good* Æneas left the widow Dido,
Moſt *infamous* towards her was his carriage;
" Madam," quoth he, "all men would act as *I do*—
" You will not ſwear I ever *offer'd marriage*."

" 'Tis very true," cry'd Dido, with a ſigh;
Then from her eyes the tears began to roll;
And then ſhe mov'd from him, reſolv'd to die,
And make a bonfire of herſelf, poor ſoul!

What did the *pious* Hero?—march'd on board;
Fell faſt aſleep, and like a bull-frog ſnor'd.

THE

WORLD.

THIS world's a charming world, I do declare—
The man who *underſtands* it, I ſuppoſe,
May, with a *modicum* of ſenſe and care,
Convert with eaſe each *thorn* into a *roſe*.

But folks *become* ſuch *ideots*, or are *born*;
They change life's fragrant roſe into a thorn;
On ev'ry ſmile of ſunſhine, fling a cloud,
And then on *cruel* FORTUNE cry aloud.

ON

GENIUS.

DEARLY I like to ſee a GENIUS ſpring,
Mark his rich plumes, and eye his ſoaring wing;
But DEATH too ſoon arreſts his eagle flight!
Not long upon the meteor can we gaze—
From the dark element, the lightning's blaze,
That breaks, and ſudden ſhuts in pitchy Night.

TO A

YOUNG LADY,

WITH

COLLINS's POEMS.

AMID these leaves, where COLLINS shines,
LOVE boasts, alas! no golden lines;
From Love the Bard was free:
What loss! what pity, that his eye
(To give his heart the sweetest sigh)
Beheld no Nymph like *thee!*

SONG.

S O N G.

FAREWELL to the fragrance of morn;
  Farewell to the ſong of the grove—
I go from my DELIA forlorn;
  I go from the Daughter of Love!

I was told that I ought not to gaze
  On the Beauty by which I'm undone;
But how could I hide from their rays?
  What mortal can fly from the *Sun*?

FROM

FROM ANACREON.

ON WOMAN.

DAME NATURE, from her ſtore, ſo kind,
To bulls, the guarding horns aſſign'd,
And arm'd with hoofs the bounding ſteed;
Teeth to the lion's jaw ſhe gave;
Fins to the tenant of the wave;
And cloath'd the little hare with ſpeed.

But what ſhould NATURE grant the FAIR?
Grant!—BEAUTY's faſcinating air:
With this the CHARMER takes the field,
And bids the world to WOMAN yield.

TO

NANCY OF THE ROSE.

O NANCY! wilt thou go with me,
And all the Poet's treaſure ſee,
  My garden-houſe, my temple-rooms?
There ſhall I dwell on thoſe black eyes,
And pour my tuneful ſoul in ſighs,
  And catch thy panting breath's perfumes.

Will Nancy quit the noiſy bar,
And ſounds that thus with muſic war,
  Of vulgar Coachman, Drayman, Porter;
That I may preſs thy purple lip,
And Love's delicious nectar ſip,
  And in his prettieſt language court her?

Ah! NANCY, now I hear thee ſay,
" Lord bleſs us! I'm the youthful MAY,
" And you are Autumn, Sir—SEPTEMBER;
" And therefore we by no means ſuit."
Dear NANCY, that's the time for *fruit*,
Thou ſurely oughteſt to remember.

Then bleſt together let us wing—
Love only *bloſſoms* in the *Spring*.

FROM

FROM ANACREON.

HASTE, let the roſes bind our hair,
And merry jeſt and laugh prepare;
  Behold a blooming MAID advance!
She waves the ſpear, with ivy bound,
And to the lute's enchanting ſound,
  With tempting foot, begins the dance.

And, breathing balmy odours, lo,
A youth, whoſe locks luxuriant flow:
The lyre he ſweeps, and ſweetly ſings,
Accordant to the tuneful ſtrings.

And ſee, to mingle in our joy,
With golden locks, the Paphian Boy;
And BACCHUS too, with beauteous mien;
And HER, of all the Loves the Queen:—
They come in pleaſures to engage,
That gild with ſmiles the gloom of Age.

ODE.

A NEW, AND MORAL, AND SERIOUS THOUGHT.

HOW diff'rently, at diff'rent times,
The ſelf ſame objects ſtrike our ſenſes!
Thus ſays Sir ORACLE, the man of rhymes;
And thus, to prove it, he commences.

Sweet are the bluſhes and the ſmiles of morn,
The ſong of birds, and dew-beſpangled thorn,
To ſwains whoſe hearts are perfectly at eaſe:
Sweet are the ſplendors of the golden ray,
To ſwains prepar'd to take their early way
To hill and vale, and wander where they pleaſe.

But not to ſwains the morning ſmile is ſweet,
Dreſſ'd out in irons—doom'd, ere noon, to greet
The rope and tree, that much their ſpirits flurry;

They ſee, with very, very diff'rent eyes,
The ſun in all his golden robes ariſe,
And wiſh him not to travel in a hurry.

Sweet is the Parſon's note to ſwains at church,
Who, lull'd to ſlumber, leave him in the lurch;
Whom neither manners nor religion check:
Yet, ah! moſt terrible would be, I wot,
That Parſon's ſolemn admonition note
To thoſe ſame ſwains with ropes about the neck.

SONG.

WHEN bleeding NATURE droops to die,
And begs from Heav'n th' eternal ſleep,
Hard is the heart that cannot ſigh,
And curs'd the eye that ſcorns to weep.

How rich the tear by PITY ſhed!
How ſweet her ſighs for human woes!
They pierce the manſions of the dead,
And ſoothe the ſpectre's pale repoſe.

S O N G.

O CRUEL Maid, adieu! adieu!
  Thy loſs I ever ſhall deplore;
A thouſand griefs my path purſue,
  And joy ſhall gild thy path no more.

Loſt to the world—of hope bereft—
  I view my fate with ſtreaming eyes—
By LOVE forgot, by FRIENDSHIP left,
  By all deſerted but my ſighs.

MODES OF COURTSHIP.

O Love, thy temple is a crowded Inn—
And, ah! how various are thy ways to *win!*

DEVONSHIRE-HOB's LOVE.

JOANNY, my dear, wut ha poor Hob?
Vor I'm upon a coortin job—
Gadſwunds! Iſs leek thee, Joan;
I'd ſert vor thee—Iſs, that Iſs wud;
Iſs love thee well, as pigs love mud,
Or dogs to gna a bone.

What thoff Iſs ban't ſo hugeous ſmurt,
Forſooth leek voaks that go to curt;
Voakes zay I'm perty vitty:

Lord,

Lord, Joan, a man may be *alive*,
Ha a long pufs, and kep a wive,
That ne'er zeed Lundun zitty.

A man may ha the beft o' hearts,
Although no chitterlins to's fharts;
And lace that gentry uze;
Theed'ft vend me honeft—Ifs, rert down,
Altho' thee hadfn't got a gown,
Ner ftockings vath ner fhooze.

Now, JOANNY, pr'ythee dant now blifh;
Vor zich, Ifs wudd'n gee a rifh;
Dant copy voakes o' town:
No, JOAN, dant gee thy zel an air,
And ren and quat, juft leck a hare,
And think I'll hunt thee down.

No, that's dam voalifh, let me zay;
No—dant ren off, and heed away,
Leek paltriges in ftubble:
No, no, the eafieft means be beft;
Ifs can't turmoil, an looze one's reft;
Ifs can't avoard the trouble.

Now,

Now, JOAN, beleek, thee waantſt to know
About my houze-keppin and zo,
  Bevore thee tak'ſt the nooze—
Why vleſh an dumplin ev'ry day;
But az vor *Zunday*, let me zay,
  We'll ha a gud vat gooze.

Zumtimes we'll ha a choice ſquab-pie;
And zum days we wull broil and vry,
  And zum days *roaſt*, ye ſlut;
An az vor Zyder, thee ſhat guzzle,
Zo much, JOAN, as will tire thy muzzle,
  Enow to ſplet thy gut.

Now break thy meend, zay " dun, an dun;"
I'll make thee a good huſband, mun;
  And JOAN, I'll love thee dearly;
Iſs waant do leek our neighbour FLAIL,
That huffth his wive, and kickth her tail,
  And draſhth her juſt leek barely.

JOANNY, Iſs now have broke *my* meend;
Zo ſpeak, and let the biſneſs eend,

And

And dant ſtand ſhilly ſhally;
But if thee wutt'n—Lord, lay't alone;
Go hang thy zel vor me, mun, JOAN,
I'll curt thy zeſter *Mally*.

TOM

TOM AND DOLLY.

STABLE CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

AMIDST his ſtraw, as TOM, a ſtable-ſwain,
Did ſweep and ſigh, but ſwept and ſigh'd in vain;
DOLLY, the Cook, peep'd in upon her 'ſquire,
And begg'd a wiſp of ſtraw to light her fire;
TOM gave the wiſp, and, leaning on his broom,
Thus woo'd the ſquabby Nymph of Bacon-bloom.

AIR.

O DOLLY, not a horſe nor nag,
Of which my ſtable loud may brag,
Can boaſt a head like thine;
Nor has a ſaddle got a ſkin
So ſleek as thy ſweet cheek and chin,
Or doth ſo nobly ſhine.

But

But thou art off, 'tis plainly ſeen—
Yes, DOLLY, I have loſt the rein,
Thou miſchievous contriver:
To gall, alack! my panting heart.
I'm ſure thou art reſolv'd to part,
And marry DICK the Driver.

Well, DOLL, I cannot bear it long,
LOVE ſticks into me like a prong,
And ſets my ſides a bleeding:
I tell thee, DOLLY, without fibs,
Thou haſt ſo curricomb'd my ribs,
That I am off my feeding.

QUEEN of the dripping-pan, O ſay,
How canſt thou hear thy THOMAS bray,
Nor one kind anſwer utter?
How canſt thou ſee thy Stable-'Squire
Roaſt at thine eyes, like beef at fire,
Nor melt away like butter?

But thou art grown ſo proud of late;
Thou cutt'ſt upon me like a plate;
As ſhort too as a cruſt;

And then, with *ſuch* a ſcornful eye,
Thy ſhoulders rais'd by pride ſo high,
All like a turkey truſs'd.

Sue, drive the Driving-dog away;
Give my ſtarv'd Love a lock of hay,
For I'm in woeful danger;
But if thou wilt not with me dwell,
Horſes, and ſaddles, all farewell,
Brooms, hay-loft, bin, and manger!

RECITATIVE.

Tom having finiſh'd in a diſmal tone,
Wip'd his two dropping eyes, and gave a groan;
Then, ſighing, ſaid it was a cruel thing,
Thus like a diſhclout his poor heart to wring.
The Nymph, as careleſs of the hole (how ſhocking!)
In Tom's poor bleeding *heart* as in her *ſtocking*,
Low curtſying to her ſolemn, ſighing ſwain,
Return'd, with *equal ſweetneſs* fraught, the ſtrain.

AIR.

Dear Thomas, I pity thy love;
But, Thomas, thou wilt not *expire*:
Like a ladle of dripping 'twill prove,
That I frequently fling on the fire.

It makes a moſt wonderful blaze,
And frightens the chimney, no doubt;
Sets the family all in amaze;
But, THOMAS, it quickly goes out.

Before we were married a year,
Mighty LOVE, he would loſe all his forces;
And the muſical tongue of thy *Dear*,
Would yield to the neigh of thy horſes.

I believe that thou thinkeſt ſincere,
This *ſweet paſſion* would laſt all thy life;
But too many can tell with a tear,
They have thought the ſame thing of a *wife*.

Too often we find, to our coſt,
That the PASSIONS are eaſily cloy'd;
That the object which pleaſes us *moſt*,
Is the *object* that ne'er was *enjoy'd*.

Love-matches may do very well,
In worlds where folks never want meat;
But in this, 'tis with ſorrow I tell,
We are looking for ſomewhat *to eat*.

Dear Thomas, then let me alone
  To my roaſting, and boiling, and carving;
I don't like to live on a *bone*—
  Lord! nothing's more diſmal than *ſtarving*.

To thy ſtable then ſtick all thy life;
  That will bring thee thy meat ev'ry day:
A houſeful of brats and a wife!
  What would they?—*why take it away*.

SONG.

SONG.

O NYMPH! of FORTUNE's ſmiles, beware,
Nor heed the Syren's flatt'ring tongue;
She lures thee to the haunts of CARE,
Where SORROW pours a ceaſeleſs ſong.

Ah! what are all her piles of gold?
Can thoſe the hoſts of CARE controul?
The ſplendor which thine eyes behold,
Is not the ſunſhine of the ſoul.

To love alone thy homage pay,
The Queen of ev'ry true delight:
Her ſmiles with joy ſhall gild thy day,
And bleſs the viſions of the night.

SEA COURTSHIP.

SUSAN.

MADAM! Madam! I have juſt received a poetical BILLET-DOUX from my furious Sea-Caliban; impudence and humility, reſolution and weakneſs, hope and deſpair, forming the ſum total. Permit me to read it.

HAWSER TO SUSAN.

Miſs SUSAN, I think it in vain
To groan any more for that face;
Your behaviour hath prov'd it ſo plain,
That to others I give up the chace.

Very wiſely reſolv'd, Mr. Lieutenant.

About Love, I ſhall make no more pother—
You know that I'm not very rich;
Yet I'd man you as well as another,
And ſtick to your timbers like pitch.

Nice ſticking-plaiſter indeed!

I I am

I am out in my reck'ning, 'tis clear,
As your frowns and your cruelties prove—
Since I thought to have anchor'd, my dear,
In your arms, that ſweet harbour of love.
Very elegant, tender, and metaphorical!

And though you ſo ſcornful are grown,
Let juſtice be done, by the Lord!
You're a ſmart little frigate, I own,
As a ſeaman would wiſh for to board.
Thank ye, Mr. Lieutenant (curtſies.)

Yet, SUSAN, before we depart,
And I beg thou'lt not take it unkind,
Since your ſneers have reſtor'd me my heart,
If I give thee a piece of my mind.
By all means, Mr. HAWSER.

Inſtead of my *tears* and my *ſighs*,
Which you, laughing, call'd *Love's water-gruel,*
Could *guineas* have rain'd from my eyes,
By G— thou hadſt never been cruel.
Impudent rogue!

And yet, ſhould the wind chop about,
And thy mouth ceaſe this d-mn'd ſqually weather,
Let us ſend for old THUMP-CUSHION* out,
And ſwing in a hammock together.
Never, never, indeed, poor ſwain.

* The Prieſt.

DAPHNE,

DAPHNE,

OR THE

SONG OF THE SHEPHERDESS.

FAREWELL the beam of early day!
  Cold on the eye the valley fades;
The riv'let mourns upon its way,
  And ſpectres ſeem to haunt the ſhades.
    Theſe eyes, alas! no pleaſure ſee,
    Since COLIN's love is chang'd from *me*.

Adieu the crook he gave my hand!
  Adieu the flow'rs that deck my hair!
Go, doves, and leave your ſilken band,
  Since DAPHNE is no longer fair.
    Theſe eyes, &c.

Let nought by DAPHNE be poffeft—
The myrtle-wreath that binds my brow;
The knot of love he gave my breaft,
Deep blufhing for his broken vow.
These eyes, &c.

Let all his tokens meet his eye—
From DAPHNE all his gifts depart;
And let me fend with thefe a *figh*,
To tell him of a broken heart.
Thefe eyes, &c.

MADRIGAL.

MADRIGAL.

AH! ſay not that the BARD grows old—
For what to me are paſſing years?
I feel not AGE's palſied cold—
To-day like yeſterday appears.

When Beauty beams, the world is gay!
What mortal is not *then* alive?
Thus kindling at its magic ray,
Fourſcore leaps back to *twenty-five.*

ODE

TWO MICE IN A TRAP.

SO, SIR, and MADAM, you at length are taken,
After your dances over cheefe and bacon,
And tafting ev'ry dainty in your way;
Now to my queftion anfwer, if you pleafe—
Speak, did ye *make* the bacon or the cheefe?
What fort of a defence d'ye fet up, pray?

Thus at free coft to breakfaft, dine, and fup!
E'en *mild* JUDGE BULLER ought to hang you up,
So full of the fweet milk of human nature!
What fort of fate, young people fhould ye choofe?
In purling ftreams your pretty mouths amufe,
Or feed the cat's fond jaws, that for ye water?

I fee

I ſee you are two lovers by your eyes ;
I hear ye are two lovers by your ſighs :
But what avail your looks, or what avail
Your ſighs ſo ſoft, or what indeed your tears,
Or what your parting agonies and fears,
Since Death muſt pay a viſit to your jail ?

Ay, you may kiſs and pant, and pant and kiſs,
And put your pretty noſes through the wire ;
Ay, peep away, ſweet Sir, and gentle Miſs ;
No more the Moon ſhall mark your am'rous fire,
Around the loaded pantry pour the ray,
And guide your gambols with her ſilver day.

Your priſon-door now, culprits, let me ope—
Now, now ! you're off ! it is a *lucky* hop.

Ye're in the right on't, nimble nymph and ſwain ;
Go, rogues—but if once more I catch you here !—
What then ? what *then !*—why then, I ſtrongly fear,
Ye little robbers, you'll eſcape again.

Thus

Thus let me imitate JUDGE BULLER's deeds,
Beneath whofe fentence fcarce a felon bleeds;
Who, as the fur of foxes trims his gown,
The hand of MERCY lines his heart with *Down*.

THE

THE

MISER

AND

THE DERVISE.

THE Miſer SHERDI on his ſick-bed lying,
Affrighted, groaning, wheezing, praying, ſighing,
Expecting ev'ry hour to loſe his breath—
Enter a DERVISE—" Holy Father, ſay,
" As life ſeems parting from this ſinful clay,
" What can preſerve me from the jaws of DEATH?"

" A ſacrifice, dear ſon—good joints of meat,
" Of lamb, and mutton, for the PRIEST and POOR;
" Nay, from the *Koran* ſhouldſt thou lines repeat,
" *Thoſe lines* may *poſſibly* thy health reſtore."

" Thank

"Thank ye, dear Father! you have ſaid *enough*;
"Your counſel has *already* giv'n me eaſe:
"Now as my ſheep are all a great way off,
"I'll quote our holy *Koran*, if you pleaſe."

TO

TO

DELIA.

DELIA, thou really doſt not know thy worth—
 NATURE has made a very idle blunder,
To give thee roſes, lilies, and ſo forth,
 Eyes, dimples, merely to excite our *wonder*.

See *other* girls, of far inferior charms!
Behold them ſpreading through the world alarms,
 With not one quarter of thy ammunition;
Dark'ning the dangerous air with dreadful darts;
Transfixing Lovers' livers, heads, and hearts,
 Putting the beaux into a ſad condition;

Whilſt thou, ſo idle, mak'ſt not *Man* thy game,
As though the *creature* were not worth thy aim.

But,

But, DELIA, come—on *me* thy proweſs try;
Let looſe the lightnings of thy coal-black eye;
  Attack, purſue—I like the dangerous ſtrife—
Sweet Nymph, 'tis ten to one thou lay'ſt me low;
Yet do not *kill* me, my dear generous foe,
  But make me *pris'ner to thy arms* for *life.*

SONG.

WHERE FORTUNE reigns in ſplendid pride,
What madding thouſands crowd her ſhrine!
With ſweet Simplicity their guide,
O LOVE, how few reſort to *thine!*

Yet when of FORTUNE'S ſmile poſſeſs'd,
The ſigh for *other* days they pour;
Some ſecret ſorrow ſtings the breaſt,
And languor-loaded crawls each hour.

But LOVE'S pure joys unſullied laſt;
His vot'ries taſte a bliſs ſublime,
Sigh to regain the moments paſt,
And wiſh to clip the wings of TIME.

SUSAN.

Susan.

WHAT a pretty hurricane about our ears! Well! thank Heaven, and our good old ſhip, for his holding his head ſo long above water, we are not got down into Davy Jones's locker.

SONG.

Good Lord! when I think of the ſtorm,
And, old Neptune, thy horrible ſpleen,
That endeavour'd to make of this form
A feaſt for the fiſh at nineteen!

It had giv'n my poor heart ſome alarms,
As well as ſome grief to my ſpark,
To have found, that, inſtead of *his* arms,
I had fill'd up the mouth of a *ſhark.*

Dear Neptune, a Sweetheart is mine—
Not a handſomer England poſſeſſes:
Shouldſt thou bury theſe limbs in thy brine,
They will loſe a whole world of careſſes.

Oh,

Oh, afford me one glance of my lover—
  Oh, grant but one kiſs from my ſwain;
Thou ſhalt drown me a thouſand times over,
  If ever I truſt thee again.

SONG.

FROM *me*, ſince HOPE hath wing'd her way,
To yield to luckier ſwains delight,
Ah! will not COMFORT lend a ray,
To gild my boſom's dreary night?

Yes! yes! to ſoothe my burning breaſt,
As far from DELIA's form I rove,
I'll boaſt that *once* this heart was bleſt,
And tell the ſtory of my Love.

TO

VENUS.

O VENUS, wherefore is my ſigh
  To DELIA's beauty breath'd in vain ?
Ah ! why her cold and clouded eye,
  That ſun-like ſhone upon her ſwain ?

A time there was, when thou wert kind,
  And gav'ſt ſucceſs to ev'ry pray'r ;
When ev'ry ſigh was ſure to find
  A ſigh congenial from the FAIR.

A time there was, when DELIA's breaſt,
  At all my griefs, with grief would glow
The NYMPH would lull the ſtorm to reſt,
  And ſoothe with ev'ry charm my woe.

Yet, VENUS, wheresoe'er she flies,
To DELIA all thy blisses give:
In *me* a *single* shepherd dies,
In *her*, behold, a *thousand live!*

EPITAPH.

E P I T A P H.

O THOU, remov'd from this world's ſtrife,
Whoſe relicks here below are laid,
May PEACE, who watch'd thy harmleſs life,
In death protect thy gentle Shade!

Yet not *alone* around thy bier,
Thy CHILDREN's ſighs unfeign'd aſcend;
The mourner PITY drops a tear,
And VIRTUE weeps a vaniſh'd friend.

ODE

TO A

COUNTRY HOYDEN.

DEAR DOLLY, ſtay thy ſcampering joints one minute,
And let me aſk thee, mad-cap Girl, a queſtion—
Somewhat of conſequence there may be in it,
That, *probably*, may'nt ſuit thine high digeſtion.

Pray what's the meaning of the preſent glee?
To ride a nannygoat, or aſs, or pig?
Or mount an ox, or ride an apple-tree,
And on the dancing limb enjoy a jig?

Perhaps thou art infected with an itch
To plague a poor old Crone, baptiz'd a *Witch*,
To ſmoke her in her hovel—kill her cats,

Or

Or lock her in, and rob her garden's peas,
Kick down the lame old granny's hive of bees,
And break her windows in, with ſtones and bats.

Perchance, to rob an orchard thou may'ſt long,
Or neighbour's hen's-neſt of its eggs, or young;
Nay, ſteal the mother-hen to boot:
Perchance thou haſten'ſt, fond of vulgar joys,
To tumble on the haycocks with the boys,
And let them take, at will, the ſweet ſalute.

Thou makeſt a long face, and anſwer'ſt thus—
"Lord, then about a *trifle* what a fuſs!
"As though a body might not ride a pig,
"Or nannygoat indeed, or ox, good me!
"Or our old Neddy,* or an apple-tree,
"Juſt for one's health to have a little jig!

"Or where's the mighty harm, upon my word,
"In taking a few eggs, or chicks, or hen?
"The farmers can't be ruin'd by't, good Lord!
"Papa ſays that they're all ſubſtantial men.

* A name frequently given to a Jack-aſs.

"Or where's the harm to ride upon a gate?
"To *ſnub* one ſo, indeed, at *ſuch a rate*!
"I've tumbled from the trees upon the ſtones,
"And never broke, in all my life, my bones:
"See, Sir, I have not *one* black ſpot about me!
"'Tis cruel, then, for *nothing*, thus to flout me.

"Or where's the mighty crime, I wonder, pray,
"With Couſin DICK to tumble on the hay?
"Juſt like a Baby with her Doll you treat one!
"Marry come up! why, Couſin DICK won't *eat* one!
"And then, forſooth, what mighty harm would come,
"In having bits of fun with Couſin TOM?"

DOLLY, thy artleſs anſwers force my ſmile—
I readily believe thee void of guile;
My lovely girl, I think thou mean'ſt no harm:
But had I daughters juſt like *thee*, let looſe,
I verily ſhould think myſelf a gooſe,
To mark each colt-like laſs *without alarm*.

DOLL, get thee home, and tell *Mama*, ſo *mild*,
So fearful that a *frown* would *kill* her child,
That *not ev'n birch* to *kill* that child is able;

And

And tell thy *Father*, a fond fool, from *me*,
To look a little ſharper after *thee*,
Clip thy wild tongue, and tie thee to the table.

THE

GRAVE OF EURIPIDES.

AN ELEGY.

Suppofed to be fpoken on the Spot.

O THOU, whofe deeply-pictur'd fcenes of woe
  From Grecian eyes could force the pitying fhow'r!
Permit a STRANGER's figh unfeign'd to flow—
  Indulge his hand to ftrew the fweeteft flow'r.

I know I fhall not by thy SHADE be fcorn'd,
  Who boaft my birth from ALBION's free domain;
Where NATURE's foul, like *thine*, in SHAKESPEARE mourn'd,
  Where MILTON's genius pour'd th' immortal ftrain.

Yet lo, a *race* of this degenerate age,
Sons of thoſe Sages, Heroes, Bards, whoſe name
Gave ſplendor to the fair hiſtoric page,
Forgets the glory of the Grecian name.

I mark you, ſon of Athens, with a ſigh!
Of Pow'r, of Ignorance, the abject ſlave*—
Fear on his cheek, and mis'ry in his eye,
He wanders near thee, heedleſs of thy grave!

Where is thy fame? In Greece no more divine,
It pours on Albion's iſle the radiant day;
There, with a noon-tide luſtre may it ſhine,
And gild my country with unclouded ray!

Each night retiring, as I whiſper peace,
With each adieu, the tear will ſteal away;
To think that Thou the ſong of Gods ſhouldſt ceaſe,
And, dying, mingle with the meaneſt clay.

Though Greece forgets thee, yet on Fancy's wing
From diſtant Albion will I oft return;
Crown thy cold ſod with all the blooms of Spring,
And envy the rich earth that holds thy *urn*.

* The preſent inhabitants of Greece fully anſwer this deſcription.

SONG

SONG

TO

CYNTHIA.

THE YOUTH by LOVE and HOPE betray'd,
  Who breathes his ardent vows in vain,
Learns to forget the ſcornful MAID,
  And bravely breaks her galling chain.

"Farewell (he cries) a fruitleſs flame;
  "A Nymph leſs cruel let me find;
"The world holds many a blooming Dame;
  "An *equal* CHLOE may be kind."

But, ah! how hard the LOVER's fate,
  Who feels the triumph of *thine* eye!
What Virgin ſhall *his* fires abate,
  And ſoothe *his* boſom's hopeleſs ſigh?

4 For,

For, lo! the Loves, to make thee fair,
  Agreed with ev'ry charm to part;
And all the Virtues too declare,
  They robb'd *their own*, to grace *thy* heart.

HYMN

HYMN TO LOVE.

SOUL of the world, and eſſence of delight,
Of *thee* I think by day, and dream by night,
For I'm a bachelor—*a good old maid !*
Yet *now*, O LOVE, a pretty woman's ſmiles
Could make me dance at leaſt a dozen miles,
Without a ſtick indeed, or horſe's aid.

Such rapture from thy bloom, each moment feels !
Such mercury thou putteſt in one's heels !

Did JOVE prize *charming woman*, juſt like *me*,
Of charming woman, we ſhould find a dearth ;
In *beauty*, what a deſert there would be !
Scarce one ſweet female to delight our earth.

And

And then, O CYNTHIA, whom these eyes adore;
Whose form, and face, and mind, no rival know;
Yes, *thou* fair MAID, to that untravell'd shore,
To charm the THUNDERER, wouldst be doom'd to go;
And leave, alas! thy sighing shepherd here,
Who never wants a MUSE when thou art near.

And now to *thee*, O LOVE, again I turn—
How canst thou hear an earthly ANGEL mourn?
A victim to the vultures of DESPAIR!
A witless victim to the villain's snare!

How see vile *Man*, her virtue undermine,
And bid the fairest form of NATURE, pine?
Why sufferest Thou her bosom's softest sigh?
How canst thou, unreveng'd, survey the MAID;
Hear her soul's grief, behold her beauty fade;
Nay, horror! the poor lamb-like victim *die*?

Lo, poor deserted JULIA! once how fair;
With cheek so wan and pale, and scatter'd hair;
Her gentle heart by LOVE's mad tempest torn!

She

She runs, ſhe ſtops, and wildly ſtares around!
Now nails the eye of thought into the ground!
Now, drown'd in tears, ſhe lifts its beam forlorn;

Pale as the moon, amidſt the midnight ſtorm,
When rains and driving clouds her face deform!

She graſps the earth—the ſod, her fingers tear—
Now wearied, diſappointed, to the ſkies
She lifts her lids of woe, and plaintive ſighs,
(Soul-piercing ſound!) "Alas, he is not here!"
Rich pearls of ſorrow from their fountains ſtray,
And drop (too precious for the ground!) away.

"How could he, cruel, give my heart a blow?"
She moans—now ſits upon the bank and ſings;
Oft breaks her dirge with lengthen'd ſighs of woe,
And, pauſing, mutters incoherent things.

Now plucking lilies from the ſod, ſhe cries,
"Sweet flow'rs, I once was innocent like *you*;
"The tear, alas! a ſtranger to theſe eyes—
"Nor bluſh my cheek, nor wound my boſom
"knew."

Now

Now with a ſmile, and now with melting wail,
She whiſp'ring tells of COLIN's Love the tale.

Again her mind is on the wing ! ſhe ſtarts !
HOPE to her eyes, her eagle beam imparts !

Sudden ſhe ſprings from earth—" He's there, he's
" there—
" I ſee him paſs the flood—dear COLIN, dear !
" Thy JULIA calls thee—'tis thy JULIA, ſtay—
" Thy JULIA calls thee—wherefore haſte away ?
" Thy JULIA loves thee—do not, cruel, fly ;
" Stay, or thy JULIA's heart with grief will *die*—
" If danger urge, that danger let *me* ſhare ;
" Thou muſt not live unwatch'd by JULIA's care."

Sweet wretch ! in vain her feet the phantom chace !
Wildly ſhe plunges 'mid the torrent's roar—
She ſhrieks ! her arms her fancied LOVE embrace,
She graſps the gulph—ah ! ſoon to graſp no
more.

Loſt MAID ! in vain the ſhepherds try to *ſave* !
Breath'd is her ſpirit in the whelming wave !

No longer doom'd Life's bitter cup to taste,
Behold her hours of woe for ever past!

Deaf to the song of Flatt'ry, now, her ear!
Deaf to a *Demon's* whispers once so dear!
Cold too the bosom of the once warm maid!
The heart that swell'd with Love's delicious sighs,
Still, in its silent cell of darkness lies,
And dim her eyes in Death's eternal shade.
Those orbs that sparkling bade a world adore,
Ah, doom'd to sparkle, and to *stream* no more!

Lo, on the bank her pale limbs stretch'd along,
Amidst the sorrows of a rural throng!
A sight to strike the voice of Rapture mute,
And wake the *tenderest* string of Pity's lute!

Thee, thee, her murd'rer, Vengeance soon shall find,
Sure blood-hound, trace thee in the weeping wind;
Pursue thee where the Desert grins with death:
For not to *man* again shalt thou return—
A shrinking world thy Cain-like form shall spurn,
And kneeling curse thee with its keenest breath.

3 Smote

Smote and unburied, ſhall thy carcaſe lie:
Afar, affrighted ſhall the vultures fly;
  Of fiends like thee, a *breathleſs* fiend, afraid;
And lo, the frowning GENIUS of the gloom
Shall ſhun the SOLITUDE that hails thy doom,
  And bid each ſavage ſeek a *diſtant* ſhade.

O D E.

'TIS a *ſtrange* world we live in—but 'twill *mend*—
As ev'ry body ſays, "the world grows wiſer ;"
Yet *certain* follies ne'er will have an end,
Of which I am a wonderful deſpiſer.

Is it not cruel, when, with all his flame,
GENIUS performs a work, a man ſhould bawl,
" To aſk much for this trifle were a ſhame ;
" I know the fellow took *no pains at all ?*

" Poets work *nimbly, nimbly*, now-a-days :
" Give a good penny's-worth, good MASTER BAYS.'

I dare ſay the ſad Bookſeller, a L--E,
Or L--K-----N, pour'd ſuch unhallow'd ſounds
On MILTON'S ſhrinking ear, with lips profane,
Who bought th' immortal Work for *fifteen pounds !**

* The price actually given for the Paradiſe Loſt !

Too

Too many a ragged *Brother of the Lay*,
Too many a *fair Hiſtorian*, never doubt it,
Have heard a Bookſeller ſo cruel ſay,
" Pray, Sir," or " Ma'am, *how long were you*
" *about it ?*"

Thou Beaſt ! amid the ſons of WISDOM plac'd,
Who, times of old, as well as modern, grac'd,
Couldſt thou not catch a portion of their fire ?
Rolls not thine eye upon their works each day ?
And canſt thou, from them, *nothing* bear away,
To lift thy hog-like ſoul above the mire ?

Sore troubled by the tooth-ach, LUBIN ran
To get the murd'rer of his quiet, *drawn* ;
An Artiſt in an inſtant whips it out—
" Well, MASTER SNAG—hæ ? what *has* I to pay ?"
" A ſhilling"—" Zounds ! a ſhilling do ye zay ?"
With a long ſtaring face replies the LOUT.

" Lord ! why Ize did not *veel it*—'twas *nort in it* ;
" You *knows* ye wern't about it half a minute :
" To gee *zo much* Ize curſedly unwilling—
" Lord ! vor a tooth, but yeſterday old SLOP
" Did drag me by the head about his ſhop
" *Three times*, poor man, and *only ax'd a ſhilling*."

S O N G.

HOW chang'd is my CELADON's heart !
  How alter'd each look of the ſwain !
Now ſullen he wiſhes to part,
  Who call'd me the *pride of the plain.*

Of late with what ardour he ſtrove
  Ev'ry hour that was *mine* to beguile !
How he griev'd if I doubted his love !
  And how bleſt if he gain'd but a ſmile !

To *me*, he devoted his days ;
  And raptur'd on me was his tongue ;
Thus, MORNING aroſe on his praiſe,
  And EVENING went down on his ſong.

Let

Let me ſteal to the deſert and die,
   Nor wound with reproaches his ears;
My *reproof* ſhall be only a *ſigh*—
   My *complaint*, but the *ſilence of tears*.

E P I G R A M.

SEE CLODIO, happy in his own dear ſenſe!
  And, hark! the world cries, "Coxcomb in th' ex-
    "ceſs:"
Now let me undertake the Fop's defence—
  What man could ever be content with *leſs*?

ANACREONTIC.

TO SYLVIA.

HOW canſt thou ſmile at my deſpair,
  And bid me *other* nymphs adore?
Shew me a girl but *half* ſo fair,
  And I will trouble thee no more.

Hide then that neck, and lip, and eye,
  Since thus reſolv'd to ſhun purſuit;
For LOVE will follow, like the fly,
  That always ſeeks the *faireſt* fruit.

LISETTA.

L I S E T T A.

IN the name of the *great God of Love*; how ſhall I diſpoſe of myſelf? Which of my ſwains muſt wear the willow?

O VIRGINS! tell me how to chooſe,
  For I'm a novice on it—
Poor COLIN at a *diſtance* wooes,
  And ſends his ſoul in *ſonnet*;

While LUBIN to no forms a ſlave,
  Won't ſtay to *write* for bliſſes;
But prints upon my mouth, the knave,
  His wiſhes with his kiſſes,

If LUBIN ſeize a rude embrace,
  And I begin to clatter;
The rogue ſtares gravely in my face,
  And aſks me what's the matter?

Of

Of kiſſes lately he ſtole *three*—
  I ſhriek'd with might and main:
"Since ye don't like them," pert quoth he,
  "Lord! take them back again."

"No, no, I won't," ſays I, "keep off,
  "They pleaſe me *much*," I ſwore—
"Oh, is it ſo?" cry'd he, "enough;
  "Then, Miſs, you wiſh for *more*."

Poor COLIN turns, if I but frown,
  All white as any fleece is!
LUBIN would give me a green gown,
  And rummage me to pieces.

The one, ſo meek and complaiſant,
  All ſilence, awe, and wonder,
The other, impudence and rant,
  And boiſt'rous as the thunder,

This begs to preſs my fingers tip,
  So baſhful is my lover;
That ſavage bounces on my lip,
  And kiſſes it all over.

O Mo-

O Modesty, thou art ſo ſweet!
Not wild, and bold, and teaſing;
And yet, each Siſter Nymph I meet
Thinks boldneſs *not unpleaſing*.

This is a wicked world!—O dear!
And wickedneſs is in me—
Though Modesty's ſo ſweet, I fear
That Impudence will *win me*.

CORIN's

CORIN's PROFESSION,

OR THE

SONG OF CONSTANCY.

NOW, JOAN, we are *married*—and now, let me ſay,
Though both are in youth, yet that youth will decay:
In our journey through life, my dear JOAN, I ſuppoſe
We ſhall oft meet a bramble, and ſometimes a roſe.

When a cloud on this forehead ſhall darken my day,
Thy ſunſhine of ſweetneſs muſt ſmile it away;
And when the dull vapour ſhall dwell upon thine,
To chaſe it, the labour and triumph be mine.

Let us wiſh not for wealth, to devour and conſume;
For luxury's but a ſhort road to the tomb:

Let us figh not for grandeur, for truft me, my JOAN,
The keeneft of cares owes it birth to a *throne.*

Thou fhalt milk our *one* cow: and if fortune purfue,
In good time, with her bleffing, my JOAN may milk
two:
I will till our fmall field, whilft thy prattle and fong,
Shall charm as I drive the bright ploughfhare along.

When finifh'd the day, by the fire we'll regale,
And treat our good neighbour at eve with our ale;
For JOAN, who would wifh for *felf only* to live?
One bleffing of life, my dear girl, is to *give*.

E'en the red-breaft and wren fhall not feek us in vain,
Whilft thou haft a crumb, or thy CORIN a grain;
Not only their fongs will they pour from the grove,
But yield by example, fweet leffons of love.

Though thy beauty muft fade, yet thy youth I'll re-
member;
That thy *May* was my own, when thou fheweft *De-
cember*;
And when AGE to my *head* fhall his winter impart,
The fummer of *Love* fhall refide in my *heart*.

ODE

ODE

TO

UGLINESS.

DAUGHTER of HECATE, thou'rt undone!
  Joy to my ſoul, thine empire falls:
No more, thou hobbling, envious *Crone*,
  Thy pow'r the female world appalls.

With ſmiles the QUEEN of LOVE appears;
  No longer trembling for the Graces:
No more thy rude attack ſhe fears,
  On faultleſs forms, and faireſt faces.

BEAUTY will never loſe her prime,
  Nor mourn her loſſes, as of *yore!*
Defeated, too, thy brother TIME,
  The GOD of wrinkle wounds no more.

See

See AGE difplay her iv'ry rows!
  Her lip preferves its purple bloom!
Her bofom heaves with Alpine fnows,
  And kiffes breathe the rich perfume!

The furrow'd cheek, and hoary head,
  No longer now, as ufual, greet;
And, what our Grandmothers all dread,
  The nofe and chin no longer meet.

TIME's pow'r, the good old Grannies *brave*,
  And, ogling, dart their am'rous fire;
Decline with graces to the grave,
  And with the blufh of health, *expire!*

THE

TRAVELLER AND JUPITER.

WHAT wicked thoufands fooner would affront
(Such is of fin the wonderful increafe)
The Heav'n's Eternal RULER—fie upon't—
Than one poor brainlefs JUSTICE of the Peace,

Or COUNTRY 'SQUIRE, who nothing knows but doxies,
Hares, Acts of Parliament, hounds, horfes, foxes!

Nay, further—which fhould fcarcely be repeated—
(And, oh! that groundlefs were the POET's fears!)
GOD by *his own* fad fervants is *worfe treated*,
Worfe than our Country Gentlemen by *theirs*.

Afk of the Bifhops elfe, whofe humble fouls
Sweet MERCY melts, and CHARITY controuls.

To cheat the Dev'l, at times, I've no objection;
Not *Heav'n!* 'tis fuch a *villainous reflection!*

A certain TRAVELLER, in ancient days,
When Gods and Goddeffes were thick as hops,
Wifhing, as he was beating the highways,
For fomewhat dainty to amufe his chops;

Knelt down to JUPITER, and thus began.
" O JUPITER, as I'm an honeft man,
" I'll keep my word, if thou wilt grant my pray'r;
" Amidft my travels, let me *fomething* find—
" Little or much, good, bad, of any kind,
" I vow to thee, thy Godfhip *half* fhall fhare."

Then with grave fanctity he thump'd his craw;
Much as to fay, " Great JOVE, my word's a law."

He had not walk'd a mile, before he found
A handfome bag of filberts on the ground;
At fight of which, his lips with rapture fmacking,
Plumb down he fquats, and falls at once to cracking.

To

To cut my ſtory ſhort, he crack'd and eat,
From ev'ry nut, each atom of the meat;
When gravely gathering up the ſhells, he cries,
" JOVE, ſacred have I kept my word—for ſee,
" The *better* half indeed I leave to *thee*,
" The *ſhells*, O mighty Ruler of the ſkies!

" There are they all, great JOVE—ſurvey 'em:
" Shouldſt thou ſuſpect my honour—*weigh 'em!*"

SONG.

THE wretch, O let me never know,
Who turns from PITY's fearful eye;
Who melts not at the dirge of WOE,
But bids the foul renew its figh!

O fay not with the voice of fcorn,
"The lilies of thy neck are fled,
"Thine eyes their vanifh'd radiance mourn,
"The rofes of thy cheek are dead."

Too cruel YOUTH, with tears I own,
The rofe and lily's fad decay;
And forrowing wifh for *thee alone*,
Their tranfient bloom a longer day.

Yet

Yet though thine eyes no longer trace
The healthful blush of former charms;
Remember that each luckless grace,
O COLIN, faded in *thy arms!*

ODE

TO MY GOOD FRIEND

THE MOST MERCIFUL JUDGE

O ——, whoſe *fair* heart ſo full of love,
Melts, ſnow-like, on the victim void of hope ;
Whoſe conſcience ſtretches like the ſofteſt glove,
To ſave the ſighing culprit from the rope !
To *thee*, in VIRTUE's ſtouteſt armour, ſtrong,
Permit thy *friend* and Bard to pour the ſong.

O let us drag the *foes of man* to day,
And hang them like *thy rats** upon our lay,
Murd'rers that ſtrike the cheek of HORROR pale !
Whoſe morals give contagion to a *jail.*

* Hereby hangs a pretty little tale.

Illumin'd,

Illumin'd, ah! too oft by FORTUNE's rays,
A pigmy wretch is ſhewn in yon huge Houſe;*
Juſt as the ſolar microſcope diſplays
A mite, a flea, a bug, a dirty louſe.

A JUDGE *may* riſe, deſpiſing NATURE's groan;
A villain, in damnation ſunk ſo deep;
That VICE, black VICE, ſhall ne'er be *idle* known,
But when the fur-clad monſter falls aſleep!

Juſt as the hackney-coachmen curſe aloud
Kind SOL, who diſſipates a threatening cloud,
Dark-hov'ring, wiſhing much his power to ſhow,
And bid his deluge drown the world below;

Juſt as the reſtleſs demon of the night
Lours on the maiden bluſh of orient light,
And ſkulks into the charnel's murky ſhade;
A JUDGE *may* riſe, whoſe ſcowl ſhall curſe the ſmile
Of JUSTICE, who ſo long has bleſt our Iſle,
And ſtrike with ruffian fiſt the heav'nly MAID.

* Weſtminſter Hall.

Where is the JUDGE, in *murder* only brave,
Whofe foul delights to feed the gaping grave;
Who on the convict's pale cheek feafts his eyes;
Whofe heart-felt founds are HOPE's expiring fighs?

Where is the happy PATRON of the rope,
Whofe eyes on *feas* of blood would gladly ope;
Frefh hecatombs of carnage, every morn;
Whofe ear could *live* on VIRTUE's deepeft groan;
Stretch ev'n to *pain* to catch her laft faint moan,
Poor writhing wretch, by every torture torn?

There's no fuch damned JUDGE—but let me fay,
So foul a fpirit *may* difgrace the day.

Where is the JUDGE, who, 'midft his fhrinking vale,
Walks forth, ah! not to hear the turtle's tale;
But with a happy, keen, and fparkling eye,
To fee the kite with fury fweep the fky;
Now in his iron talons bear along,
The lark which charm'd the feafon with his fong?

To *fuch* DAME NATURE never yet gave birth—
But *fuch* a mifcreant vile, *may* curfe the earth.

Where

Where is the JUDGE, who courts the gloom of night;
Charm'd with the owl's and bat's and beetle's flight,
And fees with joy the fpectred band pafs by;
With rapture liftens to their piteous wail,
Now follows hard to catch the mournful tale,
And forrows when the phantoms 'fcape his eye?

A JUDGE, like *this*, to bid poor NATURE mourn,
Was never *yet*, thank heav'n! but *may* be born.

Where is the JUDGE who walks the foaming fhore
At midnight, 'midft the ruthlefs tempeft's roar,
When FATE and HORROR ride the thund'ring DEEP;
Who for the cormorant's broad pinion fighs,
To mingle with the tumult of the fkies,
And join the whirlwind's wild refiftlefs fweep;

To hover o'er the darken'd fcene of death,
And triumph in the feaman's fhrieking breath;
Charm'd with each mountain furge, for life that raves;
Charm'd as the arm of FATE, with cruel fhock,
Heaves the huge veffel on the groaning rock,
And rends it piece-meal, 'midft a world of waves?

"There's

"There's no ſuch man, nor ever was," you cry:
Sweet JUDGE! dear dove-like ——! ſo ſay *I*.
But *may* there not a dev'l like this appear?
LIFE deals in monſters much too oft, I fear!

O DEVON, parent of immortal men,
O ſhould thy beauteous boſom prove a den,
To hold and ſuckle ſuch an Imp of ſhame;
Know, to the POET though thou gaveſt birth,
With ſoul-felt ardour will I wiſh thy death,
Renounce thy blaſted ſoil, and change my name.

SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

DASHWOOD, I diſlike your jokes on Matrimony: you poſſeſs too much ſenſe to treat with ſo much levity a ſtate which the firſt Philoſophers hold ſacred. But your jeſt *muſt* not be ſpared, though ruin be the conſequence. After all your pretty profeſſions, I am not *now* certain that your paſſion is ſincere—how am I to be convinced?

DASHWOOD.

Fie, fie, thou charming infidel!—liſten.

SONG.

DEAR girl, I'm up to ears in love!
The fact, a thouſand follies prove;
Yes, yes, I feel the dart!
Well! now I'm wounded, give the cure;
Thou'rt not a cruel girl, I'm ſure,
So try to eaſe the ſmart.

2 "Lord

"Lord bleſs us! it is all a lie,"
I hear thee with emotion cry,
"I'm ſure there's nothing in't:"
Indeed there is, I'm ſore afraid,
Nay, take the ſymptoms, ſceptic MAID,
That make it plain as print.

The inſtant that I ſee thee coming,
My heart againſt my ribs keeps drumming,
As if to caper out;
To make his *congé* at thy feet,
Pronounce himſelf thy ſlave ſo ſweet,
And fight for thee *ſo ſtout*.

From thoſe dear lips, delicious bliſs,
If ſaucy coxcombs ſteal a kiſs,
My eyes ſo jealous roll:
Aſide, I call the puppies names,
My heart is Ætna-like in flames,
Conſuming to a coal.

I cannot bear to be *alone*;
I yawn, I ſigh, I gape, I groan,
And writhe as if with pain:

Now on a fudden feize a book,
Juft half a minute in it look,
Then fling it down again.

Now ruminating wild, I walk,
Nod to myfelf, and fmile, and talk;
Now hunt for fomething loft;
Now fit, jump up—now ftare, now wink,
On fome deep problem feem to think—
Now vacant as a poft.

Now feize the violin, and fcratch
A half a glee, or half a catch;
Now fnatch the brufh, and paint:
Now fling it down, and feize the flute,
Now hum an air divine, now *hoot,*
To make poor Music faint.

Now full refolv'd to vifit thee,
And take a focial cup of tea,
And give my heart a plafter;
I draw my watch, not over cool,
Call him a little limping fool,
And bid him travel fafter.

Now

Now buſtling round the room, here, there,
I try to find my hat, and ſwear,
And wiſh him damn'd, and dead;
Now raging from my inmoſt ſoul,
I roar, "What thief my hat hath ſtole?"
Then find it on my head.

Nay, nay, I'd *marry* thee, my dear—
LOVE's ſymptoms now *too plain* appear;
There's nobody can miſs it:
Yet if theſe ſymptoms are not love,
And *this* the paſſion fail to prove,
Why, what the devil is it?

O that I did not love thee, girl,
And that my head, in this wild whirl,
Could keep a little ſteady!
But 'tis in vain, alas! to preach;
Like drowning boys, I've loſt my reach:
My ſenſe is gone already.

Yet, SYLVIA, know, the *ſingle elf*
Has only *one* to ſerve—viz. *Self*;

But

But when he takes a *wife*,
A *hundred masters* then appear;
And what is very hard, my dear,
His slavery lasts *for life*.

HYMN

HYMN

TO

ADVERSITY.

THUS ſung the Bard of old, and deem'd no *fool*,
"Sweet are the uſes of ADVERSITY;"
A DAME who kicketh from your rump your ſtool,
And, ſavage, ſhoweth not one grain of mercy t'ye

Bids all your fancied-deareſt friends *turn tail*;
Greets with wir'd whips, and *bleſſes* with a jail.

O MISTRESS of this wiſdom-teaching pain,
With PILL'RY, GIBBET, FAMINE, in thy train,
Go knock, God bleſs thee, knock at *others'* doors
By all my fav'rite GODS of proſe and rhyme,
I feel not thy philoſophy ſublime—
Go, ſeek the zealot who thy ſtripes implores.

Go, thunder on *another's* houſe thy ſtrife;
Snatch from a huſband's happy arms a wife;
Blot from his ſoul each glimm'ring ray of hope;
Rack all his lovely daughters with diſeaſe;
Poiſon his ſons, and, more thy rage to pleaſe,
Preſent the fainting father with a rope.

But let *me* keep wife, children, peace, and land,
And learn thy leſſons all at *ſecond hand.*

My taſte is dull—yes, vaſtly dull indeed!
I hate to ſee a brother mortal bleed—
I hate to hear a gentle Nature groan,
And, Goddess, more eſpecially *my own.*

Yes, yes, Heav'n knows, my taſte is more *confin'd*;
Prefers the *Zephyr* to the *howling wind*;
Prefers too, ſuch my ſtar's unlucky blunder,
One hour's bright calm, to *months* of cloud and thunder.

Thou poſſibly mayſt be a good phyſician,
But *certés* doſt not know my *weak condition.*
Bliſters, and ſcarifying, and ſpare diet,
Would ſet my *nervous* ſyſtem in a riot;

Rich cordial *drafts* would anſwer beſt, I trow,
Made up by MESSIEURS HAMMERSLY and *Co.*

Thine iron ſcourge would really act in vain,
So apt am I to make wry mouths at pain;
At diſappointment much inclin'd to moan.
Whenever then, O GODDESS, things we ſee,
That with one's nature ſo much diſagree,
Methinks 'twere better they were let alone.

To tumble from a houſe, or from a tow'r,
And break a luckleſs brace of legs and arms,
Would make one look moſt *miſerably ſour*;
Yet are there men, who deem all theſe *no harms.*

Then *ſeek* them, GODDESS—ſouſe them on the ſtones,
And for their goodly comfort, crack their bones.

If in a *well*-ſtuff'd coach, *well*-overſet,
A broken leg, and thigh, and arm, I get,
I am not, I confeſs, of that pure leaven,
To crawl out on my hands and knees, and ſay,
Grace-like, " For what I have receiv'd this day,
" I humbly thank thee, O moſt gracious Heav'n!"

O Miſtreſs

O Miſtreſs of the terrifying mien,
 The boatſwain's deep-ton'd voice and brawny arm,
O be not within *leagues* of PETER ſeen ;
 Thy cat-o'-nine-tails cannot, cannot *charm.*

A ſtupid ſcholar, GODDESS, I ſhall be ;
Thy converſations are *too deep* for *me.*

Yes, MADAM, you are too ſublime a Dame
For PETER's company, I ſpeak with ſhame—
 A little winning *wench* contenteth *me,*
'Clep'd FORTUNE, a good-natur'd ſmiling laſs,
Who conſtant lights my pipe, and fills my glaſs,
 And makes my ev'ry day a *jubilee.*

This is the ſweet companion for my money ;
 Such is the little Syren I deſire—
Thou art all gall, and ſhe all milk and honey ;
 'Tis *at a diſtance* I muſt thee admire.

A hawk-like appetite, and empty platters,
The bleak wind whiſtling through a coat in tatters,
 The flight of fancied friends, a foe's abuſes,
Are *things* for which my bowels do not yearn ;
For rot me, MADAM, if I can diſcern
 One atom of their ſeveral earthly uſes.

MORALITY may wear a ruffle ſhirt,
I really think, and not his conſcience hurt—
  MORALITY may alſo like nice picking;
For ſince the great ALL-WISE has giv'n us fowls,
Mankind were certainly a ſet of owls,
  To dare to place damnation in a chicken.

MORALITY, I ween, may go well dreſt;
Keep a good fire, and live upon the *beſt*;
  Throw by his wheel-barrow, and keep a carriage;
Viſit the Op'ra, Maſquerade, and Play;
Drink Claret, Burgundy, Champagne, Tokay;
  Get fifty thouſand with a girl in marriage.

To eat from ſplendid plate, or homely manger,
Methinks the ſoul is juſt in *equal* danger.

Beſides, 'tis *late*, O GODDESS, in the day—
I'm not a ſubject fit for thee to flay;
  To ſpeak the truth, my nerves *too nicely feel*—
Go, ſearch the motley mixture of mankind;
Some young enthuſiaſt wild, thou ſoon mayſt find,
  Proud of thy whips, and glad to *grace* thy wheel.

So

So great for my *own perfon* is my love,
  And *hard* thy leffons, I can't *now begin 'em*—
Befides, as I have hinted *juft above*,
  I'd rather *read* of battles than *be in 'em*.

SONG TO SAPPHO.

AT length, O faireſt Nymph, farewell!
Let ſighs alone my paſſion tell;
  With tears I quit thy arms:
Adieu each eve of pure delight;
Adieu each morn with rapture bright;
  Adieu thy *brighter* charms!

Where'er by FATE condemn'd to ſtray,
Where PHŒBUS pours the golden day,
  Or ſleeps beneath the wave,
Thine image will my path purſue,
And ever preſent on my view,
  Detain me ſtill a ſlave.

In

In vain I roam—I ſtrive in vain
To break, O beauteous MAID, thy chain!
  Yet why my fetters part?
Ev'n now thy ſighs, my ſighs approve;
Ev'n now thy love, returns my love,
  And yields me heart for heart!

INVOCATION

TO

ST. CECILIA.

ON A LADY SINGING.

DESCEND, O GODDESS, from thy ſphere,
And liſten to a BRITISH MAID;
A ſweeter SAPPHO warbles here,
Than charm'd of yore the Leſbian ſhade.

Yet not like SAPPHO's mourns her ſtrain,
Alas! with Love's deſponding ſigh;
To DELIA's beauty bows each ſwain,
And owns the triumph of her eye.

ON

ON THE

DEATH

OF A

MUSICAL FRIEND.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

HOW bleſt were the NYMPHS and the SWAINS,
When LYCIDAS join'd in the ſong;
The chief, and the pride of the plains,
Who led all the PLEASURES along!

Of *late*, not a valley was fair,
Not a grove gave a muſical ſound;
The breeze ſeem'd a ſigh of deſpair,
And PITY ſat mute on the ground.

But

But NATURE (how ſudden the change !)
  At the preſence of LYCIDAS ſmil'd—
HEALTH was ſeen through the valley to range,
  And an Eden ſprung up from the wild !

The throſtle was heard in the ſhade ;
  The linnet enliven'd the grove,
And ECHO, long baniſh'd, ſweet MAID,
  Return'd with her ſtories of Love.

Yes, each ſcene at his preſence was glad,
  That ſo lately with ſorrow was rent ;
And the voice of the MOURNER ſo ſad
  Was loſt in the ſongs of CONTENT.

Juſt able to crawl o'er the ſtyle,
  And doom'd, ah ! to labour no more,
AGE would crawl from his cot with a ſmile,
  And a bleſſing to leave at his door.

But the SHEPHERD for ever is gone—
  Hark ! his knell, how it ſaddens the gale !
JOY dies, and our paſtimes are flown :
  FATE envies the ſmiles of our vale.

4 Now

Now let MIRTH from each hamlet retire
To the region of ſilence and gloom:
Sure his death muſt our ſorrow inſpire,
Since the VIRTUES will weep at his tomb.

APOLLO

APOLLO

TO THE

ANACREONTIC SOCIETY,

AT THE CROWN AND ANCHOR.

YE ſons of ANACREON, liſten awhile;
'Tis APOLLO, your friend, that ſends greeting—
Of your pleaſures, we GODS are in love with the *ſtyle*,
And are mad to be down at your meeting.

Father JOVE with your ſounds is ſo wond'rouſly pleas'd,
That he ſwears at our *flats* and our *ſharps*;
With the ſquawls of each MUSE he'll no longer be teaz'd,
So commands me to break up their harps.

2 He

He has quite put a ſtop to poor Momus's fun,
And forbid his *jeux d'eſprit* to flow;
Thus our club is knock'd up, becauſe we're outdone
By the mirth of you mortals below.

Then accept my petition—a wiſh moſt ſincere;
Let me join as the *Laureate* your throng;
Though I cannot, like Incledon, raviſh your ear,
I can give you a pretty good ſong.

As for example:

SONG BY APOLLO.

A p-x on all ſorrow—on happineſs ſeize—
Care, avaunt! nor our pleaſures alloy:
Since Jove has giv'n paſſions and objects to pleaſe,
The meaning is, *Mortals enjoy.*

Jove's a God of ten thouſand—the Monarch, I know,
Loves his bottle, girl, ſong, and a jeſt;
Has a monſtrous regard for *choice ſpirits* below,
And is charm'd when his creatures are bleſt.

But

But he's vex'd when a ſool takes it into his head,
That he's *loſt*, if he meddles with *pleaſure*;
And thinks, too, the fellow confounded *ill-bred*,
To *refuſe* when he *offers* the treaſure.

When a Zealot has turn'd up the whites of his eyes,
With long phiz, and a puritan ſtrain,
I have ſeen the God laugh, and in fun, from the ſkies,
Make up mouths at the blockhead again.

Then puſh round the bottle—let each give his ſong;
Wit, Humour, and Friendſhip attend us;
And whilſt for enjoyment our paſſions are ſtrong,
Let us aſk not his Godship to *mend us*.

Thus we'll revel, till Morning peeps into our glaſs,
Then to ſcenes of new rapture remove;
To embrace with devotion a wiſe or a laſs,
And be bleſt on the boſom of Love.

ODE

TO A

HANDSOME WIDOW.

SEE yonder cloud, that mopes with mournful ſhade,
Black! black, as though it never would be bright!
SOL, like a bridegroom comes, a jovial blade,
Claſps her with warmth, and lo, her darkneſs,
Light!
The dreſs of CLOUD ſoon alters! for, behold,
Her gloomy Sables change to pink and gold!

DAUGHTER of ſorrow, thus *perchaunce* 'twill be,
If I miſtake not NATURE, ſoon with *thee.*

Pale

Pale as the pale rain-loaded lily's look,
And languid as the willow o'er the brook,
Exalt once more that drooping form to *joy*;
Too long the lute of Woe, with dying ſound,
And melting lullaby thine eye hath drown'd;
The *trump* of Rapture ſhould his voice employ;

The ſprightly Fiddle rouſe his ſiſter Dance,
And bid thy cold heart glow with Love's romance.

Thy lifted eyes *too eloquently* mourn,
Deep-ſwimming in the ſilent fount of tears!
And then thy voice ſo muſically lorn,
Accuſing Fate's *too cruel, cruel* ſheers,
Wakes all the ſoft emotions of my heart,
That ſympathiſing fain would *mirth* impart.

But grief for Spouſes laſts not Ladies long;
Yet *very* poignant!—yes, though *ſhort*, 'tis *ſtrong*,
When firſt the beſt of huſband's breathes his laſt:
And if his *all* be left them!—what a ſtorm
Of ſighs and tears their beauty to deform!
Grief ſeems as *ever* he would ride the blaſt.

Yet

Yet *ſoon*, 'tis ſaid, the winds of Woe are ſtill;
And tears, from *torrents*, ſink a *prattling rill.*

Think what a pair of ſparkling eyes are *thine*,
And do not drown their Cupids in the brine;
And think too on thy pretty dimpled cheek—
Think of thy flaxen hair, whoſe beauties flow
In broad luxuriance o'er thy breaſt of ſnow;
And think too of that ſoft and poliſh'd neck.

Think of thy lips, that kiſſes can impart,
So ready from their ruby beds to ſtart!

Thus ſpeak thoſe lips, "We *will* be kiſs'd again."
And in the ſame ſweet faſcinating ſtrain,
Thy poliſh'd boſom ſays, "I *will* be preſs'd;"
And then thy cheek, the lovelieſt of our Iſle,
Exclaims, "I *will* reſume the cheerful ſmile,
"My bloom *ſhall* make ſome future lover bleſt."

O liſten to thy locks from faſhion hurl'd—
"We *will* look chriſtian-like—we *will* be curl'd;
"We *will* not imitate a cow's ſtrait tail:"

And then thy all-ſubduing taper waiſt,
So full of rich deſires, and then ſo *chaſte*,
While others are ſo marvellouſly *frail*—
" I *will* be claſp'd by ſome ſmart ſwain, I ſay,
" Not, like a cabbage-ſtalk, be flung away."

Thy heart too ſpeaks! " Though *now*, alas! forlorn,
" There ſeems no reaſon for *eternal* ſighing:
" Owl-like, *a little* let me mope and mourn,
" But not be *ever* ſwelling, groaning, dying."

Hark! from thy hand, which thou doſt wretched wring—
" Give me," (a finger cries) " *another* ring."
Oh! canſt thou hear it on ſuch wiſhes dwell,
And not indulge it with the *bagatelle*?

Daughter of Grief, then hamper not thy charms,
Who, really grown rebellious, pant for arms;
Give way then to the roving mutineers—
And ſhouldſt thou ſay, " Lord! who will *take* 'em in?"
Truſt me, *I'll* entertain 'em, ev'ry *ſkin*—
My boſom's open to the pretty DEARS.

ODE.

ODE.

PETER defcanteth on the precarioufnefs of Life, wifheth to be at his own difpofal, and fheweth no objection to an *emendation* of NATURE.

AH! this our world's a world of fad mifhaps!
Befet with DEATH's uncomfortable traps!
Hard fqueez'd we fometimes get away to *groan*:
Now half the body's in the fpiteful gin,
And now th' unlucky tail, to make us grin,
So that we dare not call our fouls *our own*.

I do not like *entails*—I hate controul—
JOVE! give me the *fee fimple* of my foul;
Around this fyftem let me range at eafe,
To ftay, or quit it, whenfoe'er I pleafe.

Amid the wonders of CREATION's field,
Strange! that EXISTENCE fhould to *trifles* yield!
Behold that promifing Herculean Boy:

 A Zephyr

A Zephyr on his infant cradle blows;
Lo! out at once LIFE's little candle goes,
The flame too of a parent's hope and joy.

Thus ſhall the poor mean ſolitary worm
Kill, in the acorn's kind protecting cell,
The ſmall oak-embryo, that had mock'd the ſtorm,
And ſmil'd upon the ſulphur'd flaſh of hell;
Had puſh'd its roots where EARTH's deep centre lies,
And with its tow'ring branches brav'd the ſkies.

'Tis a *ſtrange* world we live in, to be ſure;
A world of wounds, I fear, without a cure!
DAME NATURE ſeems a ſad unnat'ral *Mother*:
Methinks 'tis hard, *one* animal ſhould die,
Groan out his laſt, and *ever* cloſe his eye,
To treat with life and roſy health *another*.

'Tis ſtrange indeed! yet *true*, though paſſing ſtrange;
Where'er the foot or eye of man can range,
This munching, mad, devouring ſyſtem reigns!
O could our mortal palate feed on *roſes*,
As on their dainty eſſence, feed our noſes,
This world were then a pleaſurable ſcene.

'Tis

'Tis murder, murder, now, from morn to night!
Look at a ſimple act that yields delight—
The Ploughman toiling through his fallow'd ground:
Happy he turns the glebe for vegetation—
Yet in this act how many a harmleſs nation
Of worms, poor reptiles, feel the grinding wound!
Whilſt rooks, and crows, and magpies, hop behind,
Alert and greedy, gobbling all they find!

That 'tis a *good* world cannot be contended—
I wiſh 'twere *mended*.

OSGAR's PRAYER.

ELFRID, the beautiful daughter of OSGAR, was a captive amongſt the Druids, and deſigned as a ſacrifice to the Gods.—Amidſt a ſtorm of thunder and lightning, he goes to the Druid mountain, in order to procure, by his ſupplications, and an offer of his own life on the altar, his daughter's liberty.

OSGAR.

Ye winds, that warring thus, around me rage,
Ceaſe your rude thunders on the wretch who dies;
Poor is the triumph o'er deſponding AGE,
Whoſe energy is only in his ſighs!

Ye forked lightnings that around me flame,
Ye mark two languid eyes, that weep and pray;
Once, once, like you, high-kindling ſhone their beam,
'Till TIME, and dark MISFORTUNE, dimm'd their ray.

Forbear,

Forbear, alas! to thwart my way forlorn,
Wet with the falling tears of fondeſt love;
For *life*, I hear a captive DAUGHTER mourn,
And court compaſſion from the Druid grove.

My feebly bending form, and ſcanty hair,
Grown white with grief, my tender cauſe ſhould plead;
Wake a ſmall pity on my deep deſpair,
And bid the Druids ſtay the bloody deed.

If, on their hearts, my ſorrows nought avail,
What, without ELFRID, life, poor life, endears?
Then kill me—then 'tis MERCY lulls the wail,
Of one who counts the moments by his tears.

To the Druids.

SEERS of high knowledge, lo, a grief-worn man,
Whoſe only daughter is his ſoul's delight!
For *her* a father woe-begone and wan,
With horror darkens e'en the ſhade of night.

FATHERS of virtue, why this long delay?
O lead your willing victim to the ſhrine:
Quick let me cloſe theſe eyes upon the day,
That, ELFRID, light may beam for years on thine.

Haſte with the knife of fate, ye Druid bands;
And thus, my daughter's priſon-door unbar:
Forbear to bind with cords my wither'd hands-
To *ſtruggle*, were with ELFRID's life to *war*.

Her eye will drop a pearl on OSGAR's tomb;
Her ſighs be balm where'er my urn is laid—
Thoſe let her give, and I will bleſs my doom;
I aſk no happier offering to my Shade.

FATHERS of knowledge, why this long delay?
Speak, am I not a *victim* for yon ſphere?
When from your holy mandates did I ſtray,
And drew from VIRTUE's wounded eye the tear?

When did I ceaſe your temples to adore?
Or view'd unaw'd the Druid's ancient fire;
Theſe rocks, theſe Idols, I confeſs'd their pow'r,
And rev'rent ſung their wonders to my lyre.

When was the faith of OSGAR known to fail?
What injur'd ſpirits of my flights complain?
What ſpectre, 'midſt the thunders of the gale,
On OSGAR mournful call'd, and call'd in vain?

Have

Have I not walk'd with many a ſheeted ghoſt,
'Midſt the dread ſilence of the midnight gloom;
On moonlight mountains met the haggard hoſt,
How wild! with all their horrors from the tomb?

Shrunk PENURY, as crawling from the grave,
Ne'er left with ſorrowing downcaſt eye my door:
Thanks to the Gods, who wealth to OSGAR gave,
And taught its happy worth, to help the POOR.

A daughter's virtues are my only boaſt!
A ſweet ſimplicity, unſpoil'd by art:
Lo, with my ELFRID's life, a *world* is loſt!
All, all forſakes me, but a breaking heart.

O ſpare the terrors of a blameleſs Maid;
And let *my ſufferings* her dear days prolong:
O! be *theſe* limbs along your altar laid;
O'er bleeding OSGAR hymn the victim's ſong.

The ſigh that wafts the parting ſoul away,
Retires from *others* with unwilling flight—
With *joy*, *my* ſpirit ſhall deſert its clay,
And bleſs you DRUIDS for the cruel rite.

Let not my Elfrid fee my blood-ftain'd hair,
Nor cheek fo pale, which faves her precious breath;
A fcene fo fad, her gentle nature fpare:
Her wounded heart, fo foft, would weep to death.

Yet would my Elfrid fee no frown appear,
As fullen, forrowing for the lofs of life:
I'll teach my languid cheek a *fmile* to wear,
And fhow its triumph in the tender ftrife.

Enough of woe, her drooping ftrength will prove,
When cold beneath the lonely turf I lie:
The bleeding hift'ry of a parent's love,
Will often dim the cryftal of her eye.

Ye Gods! when dead, permit my ghoft to roam,
Peace to her turtle bofom to impart;
To guard from pining thought her tender bloom,
And fnatch from Woe's o'erwhelming floods her heart.

Thus, thus, attendant be my watchful fhade,
Till Fate, commanding, feal her dove-like eye;
Then let me fondly clafp my darling Maid,
And add another glory to your fky.

O deal the blow, and ELFRID's form releafe!—
He faid—the melting Druids heard his pray'r;
Rever'd his virtues, bade him go in peace,
And to a father's fondnefs gave the FAIR.

DELIA;

DELIA:

PASTORAL ELEGY.

LO, the pride of the village is dead!
  Lo, the bloom of our vale is no more!
Now SORROW fits dumb in the ſhade,
  Where RAPTURE oft carol'd before.

Like the Morn, ſhe enliven'd* the groves;
  Like the Summer, gave life to the ſwain;
For her ſmile was the ſeat of the LOVES,
  And her voice the ſweet ſong of the plain!

O DELIA, divine is thy name!
  Thy merits we all ſhall revere;
We ſhall dwell with delight on thy fame,
  And think of thy loſs with a tear.

Ev'n

Ev'n our *children* ſhall liſp in thy praiſe!
Their Inſtructreſs ſhall INNOCENCE be;
Who their little ambition ſhall raiſe,
To reſemble a Fair-one like Thee.

Though lodg'd in a Church-yard ſo drear,
Which the yew-tree ſurrounds with its gloom;
Thy virtue a *ſun* ſhall appear,
And thy graces be *flow'rs* on thy tomb.

MADRIGAL.

MADRIGAL.

HOW ſweet is every ſhepherd's ſong!
How fair the vows that load his tongue!
His ſoul with every ſigh expires,
His boſom flames with furious fires!

This ev'ry day we *ſeem* to ſee;
But when will LOVE and TRUTH agree?

When ſpiders, for the harmleſs fly,
In ſilent ambuſh ceaſe to lie;
When foxes keen with poultry *play*,
And from the lambkin run away;
Then may the world with wonder ſee,
That LOVE and TRUTH at laſt agree.

SONG,

SONG,

BY SYLVIA.

WHEN firſt my Shepherd told his tale,
He droop'd and languiſh'd, look'd and ſigh'd;
"Good Heav'n," thought I, and then turn'd pale,
"How often men for love have *died!*"

Then pond'ring well, thought I again,
"'Tis pity kill ſo ſweet a ſwain!"

With *ſuch* a warmth my hand he preſt,
My heart was fill'd with wild alarms,
That bouncing, bouncing at my breaſt,
Cry'd, "Take poor COLIN to your arms."
And then my *tongue* began its ſtrain,
"'Tis pity kill ſo ſweet a ſwain!"

Now

Now WISHES riſe, his cauſe to plead,
  The mutineers, in ſaucy bands,
And roar, " For ſhame to ſtrike him dead,
  And have a *murder* on your hands!"
" WISHES, you're right," quoth I, " 'tis plain-
" What then? *What then!* I *ſav'd* the ſwain."

ODE

ODE

TO

THE SUN.

O THOU, bright Ruler of the day,
To whom unnumber'd millions pray,
And, kneeling, deem thee all divine;
Eternal foe of inky NIGHT,
Who puttest all her imps to flight,
Receive the POET's grateful line.

I own I love thy early beam,
That gilds the hill and vale and stream,
And trees and cots and rural spires;
And, happy, 'mid the vallies' song,
I listen to the minstrel throng,
And, thankful, hail thy genial fires.

Yet lo, the Lords of this huge place*
Care not three ſtraws for thy bright face,
  Nay, thy rich lamp with curſes load;
When thou gett'ſt up, they go to bed;
And when the nightcap's on *thy* head,
  They ſtare, and flit like owls abroad,

Yes, yes, indeed they oft proteſt
That thou'rt a moſt intruding beaſt;
  And lo, in triumph thus they ſay,
" Behold our Navy, Britain's pride!
" From pole to pole our veſſels glide,
  " And ſail as ſafe by night as day.

" Want we a fruit, of flavour fine?"
Exclaim the GREAT—" behold, the pine
  " Is better warm'd by coal and tan:
" Not ev'n to one exotic plant
" The ſun a perfect taſte can grant—
  " Deny the ſtubborn fact, who can?"

The Footmen too, with winking eyes,
Abuſe thy journey up the ſkies;
  Meſſieurs Poſtillions, *Meſdames* Cooks—

* London.

Content to lie a-bed all day,
They hate, alas! thy rising ray,
And curse thy all-observing looks.

Vex'd to their houses to be driv'n,
The GREAT retire from routs, their heav'n,
And break up in a horrid passion,
And cry, "In *times of old*, indeed,
"The *tasteless world* a sun might need,
"But now the fool is out of fashion.

"About his business let him go,
"And light on *other* systems throw,
"*Vulgars!* that never wax-lights handle!
"Nay, while a *mutton* light remains,
"A *sun* with us no credit gains,
"But yields to ev'ry *farthing candle*."

The QUEEN of FRANCE to her CHILDREN,

Just before her Execution.

AN ELEGIAC BALLAD.

FROM my priſon with joy could I go,
And with ſmiles meet the ſavage decree,
Were it only to ſleep from my woe,
Since the grave holds no terors for *me*.

But from *you*, O my children, to part!
Oh! a coward I melt at my doom;
Ye draw me to earth, and my heart
Sighs for life, and ſhrinks back from the tomb.

Liſt, liſt not to Calumny's lie,
For I know not of guilt and its fears;
And when at my fate ye will ſigh,
My ghoſt ſhall rejoice in your tears.

In bleſſings, ah! take my laſt breath!
Dear babes of my boſom, adieu!
May the cloud be diſpers'd by my death,
And open a ſunſhine for *you!*

TO A LADY,

WHO WISHED NOT TO BE ADMIRED.

AH, foolifh DELIA! fince you hate
That people of your charms fhould prate;
Give *me* that face, that air divine,
And in exchange accept of *mine*.

Thus fhall I gain my heart's defire,
And fet a raptur'd world on fire—
You'll too be pleas'd, (no longer doubt ye)
As folks won't fay one word about ye.

SONG.

SONG.

DEAR PHILLIDA, do not my paſſion deſpiſe;
Ah! wherefore diſdain all my vows and my ſighs?
Can cruelty dwell with the dove?
O PHILLIDA, think not I mean to deceive;
Whatever I tell thee, with ſafety believe;
For TRUTH is the daughter of LOVE.

Of beauty and grace thou haſt got ſuch a ſtore;
The eye that beholds thee, at once muſt *adore*;
Nor wiſh from thine altar to rove:
Diſtruſt not, I beg thee, the pow'r of thy ſmile;
The Swain who now wooes thee, is void of all guile;
And TRUTH is the daughter of LOVE.

Yet, PHILLIDA, let me confeſs in thine ear,
I would fly from thy charms, which ſo much I revere,
But their magic forbids me to move:
And yet, as *inconſtancy* governs the FAIR,
Perhaps thou mayſt *ſmile*, and thus end my deſpair;
HOPE too is the daughter of LOVE.

ODE

ODE

ON

FRENCH TASTE.

'TIS laughable to ſee a Frenchman ſwell;
Proud of his tragic Idol, PIERRE CORNEILLE,
   Baptiz'd, *forſooth*, LE GRAND!
But our fop neighbours ſee things with *ſtrange* eyes!
Alas! SUBLIMITY ne'er left her ſkies,
   To take a *Frenchman* by the hand.

It is, indeed, a very *diff'rent* DAME—
   A meretricious, noiſy Laſs, I ween;
A bouncing Giantcſs, with eyes of flame,
   And ſuch a daring and Meduſa mien!

Trick'd

Trick'd out in flaunting lace, and ſtiff brocade,
With cabbage-roſes loaded, glaring, vaſt!
Such is the Frenchman's ſong-inſpiring Maid;
The name of this bold Brobdignag, BOMBAST.

SUBLIMITY's a ſweet, majeſtic FAIR;
So ſimple in her form, and ſpeech, and paces;
So elegant her manners and her air—
A JUNO dreſs'd by all the eaſy GRACES,

TO

TO TIME.

AN ANACREONTIC.

COME hither—pr'ythee haſte, old TIME,
And ſee what joys amongſt us reign;
The bottle, MUSIC, girls, and rhime,
And FRIENDSHIP's ſoul, delight the ſcene.

Then hither pr'ythee, TIME, repair,
And taſte the pleaſures, GODS ſhould *ſhare*.

The Tuſcan juice profuſely flows;
We ſing of LOVE, and DELIA's charms;
When MORNING warns us to repoſe,
We claſp a fav'rite in our arms.
Then hither, &c,

Ah,

Ah, could our joys *for ever* laſt!
But, TIME, thy minutes fly too faſt:
Yet wouldſt thou paſs *one* evening here,
Thou'dſt make each *hour* a *thouſand year*.

Then hither, &c.

SONG

SONG.

YE GENTIL 'SQUIRES, give over ſighs,
To gain regard in ladies' eyes,
And make them doat upon ye;
For LOVE has long been kick'd to door,
Becauſe the little God is *poor*—
Who's welcome without money?

Try, *gentil* Sirs, a *diff'rent* ſcheme;
For truly 'tis an idle dream
To woo with words of honey:
Change (if ye wiſh *their hearts* to fix)
Your hearts into a *coach and ſix*,
And coin your *ſighs* to *money*!

TO THE

NIGHTINGALE.

LONE MINSTREL of the moonlight hour,
Who charm'st the silent list'ning plain,
A hapless PILGRIM treads thy bow'r,
To hear thy solitary strain.

How soothing is the song of woe,
To *me*, whom LOVE hath doom'd to pine!
For, 'mid those sounds that plaintive flow,
I hear *my* sorrows mix with *thine*!

DINAH,

D I N A H,

OR

MY LADY's HOUSE-KEEPER.

JUST forty-five was Miſtreſs DINAH's age,
My LADY's Houſe-keeper—ſtiff, dry, and ſage,
  Quoting old proverbs oft, with much formality:
A pair of flannel cheeks compos'd her face;
Red were her eyes, her noſe of ſnipe-bill race,
  Which took a deal of ſnuff, of Scottiſh quality.

Her ſmall prim mouth bore many a hairy ſprig,
Reſembling much the briſtles on a pig:
She likewiſe held a handſome length of chin,
Tapering away to ſharpneſs like a pin.

Her teeth ſo yellow much decay beſpake,
As every other tooth her mouth had fled;
Thus, when ſhe grinn'd, they ſeem'd a garden-rake,
Or ſheep's bones planted round a flow'ret bed.

Her hair (*'clep'd carrots* by the WITS) was red,
Sleek comb'd upon a roll around her head;
Moreover comb'd up very cloſe behind—
No wanton ringlets waving in the wind!

Upon her head a ſmall mob-cap ſhe plac'd,
Of lawn ſo ſtiff, with large flow'r'd ribbon grac'd,
Yclept a *knot and bridle*, in a bow,
Of ſcarlet flaming, her long chin below.

A goodly formal handkerchief of lawn,
Around her ſcraggy neck, with parchment ſkin,
Was fair and ſmooth, with ſtarch preciſion drawn,
So that no prying eye might peep within.

Yet *had* it peep'd, it had eſpied no ſwell,
No lovely ſwell—no more than on a cat;
For, lo! was DINAH's neck (I grieve to tell)
As any tombſtone, or a flounder, flat,

Now

Now on this handkerchief ſo ſtarch and white,
Was pinn'd a Barcelona, black and tight.

A large broad-banded apron, rather ſhort,
Surrounded her long waiſt, with formal port.

On week-days were black worſted mittens worn;
Black ſilk, on Sundays, did her arms adorn.

Long, very long, was Miſtreſs Dinah's waiſt;
The ſtiff ſtay high before, for *reaſons chaſte*;

A ſcarlet petticoat ſhe gave to view—
With a broad plaited back ſhe wore a gown,
Of ſtuff, of yellow oft, and oft of brown,
And oft a damaſk, well beflow'r'd with blue.
Moreover, this ſame damaſk gown, or ſtuff,
Had a large ſleeve, and a long ruffle cuff.

Black worſted ſtockings on her legs ſhe wore;
Black leather ſhoes too, which ſmall buckles bore,
Compos'd of ſhining ſilver, alſo ſquare,
Holding a pretty antiquated air.

Shrill was her voice, that whiſtled through her beard;
And tunes, at times, were moſt diſcordant heard,
Harſh grating on poor JOHN the Footman's ear:
Harſh grating on the ears of Houſe-maids *too*,
Poſtillion *eke*, who curs'd her for a ſhrew,
And Kitchen-wench, whom MIS'RY taught to *ſwear*.

All, all but JEHU, felt her pow'rful tongue,
Whoſe happier ear was sooth'd by *ſweeter* ſong.

No company but JEHU's did ſhe keep,
In horſe-fleſh, and a coach, profoundly deep;
My Lady's Coachman, ſtout, and young, and ruddy;
Great friends were they!—full oft indeed together,
They walk'd, regardleſs of the wind and weather.
So pleas'd each other's happineſs to ſtudy.

For FRIENDSHIP, to a *Zephyr* ſinks a *ſtorm*—
Turns to a *pigmy*, DANGER's giant form—
Nought caſts a dread on FRIENDSHIP's ſteady eye
Thus did the couple ſeek the *darkeſt* grove,
Where SILENCE, and ſweet MEDITATION, rove;
Where SOL, intruſive, was forbid to *pry*.

Greatly

Greatly in ſentences did ſhe delight,
So pious! putting people in the right;
And often in the pray'r-book would ſhe look—
Where *matrimony* was much thumb'd indeed,
Becauſe ſhe oft'neſt here God's word did read,
The ſweeteſt page in all the bleſſed book.

All on the Bible too did Dinah pore,
Where chaſte Susanna nearly was a wh—,
By wicked Elders almoſt overcome:
King David's actions too did Dinah read,
A Man of God's own heart—but call'd indeed,
A wicked fornicating rogue by *ſome*.

Of Solomon, admir'd ſhe much the Song;
Could read the Monarch's wiſdom all day long—
And where's the wonder! lo, the gallant Jew,
Of mortal hearts, the great queen Paſſion knew:
Thus ſung he of the ſparrow and the dove,
And pour'd inſtruction through the voice of Love.

John Bunyan read ſhe too, and Kempis Tom,
Who plainly ſhew'd the way to kingdom-come.

So modest was she, she got turn'd away
SUSAN the kitchen-wench, for harmless play
With DICK the Driver—likewise harmless DICK.
Because he took from SUSAN's lips a kiss,
Because too, SUSAN gave him up the bliss,
Without a scream, a faint-fit, or a kick.

If JOHN the Footman's eye on LUCY leer'd,
My Lady's Maid, she watch'd him like a cat.
And if the slightest word of Love she heard,
Quick in the fire indeed was all the fat—
Off were the couple trundled—man and maid—
JOHN for a rogue, and LUCY for a jade.

If e'er she heard of some forsaken Lass,
Who lost, by dire mishap, her maiden fame,
At once she call'd her trollop, minx of brass,
Strumpet, and ev'ry coarse opprobrious name.

Small was the mercy DINAH kept in store
For sinful flesh—the *smallest* for a wh—.

So modest DINAH! if she saw two cats
Ogling and pawing with their pretty pats,
Kissing and squinting love, with frisking hops;

Fir'd at the action, what would DINAH do?
Slip down her hand, and flily take her fhoe,
Then launch in thunder at their am'rous chops

With Pigeons 'twas the fame, and other birds—
All who made love, came in for bitter words;
Poor fimple fouls, amidft the genial ray,
Whom fimple NATURE call'd to fimple play;
But DINAH call'd it vile *adulteration*,
A wicked, impudent abomination.

It happen'd on a day, that grievous cries,
By DINAH pour'd, created great furprife—
Ill, very ill, in bed, alas! fhe lay:
A dreadful Colic—her good Lady wept,
Gave her rich cordials—to her bedfide crept,
When DINAH begg'd that fhe would go away.

Down went my Lady to the parlour ftrait,
Fearful that DINAH foon would yield to fate;
And full of forrow as my Lady went,
Sighs for her Maid's recov'ry, back fhe fent.

Lo, Doctor PESTLE comes to yield relief—
He feels her pulse—is solemn, sage, and brief;
Prescribeth for the Colic—nought avails;
On DINAH, lo, the dire disorder gains;
Stronger and faster flow the colic pains,
Fear, trembling, paleness, ev'ry soul assails.

"Poor DINAH!" sighs each mouth around the room,
Join'd to a length'ning face of dread and gloom.

At last, poor DINAH pours a death-like groan—
A ghostly terror seizeth ev'ry one:
My LADY hears the cry, alas! below—
She sends for Doctor PESTLE—PESTLE strait
Runs to my Lady—"Doctor, what's her fate?
"Speak, is it death, dear Doctor, yes, or no?"

"Not *death*, but *life*, (cries PESTLE) forc'd that squawl;
"A little JEHU's come to light, that's all."

TO

C H L O E.

LET SORROW ſeek her native night,
For why ſhould mortals court the tear?
JOY, JOY ſhould wing each moment's flight,
And ECHO nought but rapture hear.

I'll gather wiſdom from the dove,
And make my life a life of love.

While YOUTH ſits ſparkling in thine eyes,
And lips are rich with many a kiſs;
Aloud the voice of NATURE cries,
" I form'd thoſe charms alone for bliſs:
" Go, NYMPH, learn wiſdom from my dove,
" And be thy life a life of love."

THE

YOUNG FLY,

AND THE

OLD SPIDER.

A FABLE.

IN this original and beautiful fable, the POET alludeth to the arts of Men, who, by flattery, &c. are constantly laying snares for INNOCENCE. The BARD, moreover, sheweth that PRUDENCE may smile at the machinations of a great rogue.

Fresh was the breath of morn—the busy breeze,
As POETS tell us, whisper'd through the trees,
And swept the dew-clad blooms with wing so light;

PHŒBUS got up, and made a blazing ſire,
That gilded every country houſe and ſpire,
And ſmiling, put on his beſt looks ſo bright.

On this fair morn, a SPIDER who had ſet,
To catch a breakfaſt, his old waving net,
With curious art upon a ſpangl'd thorn;
At length, with gravely-ſquinting, longing eye,
Near him eſpied a pretty, plump, young fly,
Humming her little oriſons to morn.

" Good morrow, dear Miſs FLY," quoth gallant GRIM—
" Good morrow, Sir," reply'd Miſs FLY to him—
" Walk in, Miſs, pray, and ſee what I'm about:"
" I'm much oblig'd t'ye, Sir," Miſs FLY rejoin'd,
" My eyes are both ſo very good, I find,
" That I can plainly ſee the whole, *without*."

" Fine weather, Miſs"—" Yes, very, very fine,"
Quoth Miſs—" prodigious fine indeed:"
" But why ſo coy?" quoth GRIM, " that you decline
" To put within my bow'r your pretty head?"

" 'Tis

"'Tis ſimply this,"
Quoth cautious Miſs,
"I fear you'd like my *pretty head* ſo *well*,
"You'd keep it for yourſelf, Sir—who can tell?"

"Then let me ſqueeze your lovely hand, my dear,
"And prove that all your dread is fooliſh, vain."—
"I've a ſore finger, Sir, nay more, I fear
"You really would not let it go again."

"Poh, poh, child, pray diſmiſs your idle dread;
"I would not hurt a hair of that ſweet head—
"Well, then, with one kind kiſs of *friendſhip* meet
"me:"
"La, Sir," quoth Miſs, with ſeeming artleſs tongue,
"I fear our *ſalutation* would be *long*;
"So *loving*, too, I fear that you would *eat me*."

So ſaying, with a ſmile ſhe left the rogue,
To weave more lines of death, and plan for prog.

MADRIGAL.

MADRIGAL.

WHEN Love and Truth together play'd,
So cheerful was the Shepherd's ſong!
How happy, too, the rural Maid!
How light the minutes wing'd along!
But Love has left the ſighing vale,
And Truth no longer tells her tale.

Sly ſtealing, ſee, from ſcene to ſcene,
The watchful Jealousy appear;
And pale Distrust with troubl'd mien,
The rolling eye, and liſt'ning ear!
For Love has left the ſighing vale,
And Truth no longer tells her tale.

Ah!

Ah ! ſhall we ſee no more the hour,
  That wafted rapture on its wing ?
With murmurs ſhall the riv'let pour,
  That prattl'd from its cryſtal ſpring ?
Yes, yes, while Love forſakes the vale,
And Truth no longer tells her tale.

TO

C H L O E.

FIVE thousand years have roll'd away,
And yet ten thousand blockheads say,
" O Pleasure, thou'rt the devil:"
While NATURE bids them joy embrace,
They fling the blessing in her face;
Now this is most uncivil!

But I'm not one of those, (thank heav'n!)
Ingratitude was never giv'n
To my good heart I'm sure;
Would CHLOE yield a thousand kisses,
Upon my knees I'd seize the blisses,
And beg a thousand more.

ODE

ODE

TO A

COUNTRY 'SQUIRE

ON THE EVE OF HIS MARRIAGE.

GREAT 'SQUIRE! you are now upon the eve of marriage,
And, O *great* 'SQUIRE, I know you are a *hog*;
Indeed ſo ſad a brute in all your carriage,
You'll freely give your wife up for a dog.

This day will yield a FAIR-ONE to your arms,
Whoſe dow'r are all the Virtues, and her charms.

Forc'd

Forc'd by the frown of POVERTY to wed,
With deep regret, I ſee th'unwilling FAIR
Dragg'd from her LOVER, to thy hated bed—
Sold by a cruel Parent to DESPAIR:

See her deck'd out by gariſh, idle ART,
To captivate thy vulgar, ſavage heart,
And live a TYRANT'S *ſlave*—a ſervile wife!
How like the victim lamb, in ribbons dreſt,
Led from its vale and ſport, ſo lately bleſt,
To loſe its ſweetly inoffenſive life!

Now, 'Squire, I'll tell you how 'twill be ere long—
(O could the thunder of the Poet's ſong,
Preventing, daſh thine iron cheek with ſhame!)
Thou'lt quarrel with her virtues, peerleſs beauty!
Bid her, " like ſpaniels, underſtand her duty;"
Upbraid her with the want of *wealth* and *name*.

Wilt ſay ſhe came a *beggar* to thy houſe;
That through *mere charity* thou took'ſt her *in*;
Tell her ſhe " crawls about thee like a louſe,
" Eternally a torment to thy ſkin."

How dares thy fancy nurſe the lying thought;
How durſt, alas! thy villain tongue declare,
That, when to *thee* the beauteous MAID was brought,
Thy offer'd hand *with honour* cloath'd the FAIR?

Know, with the *virtues* of the charming MAID,
Know, with her *beauties* thou'rt too well repaid;
Ev'n by a ſmile, that all our envy draws:
Ah! when ſhe yielded to thy lips her kiſs,
And boſom yields thee, (too ſublime a bliſs!)
The luckleſs VIRGIN barters *gems* for *ſtraws*.

At length thou'lt leave her for a *wench*—thy *Cook*;
She will enjoy thy caſh, and love-clad look;
The turnſpit-baſtards, to thine eye be dear—
Thy WIFE, with ſweetneſs bordering on divine,
Pale wretch! in ſecret ſolitude ſhall pine,
Mourn to the wind, and drop the ſilent tear.

To heav'n, for help, ſhe lifts the brimful eye!
Kind HEAV'N reſumes the gift its bounty gave—
With happy heart thou hear'ſt the parting ſigh,
And drunken, madding, danceſt o'er her grave.

Thy

Thy Cook-wench ſoon becomes thy *proper* mate,
  And leaves thee ſoon for lads who clean thy ſtables;
Noſes thee, pulls thine ears, and pounds thy pate,
  And, with much juſtice, on thee *turns the tables.*

Ma'am Cook ſhall oft contrive to ſee thee *ſkipping*,
  To hide thee from her rage, from room to room;
Urg'd by a ladle-full of *broth* or *dripping*,
  Or by the *ſtrong perſuaſions* of the *broom*.

To plague a little more thine aching head,
  And keep thee, mournful devil, upon thorns;
Shall take thy own Poſtillion to her bed,
  And, threat'ning, dare thee once to mention *horns*.

THE

COMPLAINT OF MIRZA,

TO

SELIMA, HIS MISTRESS.

[FROM THE PERSIAN.]

WHERE is the Nymph of Sardi's green domain,
The Nymph, whom every Bard of Perfia fings?
To find the wand'rer out, and foothe my pain,
Sweet bird of morn, to MIRZA lend thy wings.

But wherefore feek the Nymph of Sardi's vale,
Who fullen flies where Horar's waters roll;
Scorns all my plaints, that mourn along the gale,
And fcorns the furge of grief, that finks my foul?

Ah! can that cheek where BEAUTY's ſummer dwells,
Retain a ſmile, whilſt MIRZA's ſorrows flow?
Ah! can that heart, that every ſoftneſs ſwells,
Forbear to heave on MIRZA's ſongs of woe?

Come, like the morn, pure virgin of delight,
And, bluſhing, chaſe the cloud of MIRZA's fears:
Come, like the ſun upon the dews of night,
And with thy radiance, ſmile away my tears.

HAWKING,

A BALLAD,

MADE AT FALCONERS HALL, YORKSHIRE,

COME, ſportſmen, away—the morning how fair!
To the wolds, to the wolds, let us quickly repair;
Bold THUNDER* and LIGHTNING* are mad for the
game,
And DEATH† and the DEVIL† are both in a flame.

See, BACKERS,‡ a Kite!—a mere ſpeck in the ſky—
Zounds! out with the owl—lo, he catches his eye—
Down he comes with a ſweep—be unhooded each
Hawk;
Very ſoon will they both to the *Gentleman* talk.

* Names of two Hawks. † Names of Hawks.
‡ The Head Falconer.

They're at him—he's off—now they're o'er him
again:
Ah! that was a ſtroke—ſee! he drops to the plain—
They rake him—they tear him—he flutters, he cries,
He ſtruggles, he turns up his talons, and dies.

See, a Magpie! let fly—how he flutters and ſhambles!
How he chatters, poor rogue! now he darts to the
brambles:
Out again—overtaken—his ſpirits now flag—
Flip! he gives up the ghoſt—good night Miſter Mag.

Lo, a Heron! let looſe—how he pokes his long neck,
And darts, with what vengeance, but vainly, his
beak!
Egad, he ſhifts well—now he feels a death-wound,
And, with THUNDER and LIGHTNING, rolls tumbling
to ground.

Thus we Falconers ſport—now homewards we ſtray,
To fight o'er the bottle, the wars of the day:
And in honour, at night, of the chace and its charms,
Sink ſweetly to reſt, with a *Dove* in our arms.

ODE

TO

HEALTH.

PETER protesteth against Physic.

SWEET NYMPH, of rosy cheek and sprightly mien,
Who, vagrant, playful, on the hills art seen,
E'er SOL illumines the grey world below;
Now, doe-like, skipping wild from vale to vale,
Enamour'd of the rills and fresh'ning gale,
From whose mild wing the streams of fragrance flow.

O! 'midst those hills and vales contented stray—
Thou wilt be ruin'd if thou com'st away—
Doctors too much like man-traps lie in wait—
They'll

They'll tell thee, beauteous NYMPH, ten thouſand
    lies,
That they can mend thy bloom, and ſparkling eyes—
  Avoid, avoid, my dear, the dangerous bait.

Like the *firſt* woodcock of the year,
The inſtant that he dares appear,
  The country's up to kill him—dog and gun!
So when thou ſhoweſt, NYMPH, thy roſy face,
I ſee at once an Æſculapian chace;
  And, oh! if caught, thou wilt not find it *fun*.

Lo, *this* proclaims he vendeth at *his* ſhop
Rich immortality in *his* dear drop;
Another dire impoſtor, bawling louder,
Swears that it lodges only in *his powder*.

Theſe raggamuffins have the name of *Quack*,
Prepar'd to put thy beauties on the rack—
  But then, the *Regulars!*—ay, what are they?
The *Regulars*, my love, are *Gentlemen*,
Whom very juſtly nine in ten,
  I with an eye of no ſmall dread ſurvey.

 The

The Regulars in phyſic, I'm afraid,
And all th' *ir*regulars who ply the trade,
Are juſt like men that form an army;
Whichever at you lifts his gun, alas!
Will ſoon convince you what muſt come to paſs—
The ſhot will *very comfortably warm ye.*

Indeed, the only diff'rence will be this,
Nor Quack nor Regular the mark will *miſs*;
The art of killing they are all ſo pat in:
On broken Engliſh, fate by *that* you ſeek;
By *this*, upon the wings of mongrel Greek,
And pye-bald Latin.

Then once more let me bid thee, blooming LASS,
To keep, like Babylon's great King, *at graſs*,
And thou wilt find it not an idle notion:
'Tis fair, that I ſhould try to ſave thy life—
And know that DEATH is never half ſo *rife*,
As when the country ſwarms with *pill* and *potion*.

O blooming WAND'RER of the breezy hills,
Beware then of thoſe potions and thoſe pills—
Be kiſſes all thy phyſic, roſe-lipp'd HEALTH;

Kiſſes,

Kiffes, *my* eafy *noftrum,* ne'er are *rife,*
For ever pregnant, lovely NYMPH, with *life,*
  And *fweeter* when they are enjoy'd by *ftealth.*

I've built a neat fnug cottage on the plain—
Pr'ythee drop in fome evening on *thy fwain.*

TO

CHLOE.

CHLOE, I live, and live for *thee alone*;
Truſt me, there's nought worth living for, beſide:
Nought for thine abſence, CHLOE, can atone,
Though PHŒBUS ſhines, and NATURE pours her pride.

Lo, full of innocence the lambkins bleat;
The brooks in ſweeteſt murmurs purl along;
The lark's, the linnet's voices too, are ſweet—
But what are theſe to CHLOE's tuneful tongue?

With ev'ry balm, the breath of ZEPHYR blows;
But thine can yield a thouſand times more bliſſes:
I own the fragrance of the bluſhing roſe,
But, ah! how faint to balm of CHLOE's kiſſes!

Ye

Ye Gods! I mark thy frown, and ſcornful eye,
  And now thy bridling chin of ſcorn I ſee:
And now I hear thee, ſo contemptuous, cry,
  "What are my kiſſes, ſaucy SWAIN, to thee?"

True, deareſt CHLOE—yet each kiſs divine,
  Which dwelleth on thy lips ſo very teazing,
Would quickly change its nature were it *mine*,
  And *rapt'rous* prove—*ſuperlatively pleaſing!*

LOVE is a *generous* GOD, and 'tis his pleaſure
  To ſee the *gold* he gives, in *circulation*—
Then ceaſe to *hoard* ſuch *quantities* of treaſure,
  And be afraid to put him in a *paſſion*.

Thy beauties ſhould the angry God *divide*,
  And throw amongſt thy ſex, 'twould be alarming;
And not a little mortify thy pride,
  To meet, dear CHLOE, ev'ry woman *charming*.

O D E.

PETER praiſeth Conſtancy.

TH' unſteady mind is my abomination;
I curſe the whiffling and inconſtant paſſion:
From me, dear CONSTANCY, don't, don't depart—
I love the cooing turtle and her mate—
The Proteus MUTABILITY I hate—
A *Demon* when he holds the human heart;

A flutt'ring ſtraw, to wander ſo inclin'd;
Keeping the company of ev'ry wind.

Old cuſtoms let us not exchange for new;
They fit ſo eaſy—juſt like an old ſhoe:
And let us not, as though from WISDOM'S ſchools,
Fancy our foreſathers were arrant fools.

E'en

E'en in *religious matters*, folks love *change*;
Scheming new roads to heav'n, they wildly range;
Hunting with noſes all ſo keen, about:
I like an honeſt conſtancy in ſouls,
In ſpite of *intereſt*, that our race controuls,
Turning, like pudding-bags, men inſide out.

In Ireland, not long ſince, th' unlucky CATTLE,
And that ſad plague, call'd MURRAIN, had a battle;
When MURRAIN prov'd a moſt victorious foe—
For RAM and EWE, 'SQUIRE BULL, and MADAM COW,
And luſty MISTER BOAR, and MISTRESS SOW,
Were by this rogue in multitudes laid low.

Numbers indeed reſign'd their breath,
To fill the gaping tombs of death.

Now in the Pariſh, 'midſt the MURRAIN's rage,
Which all the Farrier's ſkill could not aſſuage,
Liv'd a good Prieſt—FATHER M'SHANE;
Famous afar for wonder-working pray'rs;
Minding not ſins one pin, though thick as hares,
Safe were the ſouls of the profane!

One Sunday he deſir'd to ſay his maſſes,
Amidſt the field—where beaſts of various claſſes,
Infected by this MURRAIN, might appear:
His congregation follow'd, to be ſure;
BULL, COW, PIG, SHEEP, ſurrounded him *for once*,
Yielding his maſſes an attentive ear.

What happen'd? Diſappointed was the DEVIL,
FATHER M'SHANE's good pray'rs deſtroy'd the evil;
BULL, COW, and SHEEP, ſo hungry, graz'd the plains,
And PIGS, half famiſh'd, fell upon the grains.

In ſhort, their healths and appetites return'd—
FATHER M'SHANE, what? laugh'd, while SATAN mourn'd.

Proud of his deed, the holy Father went
To a rich Proteſtant, with good intent,
To make the MURRAIN from *his* cattle fly:
" FATHER M'SHANE," the Farmer cry'd in ſcorn,
" My *cattle* all were *Church-of-England born*,
" And in that holy faith they all ſhall die."

A LIT-

LITTLE SKETCH

OF A CERTAIN

MERCIFUL AND *LITTLE* JUDGE.

——*Hunc tu, Romane, caveto;*
Hic niger est——

LO, that *be*-periwigg'd black Knave in ſcarlet,
The robes deep-bluſhing for their Maſter's ſoul;
With what ſolemnity he ſits, the varlet!
With what ſublimity his eye-balls roll!
With what a grave pompoſity he blows
What has been often pull'd—his mean pug-noſe!

With what a ſanctity pronouncing *death!*
How pleas'd in ſecret ſwells the fatal breath!
Religion-cloath'd, each ſentence moves along,
While thirſt for murder prompts the villain's tongue.

Look

Look at this *Judge*—this fellow, out of court !
The very firſt in ROGUERY's hawk-ey'd ſchool !
A knave, committing crimes of *ev'ry ſort* ;
To whom, HYPOCRISY's an arrant fool.

"There's no ſuch *Man*," the world exclaims.—That's
true ;
But ſuch a *Monſter*, ev'ry day we view.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Is it not aſtoniſhing that the life of ſo great a Man as Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS ſhould not have been written? A Painter who poſſeſſed more of the charming art than almoſt any ſingle Profeſſor that ever exiſted.

But FAME proclaimeth Mr. JAMES BOSWELL to be big with the biography of this celebrated Artiſt, and ready to ſink into the ſtraw!

See JOHNSON'S angry ghoſt, ye Gods, ariſe!
He drops his nether lip, and rolls his eyes;
And roars, "O BOZZY, BOZZY, ſpare the *dead!*
"Raiſe not thy biographic guillotine;
"Decapitate no more with that machine,
"Nor frighten HORROR with a *ſecond* head:

"From REYNOLDS' neck, the pond'rous weapon
keep:
"Ceafe, *Anthropophagus*, to murder fleep!"

There is a wonderful energy, as well as fonorous fublimity in this polyfyllabic expreffion of the Ghoft of our immortal Moralift and Lexicographer, not obvious to the *minora fidera* of literature. The word *Anthropophagus* is a derivative from the Greek, fignifying *Man-eater*; and Mr. JAMES BOSWELL having regaled moft plentifully on the carcafe of Dr. JOHNSON, and meaning to make as hearty a meal on the body of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, furnifheth the perturbed Spectre with an appellative of fortunate propriety.

JOHNSON and REYNOLDS, lo, for ever loft!
Of no great man has Bozzy now to boaft;
Of no rich table now can Bozzy brag:
Indeed, like faded Beauties, he will fay,
"ENVY muft own *I've had* my *fhining* day."—
What wert thou?—an illuminated rag!

But what's become of boaftful BOZZY now?
Deep funk in mournful folitude art thou!

Amidft

Amidſt thy ſmall tin-box, ſo drear and dark,
No *courted* GENIUS caſts a lucky ſpark!
Nothing to gild thy ſolitary tinder,
Save the rude flint and ſteel of PETER PINDAR.

AN

EPITAPH

ON A

FRIEND.

THOUGH here in *death* thy relicks lie,
Thy worth ſhall live in MEM'RY's eye;
Who oft at NIGHT's pale noon ſhall ſtray,
To bathe with tears thy lonely clay.

Here PITY too, in weeds forlorn,
Shall, mingling ſighs, be heard to mourn;
With GENIUS drooping o'er thy tomb,
In ſorrow for a Brother's doom.

ODE

ODE

ON THE

CHOLERIC CHARACTER.

PETER reprehendeth RATIONAL CREATURES, for their violent Anger againſt INANIMATES.

HAPPY the man whoſe heart of ſuch a ſort is,
As holds more butter-milk than aqua-fortis!
  But, lord! how paſſionate are *certain folk!*
How like the ſea, reflecting ev'ry form,
So placid!—the next inſtant in a ſtorm,
  Daſhing againſt the inoffenſive rock;

Mounting towards the ſkies with ſuch a thunder,
As though it wiſh'd (the lev'ler!) to bring under
Sun, moon, and ſtars, and tear them into tatters—
Such paſſions verily are ſerious matters.

Men in morality ſhould ne'er be idle,
But for thoſe paſſions make a ſtrong curb bridle.

When lofty man doth quarrel with a pin,
In *man* reſides the folly or the ſin—
  Not in the *braſs*, by which his finger's ſpitted—
For a ſmall philoſophy we find,
That, as a pin is not endow'd with mind,
  Of malice call'd *prepenſe*, Pin ſtands acquitted:

Thus then his *aukwardneſs* muſt bear the blame,
And thus to perſecute the pin's a ſhame.
Many inanimates, as well as pins,
Suffer for others' fooleries and ſins.

How oft a drunken blockhead damns a poſt
  That overturns him, breaks his ſhins, or head;
Whoſe eyes ſhould certainly have view'd the coaſt,
  And have avoided this ſame poſt ſo dread;

Whereas he ſhould have ſpar'd his idle cries,
And only damn'd his own two *blinkling eyes*.

A little Welchman, Welchman-like indeed,
  Hot as Chian, that is to ſay—
A Bachelor—and therefore ev'ry NEED,
  Was, for ſubſiſtence, forc'd to *him* to pray:

This BACHELOR, to ſatisfy withall
        His gullet,
Put into a ſmall pot—indeed *too ſmall*,
        A Pullet.

The Pullet's legs were not to be confin'd;
  So out they pok'd themſelves, ſo ſleek and white:
The Welchman curs'd her legs with wicked mind,
  And puſh'd them in again, with monſtrous ſpite.

The Pullet liking not the Pot's embrace,
So *very warm*—indeed a nat'ral caſe,
  Pok'd forth her ſhrinking legs *again*, ſo fair;
With ſeeming much uneaſineſs, in troth,
Objecting to her element of broth,
  And wiſhing much to take a little air.

The CAMBRO-BRITON waxing red and hot,
And highly *foaming* too, juſt like the pot,
  Ran to the legs, and ſhov'd them in once more;

 But,

But, lo! his oaths and labour all were vain;
Out pok'd the Pullet's boiling legs again;
Which put the Welchman's paffions in a *roar!*

What will not mortals, urg'd by rage and fin, do?
Mad at defeat, and with a dev'lifh fcowl,
He feizes with ferocity the fowl,
And, full of vengeance, whirls her out at window.

TO

MISS HARRINGTON,

OF

BATH.

"ALAS, alas, I've loſt a day!"
Good TITUS once was heard to ſay,
And ſorely, ſorely to repent it—
What was it made the Emp'ror groan?
I'd give a good round ſum, I own,
To be inform'd how 'twas he ſpent it.

Dear TITUS, quickly leave thy tomb;
Enter of HARRINGTON the room,
Whom MUSIC and each GRACE reveres—
I'll anſwer for't, thou wilt not ſay,
"Alas, alas, I've loſt a *day*;"
But, "Gods! I've found *five hundred years!*"

ANACREON

ANACREON

TO

HIS LYRE.

SENT TO A LADY.

FAIN would I ſtrike the harp to Kings,
And give to war the ſounding ſtrings;
But, lo! the chords rebellious prove,
And tremble with the notes of love.

In vain I quarrel with my lyre,
In vain I change the rebel wire;
Boldly I ſtrike to war again,
But love prevails through all the ſtrain.

Oh!

Oh! ſince not maſter of the ſhell,
Ye Kings, and ſons of war, farewell;
And ſince the LOVES the ſong require,
To VENUS I reſign the lyre.

'Twas thus, O NYMPH, with attic tongue,
The gay ANACREON pour'd the ſong,
A BARD belov'd by *me*:
And who the POET's harp can blame?
Perhaps old Greece could boaſt a DAME,
With every grace like *thee*.

ODE.

O D E.

PETER modeſtly, delicately, and tenderly, pleadeth againſt the *exceſſive* Damages lately given for certain illegal Liberties in Love-matters.

A MAN may, in the cold dim eve of life,
By way of ſun-ſhine, take a pretty wife,
To warm him, as King DAVID did of yore;*
Kiſs her neat little finger, pat her cheek,
Toy with the ſnowy beauties of her neck—
No more!
Preventing thus each Rake of fleſh and ſin
From impudently ſtepping in.

Thus toying, mumbling, chuckling, the old fool,
Who wanteth much the birch of CUPID's ſchool,
Expects his wife, ſo ſoft, and ſo divine,

* Here is a flagrant error of the Lyric Bard. It was not a *wife*, but a pair of pretty black-eyed *Hebrew laſſes*, whom the Monarch choſe for his *loving* companions.

To

To fancy ev'ry fublunary blifs
In ev'ry toying monkey-trick, and kifs,
And round his neck, her arms with *rapture* twine;

Juft like the fragrant pea, with blooms fo thick,
That curls her tendrils round a rotten ftick!

For *him* to raife his hedge, and bar his gate,
Is nat'ral—fad is trefpafs on th' eftate:
For who, alas! can fit with filent eafe,
And fee a neighbour's pig among his peas?

But why fhould ...... be afraid of horns,
Who married a poor fqueal, ftarv'd cat, for *money*?
Heav'ns! what fhould put the JUDGE's breech on thorns?
Where, for the wafps, alas! is Madam's honey?

'Tis fweetnefs tempts the infects from the fkies;
Gall needeth not a flapper for the flies.

So furious is this JUDGE againft Crim. Con.
That poor ADULTERY is juft undone:
Afraid to write, or fqueeze, or wink his eye,
Nay, waft the foul's foft wifhes on a figh!

Woe

Woe to the wicked *Cornu*-factors now!
Ten, twenty, thirty, forty thousand pounds,
For *him* to pay, who milks his neighbour's cow;
Stealing by night so slily to his grounds!

" O 'tis so vile, so wicked an affair!
" Dreadful a neighbour's honour to ensnare—
" Take his dear spouse without his leave, indeed!
" What! of his bosom steal the tender wife!
" The pigeon to his feet, prolonging life,
" Of sinking age the sweet supporting reed!

" O that the law would make such doings *death!*"
Thus roars the jealous JUDGE, with thund'ring breath.

O ......! rave not thus with anger pale,
But let thy *fav'rite* JUSTICE hold the scale:
What though we must *condemn* the smuggled bliss;
Ten thousand pounds are too much for a *kiss.*

THE

ADDRESS OF THE FAIRIES

TO THE

LADIES OF R——, IN CORNWALL:

LEFT ON THE DIAL-PLATE IN THE GARDEN.

YE gentle MAIDS of Camborne's Druid vale,
  Admir'd and lov'd by all our elfin train ;
Your worth with wonder and delight we hail,
  And pen, unſeen, for *you* the tuneful ſtrain.

Beneath theſe oaks our happy court we keep,
  When Midnight rules the world with ſolemn ſway:
While *you*, forgetful, ſink to ſilent ſleep,
  We, blithſome, gambol 'mid the moonlight ray.

Sweet

Sweet is the ſpot where INNOCENCE is ſeen—
Dear is the valley where the VIRTUES dwell:
By *ſuch* allur'd, we trip this dewy green,
Far from the ſound of RIOT's ſavage yell.

HEALTH, roſe-lipp'd HEALTH, ſhall crown your cryſ-
tal rill,
And bid with ev'ry balm your Zephyrs blow;
Unceaſing ſong ſhall charm the echoing hill,
And PLENTY robe with bloom, the vale below.

Thus wing'd with joy ſhall glide your golden hours,
Till for yon ſkies ye bid the world adieu;
And when at laſt ye leave theſe bliſsful bow'rs,
Your little weeping *friends* will wander too.

OBERON,
PUCK,
BLOSSOM,
MAB, &c.

TO

CHARLOTTE,

ON

NEW-YEAR's DAY.

BEHOLD another year ſucceed!
But, CHARLOTTE, thou haſt nought to dread,
Since TIME will ev'ry beauty ſpare:
TIME knows what's *perfect*, and well knows,
'Twould take him *ages* to compoſe
Another Damſel *half ſo fair*.

TO

C Y N T H I A.

CYNTHIA, I own my heart is loſt,
And dare confeſs it with a boaſt;
It does a credit to my ſighs;
For who like *thee* diſplays a face,
Or who like *thee* abounds with grace,
Or ſports like *thee* a pair of eyes?

But, ah! 'tis folly to complain,
Becauſe I hear no ſighs again,
A ſoft, a ſweet return for *mine*:
LOVE is a *Rogue*, who bade me gaze;
And when he ſaw *my* boſom blaze,
Refus'd to raiſe a ſpark in *thine*.



HYMN

HYMN

TO

S I L E N C E.

O SILENCE! to our earth by WISDOM giv'n,
Yet from the *fashionable* circles driv'n ·
To breathing Zephyrs, and the limpid stream,
Whose murmurs sweetly soothe the shepherd's dream;
For thee I often sigh, but sigh in vain,
When FOLLY stuns me with her noisy train.

Oh! how I wish thy presence, when the 'SQUIRE
Impertinently bursts into my room;
Hallooing from the kennel's howl and mire,
And casting o'er my day, a midnight gloom.

Yet if his sister *Phil.* comes giggling in,
And talks of fashions, op'ra, ball, and play;
Methinks, my ears can *bear* the varied din,
Which forceth thee, mute MAID, to run away.

Yet 'tis not *long* I wiſh thee thus apart;
So much thy preſence glads, *at times*, my heart—
For when I claſp the Nymph, ſo fair and young,
And ſteal a ſweet acquaintance with her *lip*,
I wiſh thee in the room at once to ſkip,
And gently take poſſeſſion of her *tongue*.

CECILIA.

C E C I L I A.

CECILIA, as 'twas Chriſtmas time,
Reſolving on a flight ſublime,
Prepar'd to paſs her holidays in heav'n:
The GODDESS then bruſh'd up her wings,
Pick'd up her trinkets, her beſt things,
Her harp, and ſongs, and pen, by PHŒBUS giv'n.

When in ruſh'd MUSIC—"Madam, no,
"Indeed you *muſt* not, *ſhall* not go"—
"Poh! hold thy tongue (the GODDESS cry'd) "thou Ninny;
"Think'ſt thou I'll quit dear BATH, my pride,
"And not an *equal charm* provide?
"Thou ſtupid creature, to forget *Rauzzini*."

SONG.

AH, DELIA ! I will not complain,
That another is bleſt in thy charms,
Yet allow me to *envy* the SWAIN,
Whom DELIA can take to her arms.

I confeſs that no merit is mine—
That of DELIA I ought to deſpair :
Since thy virtues, dear Maid, are divine,
And thy form like an Angel's ſo fair.

On FATE let me fix all the blame,
Who ſhow'd me thy form of deſire ;
When I caught from thy beauty a flame,
That only with life can expire.

Yet,

Yet, DELIA, before I depart,
Ah! do not *one* favour deny;
Though FORTUNE denies me thy *heart*,
Let thy pity accept of its *sigh*.

MADRIGAL.

SWEET Girl, the man's a downright ſool,
  That aſks for conſtancy in love—
VARIETY's a charming ſchool:
  How nat'ral for the heart to rove!

A form like thine can never cloy—
  And, lo, thy graces, what a plenty!
Then tell me, why ſhould *one* enjoy
  The beauties that ſuffice for *twenty*?

AN

APOLOGY

FOR

INCONSTANCY.

TO PHILLIS.

" HOW 'tis thou governeſt *above*,
" I know not verily, O LOVE ;
" But to my grief, this truth I know,
" That FOLLY leads thy dance *below*."

'Twas thus I ſpleenful cry'd, when firſt my heart
From thy black ſparklers felt the ſtinging dart :
In diſmal crape I dreſs'd up many a ballad ;

Mad at sour looks, I look'd for nought but smile,
Not dreaming once that vinegar and oil
Produc'd a fine effect upon a sallad.

My wary wisdom now is on its guard,
And ev'ry day, I, PETER, am prepar'd
To catch my little Syren out of humour:
A disappointment at a ball perchance,
Not standing up the *foremost* in a dance,
Which forms a feast for wide-mouth'd MADAM RUMOUR,
May give thee fidgets, put thee out of sorts—
What slighted Lady loveth such reports?

Grant that thine eyes, with sullen clouds o'ercast,
Let fall, alas! a hearty show'r of rain—
Soon will those suns (for long it cannot last)
Peep out with radiance on the world again.
When, lo! their beams will seem a great deal brighter,
My spirits also dancing ten times lighter.

Life is too mawkish, if 'tis always *sweet*;
At times, a disappointment is a treat.
Some scout this doctrine—Psha! the vapid asses!
Lord, drown them in a hogshead of molasses.

When

When MAJESTY was in a monſtrous paſſion,
And grimly THURLOW thunder'd out d-mnation,
And LEEDS and HAWKSB'RY join'd their jowls to-
gether,
Brewing, like witches of Macbeth, foul weather;

I cannot truly ſay my heart was light:
Indeed the Bard found ſomething like a fright;
Indeed I trembled at the gathering gloom;
But when the cloud ſo harmleſs paſs'd away,
My ſpirits all ſo frolickſome and gay,
To dance their jig, had ſcarcely *elbow-room*.
I laugh'd at each dark terrifying mien,
And mock'd the dread that ruſh'd through ev'ry vein.

Yet, is it poſſible, ye tuneful NINE,
(Doubtleſs the thought the great APOLLO ſhocks)
That verſes vended by a Bard divine,
Can put his ſacred legs into the ſtocks?
Yes! and his ſacred head into the pillory:
So ſay the law archives of Lent and Hilary.

Some, Moderation kick, like fools, to door,
And wiſh their paſſions always in a *roar*.

Ah!

Ah! would thofe madmen wifely time employ,
They ought to be *economifts* of joy.

Too frequent and too violent a motion
Will tear the beft machinery to pieces;
This doctrine to young mafters is a *potion*,
A naufeous potion too to *love-fick Miffes*.

Beyond th' extravagance of rhyme,
Beyond the flight of thought fublime,
I chace not bliffes thus beyond all meafure—
RAPTURE's a fiery hunter to beftride;
Indeed I wifh not *madman-like* to ride,
But calm on that fweet filly, chriften'd PLEASURE.

PHILLIS, I will not *always* have thy fmile;
At times, I'll give thee liberty to *pout*:
Such is my plan, the minutes to beguile;
Sometimes *in* heav'n, my love, and fometimes *out*.
Variety affords a zeft to life—
But, mum! we muft not fay this to a *wife*.

HYMN

HYMN

TO

L I F E.

PARENT of PLEASURE, and of many a groan,
I ſhould be loath to part with thee, I own,
Dear LIFE!
To tell the truth, I'd rather loſe a *wife*,
Should Heav'n e'er deem me worthy of poſſeſſing
That beſt, that moſt invaluable bleſſing.

Some people talk of thee with much *ſang-froid*,
As one too pitiful to be enjoy'd;
But thou'rt a moſt delightful girl with *me*—
A hundred thouſand pretty things are *thine*;
Indeed, of golden treaſure thou'rt a mine,
Thy manners greatly with my heart agree.

I love

I love thy ſweet acquaintance from my heart;
Will make a bargain with thee not to part,
  Till Fate ſhall ſtrike our ſyſtem off its hinges:
Conſenting to a little gout ſometimes,
That ſpoils my appetite to meat and rhimes,
  Thoſe very ſharp *memento-mori* twinges.

I thank thee that thou brought'ſt me into *being*;
The things of this our world are well *worth ſeeing*,
  And, let me add moreover, well worth feeling;
Then what the dev'l would people have,
Theſe gloomy hunters of the grave,
  For ever ſighing, groaning, canting, kneeling?

I cannot riſe from thee as from a feaſt,
  As HORACE ſays, *uti conviva ſatur*—
      No ſuch matter:
I'll anſwer for myſelf at leaſt.

No, when it comes that thou and I muſt part,
LIFE, I ſhall leave thee with a ſighing heart;
Leave the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
With ling'ring longing looks, ſays GRAY.

Some

Some wiſh they never had been born, how odd!
To ſee the handy works of God,
In, ſun, and moon, and ſtarry ſky;
Though laſt, not leaſt, to ſee ſweet WOMAN'S charms;
Nay more, to claſp them in our arms,
And pour the ſoul in love's delicious ſigh,
Is well worth coming for, I'm ſure,
Suppoſing that thou gav'ſt us nothing more.

Yet, thus ſurrounded, LIFE, dear LIFE, I'm *thine*;
And could I always call thee *mine*,
I would not quickly bid this world farewell;
But whether here, or long, or ſhort my ſtay,
I'll keep in mind, for ev'ry day,
An old French motto, *Vive la bagatelle!*

Before us HEAV'N hath plac'd the tear and ſmile;
Each may be won with very trifling toil—
But if there be in nature ſuch a mule,
Who, willing with misfortune to be curſt,
Should, like an idcot, madly chooſe the firſt,
In God's name let him ſuffer like a fool.

Misfortunes are this lott'ry world's ſad blanks;
Preſents, in my opinion, not worth thanks:
The PLEASURES are the twenty-thouſand prizes,
Which nothing but a downright aſs deſpiſes.

ODE

ODE

TO

ADMIRAL HOTHAM.

THRICE happy man, on whom DUNDAS and PITT,
With all the energy of human wit,
  And all the pow'rs of facred truth befide,
Have lavifh'd the wild torrent of their praife,
Deck'd thy bald head with GLORY's brighteft rays!
  Hafte from thy veffel with unwounded hide;

Thy *veffel*, which, like *thee*, 'mid WAR's alarm,
And *mighty* danger, met no *mighty* harm.

Great TAR, at once thy courfe for England fhape;
England, broad ftaring, quite upon the gape,
To meet the VICTOR, by whofe arm, DUNDAS
Declares what *marvellous things* have come to pafs!

Yet as we bear thee through the ſtreets along,
Amid the ſtunning ſhout, and howling ſong;
Suppoſe a PATRIOT SAGE ſhould croſs thy way,
And, claiming ſilence, aſk in manly tone,
"What for theſe honours, HOTHAM, haſt thou done?"
HOTHAM! now what the devil wilt thou ſay?

FROM THE PERSIAN OF

EMIR JOHAD.

TO

THE BUTTERFLY.

SWEET child of ſummer, who from flow'r to flow'r,
To ſip each odour, ſport'ſt on ſilken wing;
I greet thy preſence 'mid the golden hour,
Whilſt with the birds the vales of SERDI ring.

I ſee thee perching on each roſe's bloom;
From fragrance thus to fragrance wont to glide;
Now from the tender vi'let waft perfume;
Now fix'd upon the lily's ſnowy pride.

Though bleſt art thou—my bliſs is greater ſtill;
I kiſs the boſom of the brighteſt FAIR!
The charms of ADEL all my ſenſes fill;
And whilſt thoſe charms I preſs, her love I ſhare.

But thou a mutual paſſion canſt not know ;
No fond endearments can return to thee—
Whilſt I, belov'd, with conſtant rapture glow—
Sweet child of ſummer, come and envy *me*.

ODE

ODE

TO THE

LION SHIP OF WAR,

ON HER RETURN WITH THE EMBASSY FROM CHINA.

DEAR LION, welcome from thy *monkey* trip;
Glad is the BARD to ſee thee, thou good Ship;
Thy mournful enſign, half way down the ſtaff,
Provokes (I fear me much) a general laugh!

What ſad long phizzes thou haſt now on board!
A high and mighty diſappointed LORD!
And lo, a diſappointed doughty KNIGHT,
Whoſe buds of hope have felt a horrid blight.

Say, wert thou not *aſham'd* to put thy prow
Where BRITONS, dog-like, learnt to crawl and bow:

Where *Eastern* Majesty, as hist'ry sings,
Looks down with smiles of scorn on *Western* Kings?

Ah me! 'tis universally allow'd
That Eastern Monarchs are prodigious proud;
Unlike the *humble* Monarchs of the *West*—
Such kind and pliable and gentle creatures!
So placid, of their souls, and sweet, the features;
Where nought but VIRTUE is a welcome guest

Your Eastern Despots, in their lofty station,
Expect the censer of rich adulation
To burn for ever underneath their noses:
This incense boasts a certain opiate pow'r;
Whose pleasant, stupefying, plenteous show'r,
The optics of the understanding closes;

Producing, too, a charming gaudy dream,
In which Kings think they hold the world's esteem;
Think too, the conscience sound, though full of holes,
And virtues, thick as herrings, in their souls.

O FLATT'RY, thou attendant on INANITY,
Thou meat, drink, clothes, and furniture of VANITY,
'Tis cruel to attack a *feeble head*;

Yes,

Yes, cruel—likewise let me add, a *shame*—
Who never makeſt mention of its name,
Poor, eaſy, gaping cuckoo, when 'tis *dead*.

Once more to *thee*, O LION, to return—
A ſubject form'd to bid all England mourn!

O think upon thy BRITONS, how diſgrac'd,
As to the palace of JEHOL they rac'd,
So ſhabbily, ſo tawdrily array'd!*
The natives, with horſe-laughs, the tribe remarking,†
While, grunting, kicking, braying, howling, barking,‡
Hogs, dogs, and aſſes, join'd the cavalcade!

Not

* "I cannot but add to the obſtacles which we received from the curioſity of the Chineſe people, ſome ſmall degree of mortification at the kind of impreſſion our appearance ſeemed to make on them: for they no ſooner obtained a ſight of any of us, than they univerſally burſt out into loud ſhouts of laughter."—*Vide* ANDERSON's *Narrative of the Britiſh Embaſſy to China.*

† Mr. ANDERSON ſuppoſes the clothes for the *ſuite* of the Ambaſſador were ſecond-hand things purchaſed from the ſervants of the French Ambaſſador LUZERNE, or from the Play-houſes---perhaps from Monmouth-ſtreet.

‡ 'We found ourſelves (ſays Mr. ANDERSON) intermingled with a cohort of pigs, aſſes, and dogs, which broke our ranks, *ſuch as*

 they

Not STAUNTON, with his Doćtor's gown and cap,
Could from the populace obtain *one* clap;
Nor poor MACARTNEY, with his ſtar and rib-
bon!—
Child-like, he might as well have had a bib on!

Ah me! before he ſail'd, a friend,
I told ye all how things would end.*

Tell me, who plann'd this ſilly expedition?
That brain was ſurely in a mad condition:
Say, was it AVARICE, the lean old JADE,
Who, though half Aſia's gems her corpſe illume,
(SOL's radiance on a melancholy tomb)
Can join with MEANNESS in her dirtieſt trade?

they were, and put us into irrecoverable confuſion. All formality of proceſſion, therefore, was at an end, and the Ambaſſador's palanquin was ſo far advanced before us, as to make a little *ſmart running* neceſſary to overtake it."

* See my Epiſtle to LORD MACARTNEY, in which I propheſied ſomewhat *more* than came to paſs, as the Embaſſy was *bonâ fide* not literally *flogged*; but, ſays ANDERSON, "we entered Pekin like *paupers*, we remained in it like *priſoners*, and we quitted it like *vagrants*."

Who

Who told our King, the embaſſy would thrive,
Muſt be the moſt egregious fool alive—
God mend that Courtier's head, or rather traſh-
pot!—
Perhaps he cry'd, "Upon the rich HINDOO
"Your glorious Majeſty has caſt its ſhoe,
"And CHINA next, my LIEGE, muſt be your *waſh-
"pot.*"

ODE

ODE

TO A

BUTTERFLY.

CHILD of the fummer's golden hour,
Who, happy, rov'ft from flow'r to flow'r,
Now fportive winnowing 'mid th' expanfe of air;
O welcome to my little field!
Each leaf of fragrance may it yield!
Yes, dwell with *me*, and NATURE's bounty fhare.

No black SIR JOSEPH* with his net,
And JONAS †, whelm'd with duft and fweat,
Shall rudely chafe thee far from my protection;

* Banks. † Jonas Dryander, the Knight's *fine quo non*.

Wild-leaping ev'ry fence and ditch;
So rank the Virtuoſo itch,
For making a rare butterfly collection.

Yet round thy paper-gibbet, laud would flow,
Amid the Knight's brave breakfaſts in Soho;
With rapture ſhown to toaſt-and-muffin Sages:
With *thee* too, would the *royal Journals* ring;
And ev'n thy pretty mealy painted wing
Employ deſcription ſweet, for fifty pages!

Yet what, alas! is praiſe to people *dead*?
A panegyric on a lump of lead—
Preciſely ſo!
Ye Gods, then, let me all *my* praiſes *hear*—
For verily 'tis wiſdom to prefer
One grain *above ground*, to a pound *below*.

Rare Child of Æther, pr'ythee then agree
To chooſe the offer'd field, and dwell with *me*:
Here will I mark thee, 'mid thy meals, how chaſte!
So buſy on the flow'rs of golden hue,
And ſilver daiſies moiſt with morning dew,
How innocent, how ſimple thy repaſt!

Ah! diff'rent far, from *Us* who groſſly lave
Our lips in beef and mutton's ſanguine wave!

Whilſt *We*, a race barbarian, cruel, *ſlay*—
From *hog*, too, form the dinners of the day—
From hog, that lodg'd of yore the Imps of evil!*
Intrepid *He* who ventur'd *thus* to dine!
Methinks the man who dreamt of eating *ſwine*,
Muſt really next have thought of eating *devil*.

* The hiſtory of the herd of ſwine is univerſally known as well as believed.

ODE

ODE

ON

MODERATION.

"SOME folks are mad, and do not know it,"
Says *ſome one*—I forget the *Poet*;
And verily the Bard was in the right.
Wild as a puppy chaſing butterflies,
The world hunts TRANSPORT with keen noſe and eyes;
Deceitful Laſs, who often proves a bite!

The calm, cool, philoſophic hour;
The purling brook, the woodbine bow'r,
The grove's, the valley's ſweet and ſimple ſong;
MORN's virgin bluſh, and EVENING's ſetting ray,
On more than half the world are *thrown away*,
Whoſe joys muſt like a whirlwind pour along.

Calmly

Calmly let *me* begin and end LIFE's chapter;
Ne'er panting for a *hurricane* of rapture:
  Calm let *me* walk—not riotous and jumping:
With due decorum, let my heart
Perform a fober, quiet part,
  Not at the ribs be ever bumping, bumping.

RAPTURE's a *Charger*—often breaks his girt,
Runs off, and flings his rider in the dirt.

Lo, when for Gretna Green the couple ftart,
LOVE plays his gambols through each throbbing heart:
  Squeezing and hugging, kiffing, on they go;
Wild, from the chaife, they poke their heads to JOHN,
"Make hafte, dear JOHN, drive on, drive on, drive
    on—
  "Lord! lord! your horfes are fo very flow!"

And whilft, for Gretna Green, each turtle fighs,
The BLACKSMITH* feems an Angel in their eyes.

* Alfo a DIVINE, who gains a comfortable maintenance by making matrimonial chains as well as horfe-fhoes.

But

But when this BLACKSMITH has perform'd *his* part,
Poffeffion quells the tumults of the heart;
The heart with foaming blifs no more boils over!
Now leifurely into the chaife they get!
They afk no John to drive, no horfe to fweat!
No eyes keen fparkle fhows the burning lover;

No kiffes 'midft the jolting road they fnap;
CÆLIA now takes a comfortable nap:
Down on her cheeks, her locks difhevell'd flow;
Not vaftly fmooth, but much like locks of hay;
Her cap not much refembling Alpine fnow,
Shook from her rolling wearied head away.

The YOUTH too, with his noddle on his breaft;
His hair all carelefs, much in hay-like trim;
As though fweet wedlock's joys had loft their zeft;
As though a dull indiff'rence damn'd the whim;
With mouth half fhut, that heavy feems to fay,
"The devil take the BLACKSMITH and the day,
"Who tied me to that trollop, now my wife,
"Juft like a jack-afs to a poft, for *life!*"

THE

PRAISE

OF

ANECDOTE.

BLESSED be the Retailers of Anecdote, who afford ſo much pleaſant and light food to the mind. Bleſſed more particularly be MASTER JOHN NICHOLS, compiler of the Magazine of *quantity*, and *eke* his wonderful coadjutor DOCTOR (not *Miſter*) RICHARD GOUGH, who ſo often giveth that old devourer TIME a vomit, to make him diſgorge

A furbelow of good QUEEN BESS's tail;
A taylor's thimble, and a ruſty nail.

Important is the moſt trivial Anecdote of an extraordinary perſon; and when conſecrated by Age, it becomes invaluable.

Thus of himſelf ſayeth the celebrated Monſieur MENAGE, one of my great *precurſors* in *Ana*, who, if I may be in the faſhion of alliteration, could give dignity to a dunghill, grace to a gutter, prettineſs to a pigſtye, honour to a horſe-pond, and majeſty to a mouſe. "When I boarded at Angers," ſays this extraordinary man, "the Miſtreſs of the houſe quarrelled with the Maid for the loſs of a pound of butter, which, by ſome means or other, had ſneaked out of the way. The girl declared that the cat eat every bit of it. The incredulous miſtreſs ſwore it was falſe; and, to be convinced, ſhe put the cat into a pair of ſcales; when, lo! the animal, to the maid's confuſion, weighed only three quarters of a pound!"

"It is a fortunate thing (ſays Monſieur MENAGE, in another place) to be acquainted with celebrated people." The ſmalleſt anecdote of a man of conſequence, adds a *gem* to the treaſures of Hiſtory. Adopting this idea, I ſhall from time to time communicate to my readers, pretty little ſtories of Great People. To begin with his preſent GRACE of LEEDS, who is Muſician, Politician, and Poet—

'Twas in that ſeaſon of the year,
When Oratorios ſweet appear,
And human warblers, all divinely ſing;
Unlike the little birds, I wot,
Who cloſe in froſt and ſnow the throat,
And chant in ſummer only, and the ſpring;

that, being in the Green Room of Covent Garden, I ſtumbled on his GRACE of LEEDS, who, notwithſtanding his having been the burthen of one of my merry ſongs, voluntarily and ſmilingly addreſſed *the Bard*, that is to ſay, *me*, the LYRIC PETER, Ο ΠΟΙΗΤΗΣ. The unexpectedneſs of the ſalute produced a palpitation, mixed with a quantity of reverence. " When was you in Cornwall laſt?" ſaid his Grace, with a ſimper. " About two years ſince," replied I—" Pray when was your *Grace* in that province?" " Laſt year," anſwered the Duke. " The Dutcheſs accompanied your Grace, I preſume?" quoth I, in a pretty, tender, unpreſuming, and winning tone. " She *did*," rejoined his Grace, with the moſt affable ſmile, and conciliating manner. " GODOLPHIN is wildly ſituated," quoth I. " If I miſtake not, Cornwall was made the ſcene of the *diableries* of the old Spaniſh and Italian writers of romance."

mance." "Hem, hem," rejoined the Duke, with a ſmile and a nod, which ſeemed *to me*, though intended as tones and ſignals of aſſent, to imply more *ignorance* than *knowledge*, which every GREAT MAN is too *great* to confeſs. His Grace now turned the diſcourſe to Shakeſpeare, and Dryden, and Pope, and ſome more modern authors, with a pretty volubility, and ſome critical remark, which, though not in the true ſpirit of Longinus, was really not contemptible; for the Duke is a bit of a Poet; witneſs an unfortunate Prologue or two, and ſome *fortunate* amatory ſtanzas, that won the heart of the Ducheſs. Part of the natural hiſtory of a Poet is a deſultory diſpoſition, leaping from earth to heaven in his frenzy. Here the *converſe* of the propoſition took place; for, after a ſublime quotation from Shakeſpeare, the Duke abruptly deſcended to the humbler ſubject of his *noſe!!!* "How came you, Sir, in your Ode, to attack my noſe?" This was a thundering queſtion; for thou knoweſt, Reader, if thou haſt peruſed all my lyrical lucubrations, that his Grace's proboſcis has been the ſubject of a poetical ſmile. "My Lord Duke," anſwered I, "when your Grace, Lord Hawkeſbury, Lord Thurlow, Lord Sidney, and

 others,

others, your colleagues in Adminiſtration, took it into your heads to attack me, I thought a poor Poet had a right to the laws of retaliation." "But why attack my *noſe*, Sir, why attack my noſe?" The converſation now took a turn to his GRACE's knowledge of the Poets, from which he made many quotations, and ſpoke them with propriety:—on a ſudden he quitted the claſſics, and reverted to his favourite and wounded feature—"But why attack my *noſe*? is there any thing *uncommon* in my *noſe*?" I anſwered, that, at the time I mentioned it, I was not *certain* whether he had a *noſe* or no, as its exiſtence was only fancied from *report*; but that I *knew* his GRACE had *power*, and meant to employ it againſt me with *hoſtility*. This anſwer produced no reply. The Duke ſtood mute and ſimpering for a few minutes, and then broke out on a ſudden, "I will introduce ye to the Ducheſs." We immediately quitted the Green Room arm in arm, and repaired to a Stage-box, that held her Grace and Siſter, Miſs ANGUISH. The introduction was reſpectful, ſolemn, and awful—when, behold, the Duke, unable to quit his favourite topic, turned the ſolemnity of the meeting into farce.—"My love," (quoth the Duke to the Ducheſs) "I have been

aſking

aſking the Doctor what provoked him to attack my *noſe?*" Then turning to me, "Pray, Doctor, what provoked you to attack my noſe?" Driven to the neceſſity of a compliment, I replied that "had I ſeen his Grace's *noſe* before I wrote the Odes, I ſhould moſt certainly have compoſed a *panegyric* on it inſtead of a *ſatire*, as the noſe was really a very good noſe indeed." The ladies ſmiled, the Duke was pleaſed; I leaned over the box, to ſhew the audience into what good company Fortune had thrown me. The converſation grew more cheerful—ſeveral ingenious *impromptus* were exchanged. At length I took my leave, with a profound bow of thanks for the honours I had received. His Grace returned my bow; the ladies alſo moſt condeſcendingly bowed to my bow; and forth I went, with exultation, to communicate this ſudden *peripetia* or change of fortune to all my acquaintances.

GENTLE READER,

Wouldſt thou not have imagined that the *war hatchet* was buried for ever? Such was my too credulous opinion; but *fronti nulla fides!* The very next public dinner his Grace gave, what did he? He ex-

 hibited

hibited a ludicrous account of our interview; applauded his own amazing magnanimity, wit, and condefcenfion, and laughed at the Poet. Dafhed from the pinnacle of my ambition, for I expected a high place in Adminiftration, and mortified by the difappointment, I fat me down, and in the true fpirit of forrow wrote the following pathetic ftanzas.

The SONG of DISAPPOINTMENT:

AN ELEGIAC BALLAD.

HOPE whifper'd fine things in my ear;
  I believ'd her, though trick is her trade:
She told me that Fortune was near,
  Who had always behav'd like a jade.

Great names, *little* people aftound—
  How 'witching the title, Your Grace!—
My Lord Duke, Lady Duchefs, what found!
  Big with honour, and dinner, and place.

In

In fancy I join'd the Duke's table,
Where his Grace ſo inſtructively chats;
Deſpiſing my garret, that ſtable,
My joint-ſtool, and my penn'orth of ſprats.

In fancy I *jok'd* with his GRACE,
And felt a huge torrent of bliſs—
Then I flatter'd the Ducheſs's face,
And whiſper'd love-ſtories to Miſs.*

In fancy his GRACE I beheld,
Heard his mouth with ſound criticiſm ope;
That mouth moſt deliciouſly ſwell'd
With quotations from DRYDEN and POPE.

In fancy I heard him aloud
Read his prologue ſo ſweet to his gueſts;
Saw wonderment ſtare from the crowd,
And rapture burſt wild from their breaſts.

Now I heard him delightfully thrum;
Now in praiſe of old muſic a raver;
Now HANDEL's huge choruſſes hum;
Now a critic on crotchet and quaver.

* Miſs Anguiſh.

In ſancy a bonfire I blaz'd;
At my wit heard them call out "encore;"
While the room with aſtoniſhment gaz'd,
Prepar'd ev'ry moment to roar.

But the Duke has ſecreted his face;
To the BARD what a terrible blow!
And gone are the ſmiles of her GRACE,
And the ſmiles of each ANGLISH *al-ſo*.

But I'm not deluded alone;
To *another* he ſadly behav'd:
Doctor JACKSON, by promiſes won,
Cut his curls from his pate, and was ſhav'd.

Though the Doctor look'd ſmart with his locks
Sublime too, and ſwarthy, and big;
He was told, when a Biſhop, his flocks
Would expect a *full buſhel of wig*.

A wig was accordingly bought,
As a cauliflow'r large, and as fair;
Where the barber too, bleſt with good thought,
Wove religion and pomp in each hair.

In ſhort, 'twas ſo ſolemn a *quiz*,
So form'd for concerns of the ſoul;
People ſcarce could decide on its phiz,
Which look'd wiſeſt, the caxon or jowl.

But after this grand operation
Of clipping and wigging, I trow,
Sore baulk'd was poor *Con's** exaltation,
But *why*—none with certainty know.

Some thought *Heav'n* with the *wig* was diſpleas'd;
But people may think as they liſt:
Others ſaid (with maliciouſneſs ſeiz'd)
Heav'n hated the *pride* of the Prieſt.

So the Doctor no Biſhop was made,
Nor at preſent a Biſhop is *he*;
And it alſo may ſafely be ſaid,
That a Biſhop he never will *be*.

But the DUKE too is thwarted, I ween;
Who looks *up* like a hawk to the Crown;
But, alas! our good King and good Queen
Have never vouchſaf'd to *look down*.

* CON, *i. e.* Conſequential Jackſon—a conſtant appellative beſtowed on him at the Univerſity of Oxford.

Now

Now to Duke and to Duchefs adieu ;
  Adieu to my honours *like-wife* ;
The vifion departs from my view,
  And Hope, the falfe flatterer, flies.

My teeth too are robb'd of fweet picking ;
  Ah teeth, to good eating attach'd !
And thus have I counted my chicken,
  Poor blockhead, before they were hatch'd.

THE

CONVENTION BILL,

AN ODE.

Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo—
Favete linguis. HOR.

I hate the MOB—Avaunt the *Vulgar Throng!*
Be padlocks plac'd on ev'ry BRITON's tongue.
PITT's *Translator.*

TO THE

READER.

GENTLE READER,

THE insufferable licentiousness of the present age, with regard to political opinion, demands an immediate redress. As the freedom of discussion may be the loss of a MINISTER's *Place*; *that* MINISTER is in the right to make use of his *most virtuous* MAJORITY, to bring in a Bill

For binding to the peace the TONGUE and PEN,
So hostile to the *peace* of COURTIER MEN,

who, as Pope says of his friend Addison,

—" damn for arts that caus'd *themselves* to *rise*."

MESSIEURS PITT and DUNDAS were *not* pot-*valiant* when they *stumbled* on this Convention Act, whatever

the

the world may think. The JOLLY GOD, it is ſaid, was *for once* forced to give place to the GODDESS *yclept* PRUDENCE, who has totally preſided over this Bill, which *wiſely* orders that a *dozen men*, like a *dozen bottles of wine*, ſhall not paſs from houſe to houſe without a PERMIT. Convinced of the *neceſſity* and *wiſdom* of our PREMIER's political manœuvre, I join his ſtandard, and heartily vote to perpetual confinement the PEN

That, with its lever nib of braſs,
Tries from his pow'r to heavè DUNDAS;
And TONGUE that, with its cruſhing wit,
Treads, like an Elephant, on PITT,
By SLANDER urg'd, whoſe breath of flame
Melts the fair column of a NAME.

P. P.

ODE

ODE

TO

Mr. PITT.

ACCEPT a CONVERT, Ode-composing PETER!
"The THUNDER-BEARING BIRD of British metre,"
Says FAME, from truth not often known to wander:
To thee JOB's war-horse from Parnassus, PITT,
A gentle Beast, I kneeling take the bit,
Like tam'd BUCEPHALUS to ALEXANDER;
A Horse to *other* Riders so uncivil;
Who rear'd, and plung'd, and kick'd them to the
Devil.

Since IMPUDENCE, assuming FREEDOM's form,
Near MOTHER RED-CAP brews the dangerous storm,
Assembling such a formidable rout;

Loud

Loud threat'ning, too, O PITT! in evil hour
To blow thee, like the goſſamer, from pow'r;
'Tis time, full time, methinks, to *look about.*

Say the full plan thou meaneſt to purſue,
To curb of Liberty this upſtart crew:
Our eyes are, hawk-like, on the ſharpen'd gaze.
Pronounce how many men ſhall meet together,
To canvaſs our political foul weather,
And ſhake their heads, in hopes of better days.

If not too pert—Thou great REFORMING MAN,
How many wilt thou ſuffer in a clan,
To groan their grievance, whiſper woeful tale,
Where the ſmall Tap-room pours its gin and ale?

SEDITION lurks within a PORTER-MUG—
Eke in a GLASS of GIN the knave lies ſnug!
Who *drinks*, in rank rebellion dips his noſe!
I like not *healths!* too oft they carry treaſon:
Then let us cut at once the raſcal's weaſand,
That dares to drink "a Rope to FREEDOM's Foes!"

And

And if to NEWS-PAPERS thou turn'ſt thine eyes,
Hot-beds of treaſon upon treaſon riſe,
Save ROSE's—guiltleſs of all wit-pollution!
But, if *ſheer heavineſs* can aid a cauſe,
GEORGE's two Brats* ſhall pound the People's jaws,
As *logs* and *lead* do wond'rous execution.

Rebellion taints a *whiſper*, too, I think,
And wond'rous danger hides within a *wink*;
Much in a *ſhrug*, and much in *lifted eyes*;
But, if a *groan* eſcape, a MONARCH *dies*.

AUGUSTUS acted very ſagely—for as
He lov'd two Poets, VIRGIL call'd, and HORACE,
He iſſued proclamation, where, quoth he,
" Let no one Poet, upon pain of death,"
(And, Lord! how dangerous that ſame loſs of breath!)
" Dare, if he values life, to mention ME."

* Mr. GEORGE ROSE, of the TREASURY, is the Proprietor of two News Papers, *miſnomered* the TRUE BRITON and SUN: the firſt, pleaſantly *fabulous*; and the laſt, never emitting a *ſingle Ray*. They are intended, however, as two *brazen* pillars of our *happy* Conſtitution, acquainting the world with *every motion* of MAJESTY. GEORGE is really a *character*, and ſhould be brought a *little more forward* on the political canvaſs. To continue the metaphor, this *Treaſury Gentleman* has been kept too far in the *back ground*. A hiſtory of his life, parentage, and education, would prove a *bonne bouche* for the PUBLIC.

It had a very fine effect, says FAME;
E'en cats and puppies reverenc'd CÆSAR's name!
Thus let *our* CÆSAR mounted be on high,
And no one *take his name in vain*, but PYE.

Behold the pale CHINESE! tame slaves of Pow'r,
Who, at a MANDARIN, in corners cow'r;
Dropping to earth the eye with awe-clad head:
While others yield themselves to panting flight,
Not vent'ring to turn back the fearful sight,
Lest a huge blunderbuss should strike them dead!

Such souls in BRITONS may we hope to see?
Haste, haste, the *times* to tremble thus at THEE!

Oh! as in NORMAN WILLIAM's humbling day,
At eve, shall solemn CURFEW's sound the knell:
And men, like babes, be forc'd to bed away,
Soon as they hear the monitory bell?

When MAJESTY to Parliament shall ride,
Ah! may the MONARCH by the MOB be *eye'd?*
And, if allow'd the *blessing* of a view,
'hether with *half* an eye, *one* eye, or *two*?

And

And will not it be deem'd a *daring* thing
To ogle through a *spying glass* [illegible]ing?
And will not K[illegible]s [illegible] to JUS[illegible] run,
And swear the spying-glass a [illegible] *Gun*?

By thy sage counsel, [illegible] *[illegible]*,"
Like DAME GO[illegible], GE[illegible] may travel on,
When, lo, of curiosity a[illegible],
A Peeping Tom [illegible] window poke;
Then [illegible] bullet or the sabre's stroke
Dart [illegible] the [illegible] Peeper to the dead.

A[illegible] his MAJESTY is fond of hunting,
[illegible] his company no more be *hunting*!
A S[illegible] may bear a very dangerous brush,
B[illegible]ERS may pull a cleaver from the frock;
[illegible] may launch at MAJESTY a block,
Or [illegible] dart, or pike-like pole may push;

JACK KETCH within his pocket hide his string,
And CO[illegible]S launch their lap-stones at their King;
Since *such* [illegible]sten, by ambition born,
Join MAJESTY, and WHOOP, and HOUND, and HORN!

And, when our KING to *Weymouth* ſhall repair,
Forget not thou an order to the MAY'R,
When in the tub the ROYAL LIFE embarks,
To read the Riot-act to *ſhrimps* and *ſharks !*

And now may GOD your hearts, ye BRITONS, turn !
Your ſins in ſackcloth and in aſhes mourn :
Without a ſigh, to MINISTERS *ſubmit*—
Ye are but *children* yet, ſo mend your ways ;
Sing to the Lord (th' EXCHEQUER'S LORD !) with praiſe ;
And go to ſchool, good boys, to GOODY PITT.

But hark ! a voice !—" Ah, PITT ! thine arts are " vain ;
" BRITONS *dare* ſpeak, and, when oppreſs'd, *complain* ;
" To MAN the little privilege is giv'n :
" And, ſhould a MISCREANT *curb* it, (dead to ſhame)
" May ALBION'S GENIUS tear the Villain's frame,
" And fling it piece-meal to the fowls of Heav'n !"

Whence is that ſolemn ſound, alas! declare :
The GHOST of ALFRED bids a ROGUE *beware*.

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